

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 780, Vol. 30.

October 8, 1870.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

## THE WAR.

THE army of the Loire has at length been seen in the flesh. A Correspondent of the *Standard* has had an interview with General DE LA MOTTE ROUGE, who now commands at Bourges. In the opinion of the General, the Loire is safe against any force the Germans can possibly bring against it. Along the half-circle which the Loire describes between Nevers and Tours there are 80,000 soldiers, all well armed and properly provided with ammunition. By Thursday last General DE LA MOTTE ROUGE expected to be in a position to take the field, and in the meantime he could concentrate his troops at any point of the line within eight or ten hours. He has full confidence in his men, and though he owns that their discipline is not yet perfect, he trusts to contact with the enemy to remedy any defect on that head. The Correspondent, after the manner of Correspondents, is disposed to put abundance of faith in a commander who has been so agreeably communicative. Earlier on the same day, however, and before seeing General DE LA MOTTE ROUGE, he had written another letter in which the state and prospects of the newly-formed army are painted in very different colours. He has spent, he says, a whole morning in going about among the troops. Everywhere he saw a little marching, a good deal of lounging, and no drill. In the course of his inspection he came upon an "officer of high rank" who "fairly opened his heart" to him. According to this witness, neither officers nor men cared anything about discipline. The former were too fond of showing their uniforms; the latter knew very little of drill, and had no wish to make that little more. And if they were the best troops in the world, of what use would they be scattered over a front 190 miles long? Which of these two pictures is the nearer the truth the fortunes of the army must show. So far as the previous history of the war affords any index to the future, the pessimist view is more likely to be correct than the optimist. Still a good commander will sometimes do wonders with good material even in a very short time, and even in his despondent stage the Correspondent of the *Standard* testifies to the soldierly appearance of the Mobs in and around Bourges. Perhaps the most unsatisfactory feature in the account is the length of the line along which the troops are stationed. Unless the French scouts have greatly improved, this disposition seems exactly calculated to provoke a repetition of those surprises in detail which the Germans have hitherto found to answer so well. It is probable, however, that General DE LA MOTTE ROUGE intends to guard against this danger before the Germans have come so far to the South. Indeed, to all appearance, they have no immediate intention of occupying Touraine or Orleanois in any force. The inroads from the direction of Paris have been mere raids, and their more serious efforts in North-Western France are perhaps preserved for the district between Soissons and Rouen. Whether they will there meet with any serious resistance is still uncertain. Some of the French journals published at Tours have been blaming the Government for not defending more towns, and the natural dislike of the inhabitants to be pillaged for the support of the army which is investing Paris may possibly lead to a change of tactics. The multiplication of centres of military action would hardly conduce, however, to the success of any larger plan of operations. Most men would rather be organized for the defence of their own district than be drafted off to some distant camp, leaving their fields and homesteads a prey to the first squadron of Uhlans that happened to discover them. If any encouragement is given to this natural preference, the recruiting for the Southern armies may be seriously checked without any corresponding gain to the North-Western departments.

If the German commanders have any anxiety as to possible reverses in the field, it probably relates to the army before Metz. Marshal BAZAINE continues to find ample employment for the troops opposed to him, and the immense strength of the

fortress makes its capture highly improbable. If the army of the Loire could once reach Metz, the chances of a successful sortie on the part of the Marshal would be greatly increased, and supposing this to be accomplished, and the united armies to be thus available for a march in the direction of Paris, with Metz still holding out under General CHANGARNIER to check the advance of German reinforcements in their rear, the position might possibly become one of some danger for the besieging force. By that time General TROCHU would have brought his troops into fair training, and a sortie on a great scale against the German front at the moment they were attacked from behind by Marshal BAZAINE and General DE LA MOTTE ROUGE, might conceivably turn the course of the war. Unfortunately for the French, these combinations require a great deal of nice arrangement to work out, while their general outline may be clearly foreseen by the German commanders. Hitherto the French troops have not lent themselves to nice arrangements. Had they done so, Marshal MACMAHON might perhaps have rendered Marshal BAZAINE the very same service he is now expecting from General DE LA MOTTE ROUGE. And the Germans, when they divine the French plans, have usually been as prompt in meeting them as though they had nothing but strategy to depend on. It is probable, therefore, that the movement towards the South, of which something has been heard during the last few days, is partly intended to defeat any attempt of this kind. The troops which have been set free by the fall of Strasburg and Toul are being collected at the latter place, with the declared object of marching on Lyons. Inasmuch, however, as another German army is advancing from Mulhouse in the direction of Besançon, it is not unlikely that this account of their destination is not quite the whole truth, and that on their way towards Lyons they may stop long enough to disconcert any hopes that General DE LA MOTTE ROUGE may cherish of an uninterrupted march upon Metz. It is true that another French army is said to be forming at Besançon, which may give the Germans some trouble, and in that case the army of the Loire might have a chance of getting ahead of the troops designed to intercept it. But at present what little is known of the military situation on the Rhône is not favourable to any such manœuvre. If the Provisional Government were less honestly bent upon driving out the Germans than we believe they are, they might perhaps be inclined to hesitate before making any extraordinary effort to set Marshal BAZAINE at liberty. No great importance, perhaps, can be attached to the statement derived from a German source, that he still considers himself to be fighting for the EMPEROR. But it is at least possible that the Marshal, finding himself at the head of the only regular army in France, may think his voice entitled to a proportionate weight in the political settlement of the country, and that his opinions on this point may not be altogether in accord with those of the Paris Republicans.

Meanwhile the preparations for the attack upon Paris are said to be completed, and it can hardly be doubted that if this is the case, the blockade will immediately make way for more active measures. It seems to be now ascertained that the German guns already command a large part of Paris, so that a bombardment may perhaps be tried even before an assault has been made on the forts. The French are sanguine that the terrible destruction which this might entail would so disgust Europe with the Germans that the long-desired intervention would at last take place. We imagine that Europe will not be more moved by the destruction of manuscripts and pictures than by the destruction of human life, and it would certainly be an inconvenient precedent if the possession of a given amount of this kind of property were held to exempt a city from bombardment, when it happens to be a strong fortress. When peace is restored, it may be hoped that some effort will be made to discourage the fortification of cities containing a large civil population. But until some understanding of the kind has been

arrived at, these composite places must expect to have their military character exclusively considered whenever there is any conflict between that and their civil character. The reversal in the case of Paris of the usual proportion between the numbers of the garrison and those of the inhabitants points, it is to be feared, to an unusually early resort to bombardment. The Germans have not shown themselves cruel without purpose, but there is no reason to suppose that they would hesitate about being cruel with a purpose. The burning of Paris may be postponed indefinitely if the army of the Loire is soon incapacitated from rendering any aid to the besieged; but any genuine prospect of an attack from that quarter might lead the Germans to push matters to extremities at the earliest possible moment. Count BISMARCK'S anxiety to show that the cession of territory which he demands for the security of Germany would not materially lessen the area and resources of France is perhaps significant of a dawning desire to make peace before the winter.

#### THE ROMAN PLÉBISCITE.

THE irrational and dangerous contrivance which the French have invented, and called a plébiscite, happens in the case of Rome to be convenient to all parties. The Italian Government will have the advantage of disguising its violent occupation of the Papal territory, and the inhabitants will persuade themselves that they have disposed freely of their own destinies. The managers of the operation indicated a consciousness of the delusion which they were about to practise when they decided that there should be a simple issue between Yes and No, before they had thought it necessary to define the alternative propositions which were to be affirmed or denied. In a plébiscite Yes is the only intelligible vote, for No is not understood to imply the reversal of an accomplished revolution. According to the great precedent of 1852 the dissentients had only the opportunity of denying that they approved of an absolute President, with his cut-and-dried version of the old Constitution of the Empire. They were not asked whether they wished the Legislative Assembly to be again convoked, or the victims of the Boulevards to be brought to life. It is of the essence of a plébiscite that it confirms the title of a Government in actual possession. If the popular vote were really the source of power, the changes which it sanctions must in the first instance have been usurpations. NAPOLEON III., for the purpose of accrediting the device by which he had secured to himself a kind of legitimate title, compelled VICTOR EMMANUEL to ratify by universal suffrage the territorial conquest of Castel-Fidardo. About the same time he caused the people of Savoy and Nice to confirm the bargain for the spoliation of Italy which he had concluded with CAVOUR. On more than one occasion he affected to question the right of Prussia to the dominions acquired in 1866, on the ground that there had been no subsequent appeal to the people. It may be doubted whether it is for the interest of a King to admit that the rights of his dynasty may at any time be abolished by a vote; but for the moment a popular ratification, which may be construed as the equivalent of a demand for intervention, enables VICTOR EMMANUEL to affect the character of a liberator rather than of a conqueror. The vote probably expresses the temporary opinion and wish of the populace, though it is not certain that the POPE might not a few months ago have secured a majority. The lower classes which applauded him when he went abroad, or knelt to receive his blessing, are converted by novelty, and by the display of superior force, rather than by conviction. The real question which ought to have been put, if indeed there had been any one to answer, was not whether the multitude wished to exchange the POPE for a secular King, but how the interests of Rome and of Italy could be most effectually promoted. The French treatment of the fallen EMPEROR illustrates the ungenerous fickleness of the rabble of all countries. In the present instance it appears that the unanimous suffrage of the population is ratified by the concurrence of the middle classes, and even of the high Roman aristocracy. The calamities which Archbishop MANNING denounces and deplores are exclusively suffered by the clergy. Even an ecclesiastical dignitary, while he naturally sympathizes with his order, must admit that the laity occupy a position, however humble, in the universal Church. It is not even certain that the POPE himself agrees with his faithful English representative, though in his appreciation of the tendency of recent events Archbishop MANNING is perhaps not mistaken.

Several lay and clerical Catholics in England have published animated protests against the abolition of the POPE'S temporal

power; and their testimony to the injury which has been inflicted on their Church is beyond suspicion. The evidence which they tender of the popularity of the POPE in his own dominions and throughout Italy is not equally conclusive. It is true that in every considerable Italian town there is a violent priestly newspaper with a circle of sympathizing readers. The clergy, a large section of the nobility, and the women are, like Lord DENBIGH, Catholics, or rather Papists, before they acknowledge the patriotic duties which are nevertheless morally paramount to sectarian predilections. A large portion of the devotees who prefer the abbreviation of future sufferings to the performance of immediate duties belongs to the richer classes, and consequently the Jesuit newspapers have no difficulty in collecting subscriptions for the maintenance of the POPE. The English and Protestant pretence that the ecclesiastical power of the POPE will be increased by his deposition from temporal sovereignty is as fallacious as it is inconsistent; but it may be fairly suggested that the POPE'S pence which provided for the payment of an army of 16,000 men will now be available for spiritual purposes. The middle classes in all parts of Italy supported the new institutions against priestly reaction. The advocates of spiritual and temporal absolutism have never explained away the obvious fact that the Italian Parliament and Government, resting on a large and yet limited constituency, has never wavered either in its internal policy with respect to the clergy, or in its aspirations for the possession of Rome. The KING himself, as is well known, yields unwillingly to the almost universal desire of the nation, while a Moderate Ministry takes possession of Rome for the express purpose of anticipating a democratic movement which would have been still more hostile to the POPE. As far as foreigners can judge, no considerable party in Italy disapproves of the annexation of the Roman territory, and it may be added that no Roman Catholic Government has offered the smallest obstacle to the deposition of PIUS IX. Impartial Protestants who thought it no part of their business either to assail or to defend the temporal power must be allowed to judge of the opinion of the Catholic world by the action or inaction of its constituted authorities. At Rome itself the hopes of the reactionary party seem to have been directed to the heretic King of Prussia until his Minister formally assured Cardinal ANTONELLI that he had no intention of interfering with his Italian friend and ally.

Educated Romans, unconnected by relations of clientage with the higher clergy, probably shared the opinions of their equals in other parts of Italy. The multitude, whatever may have been its sentiments towards the reigning POPE, has by last Sunday's vote given its facile adhesion to his profane and hated successor. It would be unfair to expect that priests and monks should suddenly discard their professional feelings, or assent to the spoliation and degradation of the Church. Irrespectively of their own personal interests, they conscientiously admired a system of government which approached nearly to the clerical standard of perfection. The enforced submission of the laity to their consecrated superiors, the penal repression of heresy and schism, the employment of all the resources of the State for the benefit of the Church, flattered all the instincts of the ecclesiastical mind. The Italian hierarchy, fully sharing the opinions of their Roman colleagues, were the most servile followers of the POPE and the Jesuits at the recent Council. Since the creation of the Kingdom of Italy, Rome has been the centre of disaffection to the national Government. It may perhaps occur to calm and candid supporters of the Holy See that the political system for which sympathy is demanded must, however admirable in itself, appear to the laity anomalous and paradoxical. All the maxims and commonplaces of modern government have been directly traversed and condemned on the infallible authority of the POPE. According to his own inspired principles he could not, if he had wished it, have allowed liberty of speech or writing, or have refused to exert his powers for the punishment of spiritual error. In 1849, when Italy was at the feet of Austria, he suddenly recalled his contingent from Lombardy on the ground that, as Father of the Faithful, he could not fight for the defence of Italy against a Catholic enemy. A potentate who repudiates the duty of protecting his subjects, a sovereign who holds that liberty is damnable, cannot reasonably ask for the support of those who dissent from his singular views of the functions of government. When, in 1848, PIUS IX. professed for a short time the political doctrines which were then in fashion, he willingly accepted the applause which was addressed to the POPE, King of Italy. The implied readiness to merge the Roman State in the nation furnishes an answer to the argu-



ment that the dominions of the Holy See were as separate and independent as Belgium or Holland.

The apprehension that the Roman Church may suffer further losses is fully justified. The King of ITALY was anxious to render an act of violence as inoffensive as possible, and he is believed personally to regret the political necessity which has brought him into direct collision with the POPE. It is natural that he should offer the most liberal compromise which is compatible with the acquisition of Rome by Italy. The new arrangement will inevitably lead to further difficulties and disputes, and the future changes which will ensue are not likely to be in favour of the POPE. Angry declamations against the Government which will perhaps be only separated from the Papal palace by the Tiber cannot be permanently tolerated; nor will the systematic nomination of disaffected prelates to Italian sees be much longer allowed. It will not even be for the interest of the POPE himself that he should be permitted to embarrass a Government which is his sole protector, although he regards it only as a persecutor. The overthrow of the reigning dynasty in Italy would mean, not the restoration of the banished princes or the re-establishment of the temporal power, but the institution of a Republic under leaders bitterly hostile to the Church. In other countries the opponents of Establishments feel or profess a respect for the religious convictions of unendowed religious bodies, but the fiercest zealot of a Roman monastery would find in MAZZINI or GARIBALDI a rival in intolerant fanaticism. The long association of the Roman Church with despotism has taken hold of the Italian imagination, and the destructive bigotry of the French Revolution will be revived if Italy falls under the dominion of extreme democracy. The faithful followers of the dethroned POPE will have to content themselves with lamentations and reproaches which will not want for plausible pretexts. They will be secure from confutation while they insist that the Italian army entered Rome without legal warrant; and if they further argue that the plébiscite, like all other ceremonies of the kind, was an imposture and an absurdity, many of those who bear the POPE's misfortunes with equanimity will not be indisposed to concur in their conclusion.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AND THE DEMOCRATS.

SINCE the triumph of Mr. BEALES in Hyde Park, and the adoption by the Trade-Union agitators of Mr. BRIGHT's advice that they should employ their energies on political questions, the great body of Englishmen, including the possessors of all the wealth and all the knowledge of the country, have almost begun to doubt whether they have any voice in national affairs. As Mr. GLADSTONE, who while the Session lasted carefully avoided any expression of opinion in the House of Commons, has for the first time broken silence in answer to the appeal of the Trade-Unions and the London mob, it is worth while to inquire into the claims of his favoured admirers and counsellors. The demagogues who affect to represent the working-class assume so many forms of combination that it is difficult to distinguish the Working Man's Association, the Democratic Association, the Labour Representation League, the Land and Labour League, and the Republican Association from one another. When the managers of the various bodies wish to display their forces, they add to their political clubs the different Trade-Unions, which are always ready, in the intervals of their efforts to make production dearer, to join in political agitation. The collective deputation to Mr. GLADSTONE was preceded by the pleasant formalities which have lately become familiar to the inhabitants of London. Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park were invaded by a dangerous rabble bearing red flags and caps of liberty; the "Marseillaise" was sung; profane litanies were recited; and an address to Mr. GLADSTONE was carried, demanding in the name of the Republicans of London that he should recognise the French Republic, and prevent the dismemberment of its territory. At another meeting Colonel DICKSON, Mr. ODGER, and Professor BEESLY, with other notorious politicians of the same stamp, congratulated the Parisian Committee of Defence on "dissociating the France of to-day from the Empire-poisoned France of a few weeks since." Mr. CONGREVE had previously proposed that England should express "reprobation of the military spirit," and at the same time "make war in union with France—the English and French armies side by side." As Mr. CONGREVE has adopted COMTE's fantastic religion and his whimsical calendar, it is natural that a philosopher who always dates his productions from the era of 1789 should

insist on universal peace and immediate war. Mr. CONGREVE, in company with Professor BEESLY, with Mr. APPELGARTH of the Diseases Commission and of the International Association, and Mr. ODGER of the Land and Labour League, of several contested elections, and of numerous revolutionary societies, formed a part of the deputation to Mr. GLADSTONE.

As the First Lord of the Treasury is still nominally the confidential Minister of the Crown, any other incumbent of the office might perhaps have hesitated to acknowledge the claims of the deputation to an audience or to an explanation of Government policy. The International Democratic Association proposes the appointment of such a chief magistrate as the people may demand, or, in other words, the dethronement of the QUEEN. The Land and Labour League, with Mr. BRADLAUGH and Mr. ODGER among its promoters, has for its principal object the confiscation of all landed property. The International Working Man's Association, of which the Royal Commissioner, Mr. APPELGARTH, is a principal member, pledged itself at Basle to inter-neeine hostility to the middle classes. In a recent address to this Association Mr. APPELGARTH and the other members of the Council denounce, in perfect consistency with their general opinions, "the Liberal German middle-class, with its professors, its capitalists, its aldermen, and its penmen." Mr. GLADSTONE must have strongly suspected that the sudden enthusiasm for Republican France is but the expression of disaffection to the Constitutional Monarchy of England. In paying an exceptional compliment to his visitors he, perhaps unintentionally, gave them to understand that the maintenance of the institutions which he is officially bound to defend is to be regarded as an open question; yet a Minister might have been excused for taking even an anomalous opportunity to convey to an ignorant and presumptuous body of intruders some wholesome lessons. He might have told them that they were openly and avowedly demanding that foreign policy should be determined neither by English interests nor by international duties, but by political predilections and by a desire to meddle with the internal affairs of independent States. All, or nearly all, the societies represented in the deputation profess to believe in the supreme right of universal suffrage; yet four-fifths of the population of France are impertinently told that their vote of last spring had the effect of poisoning their country. It is natural indeed that the Republicans who disturbed the streets on the Sunday before Mr. GLADSTONE's reception should be eager for the recognition of a Republican Government which was formed, out of a small Parliamentary minority, by a mob not more numerous or better entitled to effect a revolution than the assemblage of Hyde Park. A grave rebuke by a popular statesman would not have cured the conceit of the petty demagogues of the deputation, but it might have corrected the false estimate which their followers have formed of their political importance and competence, and it might have revived the confidence which the community at large would willingly repose in the head of the Government. It is barely possible that Mr. GLADSTONE's harmless commonplaces may have seemed novel and instructive to his passionate and ill-informed audience, but a bolder and manlier tone would have commanded respect, though it would perhaps not have been rewarded by applause.

One of the revolutionary clubs has lately forwarded to Count BISMARCK and to M. FAYRE an address to the Socialist workmen of Germany, urging them to rebel against the Prussian Government. Their impertinence would at another time have attracted only the contemptuous notice which it deserved; but if Count BISMARCK wishes for a ground of complaint against England, he may observe that the incendiary document is signed by Mr. ODGER and by other members of the deputation to Mr. GLADSTONE. A foreign statesman may be excused for not understanding the courtesy of a Prime Minister to a vulgar and ignorant brawler who delights in offering personal insults to the QUEEN, as well as in attempting to stir up civil war in Germany. With characteristic want of tact Mr. GLADSTONE sanctioned the officious protest of the English Republicans against the arrest of Dr. JACOBI, by regretting the interference of the German Government with the free expression of opinion. He also suggested that it was wrong to annex any territory against the wish of its inhabitants. Either remark might be properly made by an independent observer; but the opinions of a Prime Minister are subjected to minute criticism. It is not the business of any foreign Government to inquire whether freedom of discussion can be allowed in the middle of a war. There is at present an entire suspension of freedom in France, where functionaries who lately served the Empire are, in the

absence of any other alleged crime, imprisoned at the demand of the rabble, or at the arbitrary choice of Republican Prefects. During the American civil war a strict censorship was practised over all speeches and publications which were deemed favourable to the Southern cause. It is highly probable that General FALCKENSTEIN may have committed a blunder in arresting Professor JACOBI, but the exposure or redress of any grievance which may have occurred exclusively concerns the Germans. The question of annexation is still more delicate, and it may be taken for granted that Mr. GLADSTONE has no intention of opposing in all events the acquisition by Germany of a portion of Alsace. The remainder of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech would have been unobjectionable in substance if it had been less apologetic and deferential, and if the occasion had been more judiciously chosen. The fault of accrediting the most mischievous set of agitators was sufficiently grave, even if the answer to the deputation had been proof against criticism. The Republicans, the Unionists, and the political clubs in general represent the only section of English society which requires to be told that it would be premature to recognise a Republic when all that is known of the opinions of the French people is that, when they were last consulted, they preferred an Empire. As far as possible Mr. GLADSTONE was careful to adopt the doctrines of the deputation, when he might have told them that they were in the right only as far as they shared the unanimous opinion of all rational and well-informed persons. Thus Mr. GLADSTONE concurred in the propriety of recognising the Republic if it is deliberately established in France. In the principle which he must have intended to affirm, his interlocutors were too factious and too ignorant to concur with Mr. GLADSTONE. Recognition will be accorded, not to a republic as the best form of government, but to any government which France may adopt. The ODGERS and the APPELGARHS, on the other hand, would not willingly recognise a restoration of the ORLEANS dynasty or of the Empire, even in deference to the will of nine-tenths of the population of France. They would throw over M. FAVRE and the respectable members of the Committee of Defence to-morrow if the faction which has hoisted the red flag at Lyons were to succeed in its treasonable designs. The articles of the advanced Republican creed would arouse enthusiasm in Hyde Park, and indeed some of the Lyons malcontents belong to one of the societies which have lately threatened public order in London and memorialized Mr. GLADSTONE. According to the Red Republican programme the whole machinery of the State is to be suppressed; the tribunals of justice are to be prudently suspended; taxes are not to be levied nor the payment of private debts to be enforced; and all municipal bodies are to be summarily superseded. Mr. ODGER himself could not outbid the demagogues of Lyons, although the most foul-mouthed declaimer among them might envy his libellous attacks on the EMPEROR, and his insolence to the Royal Family of England. Mr. GLADSTONE had not even the excuse of sharing the real opinions of the agitators, the sophists, and the pedants of the deputation. The Ministers are determined, as Mr. LOWE assured the meeting at Elgin, to maintain peace in any possible circumstances. Mr. CONGREVE, who was the chairman at one of the recent mob meetings, demands war on the intelligible and satisfactory ground that France in the present year 81 is distinguished by a product called constructive ideas. The deputation probably retired with the conviction that Mr. GLADSTONE appreciated to a certain extent the wisdom of the London Jacobins and Cordeliers, although the prejudices of position and education limited his democratic sympathies. Those among them who had joined in the open-air meetings were entitled to boast that the patron of Mr. BEALES had not a word of reprobation for the attempt of the rabble to control by intimidation the policy of the State. It was impossible for Mr. GLADSTONE's intellect to lower itself to the level of his audience, but the advocates of land-robbery, of exclusive working-class supremacy, and of revolution in general received no warning that he disapproved of their objects.

#### PARIS BESIEGED.

IT is more than ever necessary to be on our guard against the temptation to judge Frenchmen by a purely English standard. The aspect of Paris, as described by a "Besieged Resident" in the *Daily News*, would argue ill for the resistance of the city if Paris were London. Amidst the continual changes which the writer notes there seems to be one permanent feature which recurs in many forms. The Parisians are always acting. To-day they will be emotional and

patriotic. The "Marseillaise" is heard at every corner. The statue of Strasburg commands an unceasing stream of worshippers. The latest lie about the Prussian defeats is readily believed. The siege is regarded merely as a passing inconvenience to be endured until the army has come up from the South, and not an hour longer. To-morrow all this cheery indifference will have given place to the sternest sobriety. Every Parisian will for the moment behave himself as though he were a sergeant in CROMWELL's Ironsides. There is no more shouting or singing in the streets. Paris stands confessed as the huge camp she has really become, and a city of soldiers has no thought to spare for anything but actual fighting. The third day another change will have come over the city. The resolved patriot and the sanguine patriot have alike disappeared. For the moment the Parisians have chosen to be again like their old selves. They are no longer sanguine or heroic; they are simply careless. War seems to be put aside for an afternoon, and the crowd in the Champs Elysées or the Boulevards amuses itself in much the same fashion as it would on any common autumn Sunday. Is it possible, after reading these letters, to believe that a population which can pass thus rapidly from one extreme to another can be animated with that enduring temper which counts the cost of resistance and pays it down to the last farthing? Those who reason in this way have never been at the pains to distinguish between the fickleness which is a matter of temperament, and the fickleness which springs from want of purpose. The one may have all the outward signs of the other, and yet for all that there may be no real resemblance between them. No prudent observer will venture, in these still early days of the siege, to decide whether the fickleness of Paris belongs to the former or the latter category. The last twenty years has been but bad training for the privations and sufferings which must inevitably fall upon the citizens if the siege is prolonged. Whether the claim of Paris to be the centre of European civilization is well or ill founded, there can be no doubt that it has been the centre of European amusement, and the habits engendered by the diligent discharge of this function would seem to be as opposite as possible to those for which there is now a call. But it takes more than a generation to alter national character, and as the gloss of Imperialism is rubbed off by the harsh experience of the next few weeks, the Frenchman may prove to be the same in all essentials as ever. If so, it can hardly be doubted that Paris will be gallantly defended. The French have often enough thought themselves the objects of European admiration when in sober earnest Europe was troubling itself very little about them. Now, however, their dreams are more than realized. Perhaps no contemporary can properly appreciate the siege of Paris, can picture to himself the marvel it will be to future generations, the place it will hold in military and political history for all time to come. But though we may not recognise the full proportions of this wonderful event, we see them clearly enough to gratify the vainest Frenchman that lives. Whatever strength can be imparted by the sense of this concentrated interest the Parisians may enjoy to the full. It may be easier perhaps for them than it would be for a less self-conscious people to rise to the level of their position.

The "Besieged Resident" gives, on the whole, a favourable picture of the improvement in various respects which has been effected in Paris in the last three weeks. General TROCHU, to all appearance, has already worked wonders. Nothing, according to the testimony of this witness, could be worse than the state of affairs during the first days of the investment. The troops of the line were generally drunk, and when they were sober they fired at their officers. The National Guards did as little as they could, and even that little they did ill. The Mobile Guards behaved as a crowd of peasants, brought fresh from distant provinces and turned loose in the confusion of a great capital, might be expected to behave. The "Besieged Resident" now tells a very different story. The soldiers have been recalled to something like discipline. The National Guards, he thinks, lack enthusiasm, but they no longer keep away from the ramparts. The Mobile Guards have been drilled into military shape, and if they are still rather inapt soldiers, they are obviously the stuff out of which soldiers can be made. Their conduct, says the writer, "is beyond all praise. Physically and morally they are greatly the superior of the ordinary run of Parisians. They are quiet, orderly, and, as a rule, even devout." It is not the least curious incident of the war that the most conspicuous share in the defence of Paris should be borne by Breton peasants. In the working-class quarters of Paris there seems a large amount of quiet determination to fight



to the last. It is hard to imagine that the barricades which are rising all round the city can ever be really called into play, but it is creditable to the Paris workmen that they should be preparing for a mode of resistance which can only be resorted to after all others have been tried and found wanting.

It seems that *Les Idées de l'Empereur* cannot be accepted as a genuine document, but whoever has been at the trouble of inventing it may at least claim the credit of knowing what it would best become the EMPEROR to say. Manifestoes of this sort have sometimes a certain value even after their authenticity has been denied. At all events, *Les Idées de l'Empereur* shows what one section of the Imperialist party would like to see their master put forth. Nor indeed is there anything inconsistent with what we know of the EMPEROR's character in the views here attributed to him. NAPOLEON III. has never been selfish as selfishness is ordinarily understood. His love of France has been inextricably mixed up with the fulfilment of his own ambition, but it has been real love of its kind. He has been perhaps the sole believer in Personal government, the one man who thought that the BONAPARTES could do more for France than she could possibly do for herself. The view of the situation which is taken by the author of *Les Idées de l'Empereur* is strikingly free from any harshness or bitterness towards the revolution by which the Empire has been displaced. The EMPEROR is made to regret his dethronement rather for his country's sake than his own. The only sentences which have any reference to a possible restoration are a very fair imitation of the ring of the EMPEROR's old speeches. The statement that the "sincere and plain" exposition of the truth has always established a sympathetic current between France and himself, expresses with some accuracy a belief which the EMPEROR has always striven to encourage. A great Sovereign having such full confidence in his people that he cares to keep nothing concealed from them, a great nation having such full confidence in its Sovereign that it accepts his assertion as the absolute embodiment of truth—this is the picture of the Empire that NAPOLEON III. may possibly have believed in himself, and in which he certainly did his best to bring others to believe. The theory that, as France "is" compelled to attribute her misfortune to the want of political "unity, she ought for the future to look for prosperity to the" strictly observed inviolability of her institutions," is decidedly ingenious. It probably foreshadows an intention on the part of the Imperialists, if not of the EMPEROR himself, to throw the whole blame of the war on the Liberal Opposition. In a certain remote sense this is probably true. If there had been no Opposition, the EMPEROR's neglect in allowing Prussia to win the battle of Sadowa would never have been used as a foundation for attacks on his Government, and consequently he would never have been driven to repair one blunder by another, to atone for suffering Prussia to become strong by a vain endeavour to make her weak again. In so far as it represents views which, whatever be their origin, are likely to reappear of the future programme of a party which has not yet given up the game, *Les Idées de l'Empereur* may yet be of some importance.

#### PROPHECYING SMOOTH THINGS.

TWO months ago the Government was allowed three months' grace to place the defences of the country in an efficient condition. On the 3rd of August the *Times* spoke to this effect, and spoke well. To be sure, the situation then anticipated has not been realized. Two months ago, when "hard fighting on the Rhine, in the Baltic, and, it may be, 'in the heart of Germany,'" was considered certain, it was thought that France and Prussia, wearied with alternate victories and defeats, and exhausted by drawn battles, might very likely agree to settle their differences and combine in the spoliation of Belgium and Holland. After this was to come England's danger; but for this danger we were to be prepared by England's opportunity—namely, the next three months, which the Government would be "wilfully culpable" were they not to turn to good account in putting the "country in a complete state of defence." What the war has turned out to be we all know. The question now is whether the unimpeded victories of Prussia have released this country and the Government from those duties which two months ago were pronounced to be so urgent and imperative. Mr. BRUCE answers in a very distinct way that, the danger having passed away, the obligation to meet it ceases; and as far as we can see the country is much of his opinion.

Indeed, we are not sure that opinion did not in some quarters anticipate Mr. BRUCE's conclusion. As a matter of fact not half of the 20,000 additional soldiers which Parliament voted have been enrolled; two months' recruiting has only swept together 9,000 men. Not a single public meeting, as far as we know, in any large town or county, has been held to strengthen or to bring out the needs of the Volunteer forces. If the quarters of the Volunteers have been thronged by recruits or returning veterans, the public has heard but little of this substantial evidence of public spirit. No special activity has been developed at Shorncliffe or Aldershot. The Militia and the Yeomanry still maintain their comatose existence. The War Office has confined that energy which was demanded, and immediately demanded, of it to the issue of "New Regulations for the "Volunteers"; that is, a provisional code which attempts some trifling reforms in the way of improving the present inefficient officering, but does absolutely nothing in the way of reforming the radical defects of the force—its voluntary character, its inefficient drill, its want of discipline, cohesion, and indeed of every element of military efficiency. And, to crown all, Mr. BRUCE warns us against the danger of "rushing into rash resolutions"—or "revolutions," for the phrase is differently quoted—and assures us that the danger has entirely passed away. Even if we were to admit this, the further question arises, whether the preparation of England as regards national defences and military efficiency is merely to remain contingent on immediate danger, and whether that danger can arise from any other quarter than France. The *Economist*—a respectable, and in some sense a representative, journal—answers all these questions; and comes to the conclusion that "the military dangers of England are less than" they were—that there is no necessity for rushing at new "things—that the only possible danger to England was from" France—that the war has transferred the primacy of Europe "from a country which has always hated us to a country" "which has never hated us." The *Economist*, however, suppresses the further conclusion, which is logically undeniable, that this most satisfactory state of things is so complete, and our immunity from danger so entire, that we may safely disband our present forces, and suppress the Army Estimates, at one blow of justifiable economy. To do only justice to the better mind of the *Economist*, we do not wish to conceal that its patriotism is at the bottom superior to its logic, and that it admits that "of course we ought to have a good and efficient "land force," but there is time enough to think about it. The organ of the Republicans and Socialists, the *Fortnightly Review*, in the person of its editor, Mr. MORLEY, is, however, intelligible and plain-spoken enough, and warns "the workmen of England that if they suffer a military organization to "be fastened upon them, either by their despisers in the press "or by their enemies in Parliament, they will deserve all "they get"; and openly denounces all notions of attempting "to reproduce in England the Prussian military system, or to "invent something of our own of a similar kind," together with any and every "alteration of our Reserves, new Enlistment Acts, and reconstruction of Militia and Volunteers."

It seems then that the resolution of two months ago that this country ought immediately and energetically to turn its most serious attention, acting through its Government, to the defences of the country and the organization of its military force, is at the present moment confronted, if not superseded, by at least three facts—1. The apathy of the public generally; 2. The declaration made by Mr. BRUCE, and apparently on the part of the Ministry, that we were never in less danger than we are now, and that the necessity for immediate, or perhaps for any, improvement of our system has passed away, and is not likely to recur; and, 3, the avowed hostility of the Republican faction, and the distinct intention on their part to persuade, if they can, the working-men, that all schemes for military improvement are mere covert revivals of feudalism and crafty designs of landlords and "the broadcloth-wearing classes" to oppress and tyrannize over the real people of England, whose ideal is "the London workman" "with his sure instinct"—that is, the class which is best known to us by BEESLY and CONGREVE as its literary, and ODGER, BRADLAUGH, and the Hyde Park rioters as its practical, heroes. We have to fall back, therefore, on first principles. It will be time enough to settle with Lord Elcho and others what form of organization the English army of the future is to adopt when we have cleared ourselves of the foggy uncertainty with which Ministers are bewildering themselves and public opinion as to the preliminary point whether we want any army at all. We have, since the beginning of August,

receded a whole stage. Then the question was, what was to be done, for whatever was to be done must be done quickly; now the question is, whether there is any need for doing anything at present, and when Parliament meets it will be seriously questioned whether we ought to do anything at all. Last of all, we shall have to confront the final difficulty whether a national army in any shape is consistent "with that political mastery" which the Conservative Reform Bill placed within the reach of the English democracy; in fact, of the most ignorant and turbulent classes of society.

It may be sufficient here to note at least one portion of the answer to the disheartening questions which may suggest themselves. Thus we may, it is to be hoped, trust that the apathy of the country in the matter of military preparation is perhaps more apparent than real. Summer is not the time for the middle classes, of whom the Volunteer force mainly consists, to be very active about anything. Recruiting and drill, for example, have been vigorously prosecuted in the really middle-class regiments, such as the London Rifle Brigade; and with the end of the holidays such corps as the Inns of Court and Victorias may be reckoned on for a revival of that patriotism which ten or twelve years ago distinguished them. Again; as to Mr. BRUCE and Mr. CARDWELL, and even Mr. GLADSTONE himself, it is notorious that at the close of the Session the policy of inaction which they represented then, and which circumstances of recent occurrence and the strange events of the war have enabled them at this moment more openly to avow, was in decided disfavour. It is equally notorious that had not Lord GRANVILLE made the declaration about Belgium which the PREMIER suddenly declined to make, Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry would have been a thing of past history. We should indeed think ill of the patriotism and political discernment of Englishmen to suppose that only under the influence of blind panic they can adopt the language and the feelings which undoubtedly they expressed at the beginning of the war. But further than this. So far as any argument is adduced for Mr. BRUCE'S view, it amounts to this—that by some ethnological fatality France must be an aggressive country, but that Germany is by a law of its being unaggressive, unambitious, and pacific to the core—in a word, is a race of "placid traditions." The answer is furnished in the very same article (of the *Economist*) from which we are quoting. "Count BISMARCK has just now other aims." These aims are specified. "Till he has reclaimed the German provinces which belong to Austria, and perhaps those which belong to Russia, his work is incomplete." Pretty well for a non-aggressive nation, a race of placid traditions. After rolling humbled France in the dust, and after the dismemberment of that country, Austria and Russia must be compelled to submit to loss of territory, and then, the Bismarkian ideal being completed, of course England has nothing to fear; and in the meantime, while the race of pacific traditions is exhausting its course of war and blood, we are to sit calmly by, folding our hands, and waiting with that supreme confidence in his friend which must have animated ULYSSES in the cave of POLYPHEMUS. Lastly, if—as the *Fortnightly Review* assures us—the proper argument against organizing national defences arises from the affront and hindrance which it would offer to the progress of the English Democrats and Socialists, and the advocates of "humanitarian principles," we can only say that we are glad that their spokesman, Mr. MORLEY, has shown his or their hand. It is something to know, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry would do well to know, that the strongest opposition to the military defence of England is offered by those who avow their desire for "organic" changes. That is to say, those who are opposed to the effective defences of the country are those who are disposed, in plain words, to the abolition of the British Monarchy, the establishment of a social and democratic Republic, the equal division of land, and the communism of the Land and Labour fanatics. If we do not know who is with us, the solution of the National Defences question ought not to be doubtful when we know who and what manner of revolutionists are against us.

#### RUSSIA AND THE EAST.

ALTHOUGH M. THIERS will not procure a Russian alliance for France, it is not unlikely that his mission may suggest or facilitate a revival of Russian enterprises in the East. It has been plausibly conjectured that he is instructed to offer, in return for diplomatic or military aid, a modification of the Treaty of 1856 to which France was a principal party. It is scarcely probable that the Government

of St. Petersburg will enter into an onerous contract when it has already secured the only consideration which the French agent can propose. For the moment France is unable to exercise any foreign interference; and if Russia infringed the conditions of the Treaty of Paris, she would only have to reckon with England, with Austria, and perhaps with North Germany. The connivance or co-operation of France in the aggrandizement of Russia might have been obtained on several occasions since the close of the Crimean war. Almost immediately after the conclusion of peace the Emperor NAPOLEON began to intrigue against English policy by encouraging the union of the Danubian Principalities, which under the arrangement of 1856 were to be kept apart. In 1860 Lord PALMERSTON with difficulty baffled a French project of occupying Syria; and three or four years ago the French Government favoured at intervals the Cretan insurrection which was openly countenanced, and perhaps promoted, by Russia. It is not known whether there were any secret negotiations which would have explained the apparent caprice of the Emperor NAPOLEON'S policy. His projects of approximation to Russia were interrupted by the Polish controversy of 1863, and he was probably at all times hampered by his desire to cultivate friendly relations with Austria and with England; yet in 1866 he was prepared to make war on Austria without provocation, and when he composed the secret Project of Treaty for the seizure of Belgium he must have anticipated a rupture with England. The Russian Government seems for the most part to have received his fitful advances with prudent reserve. For several years after the war the energies of the Empire were employed in repairing its resources, and in great organic changes of the social system. After an interval the Government seemed to devote itself to the successful prosecution of conquest in Central Asia, and to the extension of the railway system. It has been generally believed that the prosperity and industry of Russia have been temporarily checked by the abolition of serfage. There have also been rumours of financial embarrassment, and of imperfections of military equipment; but, early in 1869, 40,000 men were armed with breechloaders, and the field artillery, all with rifled guns, was very powerful. In the same year the prosecution of an elaborate system of military railways traversing the Southern and Western provinces suggested the inference that schemes of aggrandizement would be postponed until the works were completed; but the great catastrophe which has since occurred could not then have been foreseen, and it is not improbable that the collapse of France may have affected the policy of Russia.

The official secrecy which was rigidly enforced in the days of NICHOLAS I. has been imperfectly dispelled by the partial freedom now accorded to the newspaper press. A careful student may learn from the journals of St. Petersburg and Moscow the opinions of different political sections, and the real or professed inclination of the Government. It appears that public opinion, as far as it exists in Russia, is on the side of France against Germany; while, on the other hand, the Emperor ALEXANDER openly sympathizes with the military triumphs of the German Princes. Cautious Russian statesmen foresee a possible collision with the formidable power of Germany, arising from the same causes in the Baltic provinces which led to the forcible severance of Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark. Some Russian journals have even recommended the conciliation of Poland as the first step to a league of the Slavonic races against German aggression; but the Poles themselves, even in Posen, appear to sympathize with France, and it will be difficult to disturb the understanding between Prussia and Russia which has subsisted since the partitions of Poland in the last century. It may be considered certain that the Russian Government will, in accordance with its published declarations, continue to be absolutely neutral between the actual belligerents. In some versions the neutrality was made contingent on the policy of Austria; but as Austrian intervention is wholly out of the question, the result will be the same as if the policy of Russia were wholly unconditional. General STEINMETZ, who was lately transferred from a command in France to the Governor-Generalship of Posen, will not find himself engaged in active service against his Russian neighbours. Hereafter the German Government will probably find it necessary to protect the independence of the valley of the Danube in concert with Austria; but for the present a quarrel with Russia would be highly inconvenient. The grievances of the German population of the Baltic provinces will not excite active sympathy as long as all the forces of the nation are required to complete the series of victories in France. The two belligerents are likely to be equally passive



if Russia should determine on any disturbance of the arrangements of 1856.

There is probably some foundation for the rumour of movements of troops from the neighbourhood of Moscow to the Southern provinces; and it is said that General IGNATIEFF, Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, has, like MENSCHIKOFF in 1853, lately used menacing language. It is possible that the Russian Government may wish to create uneasiness and alarm, as a preparation for reopening the arrangements of 1856; but there is at present no reason to apprehend a repetition of the violent proceedings of the Emperor NICHOLAS. The ill-omened experiment of crossing the Pruth would not even be a violation of territory actually belonging to Turkey, although it would be technically an act of war against the Porte. The Prussian Prince who occupies the anomalous and precarious throne of the Danubian Provinces may be supposed to prefer the nominal supremacy of Constantinople to the uninvited presence of a potentate who would reduce him to real vassalage. Even with the SULTAN it is necessary to find a pretext for a rupture before a declaration of war; and, as far as is known, nothing has lately happened even to the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. A more serious obstacle to aggressive enterprises consists in the vicinity of Austria. Notwithstanding financial difficulties and constitutional struggles, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy is a match for Russia in the field, and it can never tolerate the extension of the Russian dominions to the South. The Pan-slavonic agitation which was encouraged by Russia three or four years ago revealed or created a community of interests between Austria and Turkey. The King of BOHEMIA could not afford to be neutral when Turkish territory was invaded on the pretence of national and religious sympathy. It is of course possible that the rumours of Russian armaments may have a foundation in fact; but there is always a balance of probability against the perpetration of an imprudent act. A semi-official Russian journal probably represents the policy of the Government when it declares that all the recent rumours are unauthorised and for the present false; but that they correctly indicate public opinion and the probabilities of the future. The veteran of the Foreign Office who at the beginning of last July assured Lord GRANVILLE that tranquillity prevailed throughout the world expressed a not unreasonable judgment. It was impossible to anticipate the wanton blunder which has for the time prostrated France; and the result of the surprise which was effected by NAPOLEON III. is not encouraging to wanton disturbers of the peace. There probably never was a time when a more universal impression prevailed of the serious character and fearful consequences of war. In this, if in no other way, improvements in armament and in military organization may perhaps tend eventually to the benefit of mankind. Russia would derive no real advantage from territorial extension which could compensate the sufferings and losses of one or two campaigns.

The extinction of English influence on the Continent has removed one of the chief securities of peace. Even the blunders of English diplomacy were formerly prompted by a sincere desire to avert the evils of war. Any ambitious designs which might be cherished by Russia would now be encouraged by reliance on Mr. GLADSTONE'S dread of war, and on his sympathies with the Orthodox Eastern Church. It is possible that some of his colleagues may see the necessity of firmness, if the Russian Government proposes a revision of the Treaty of 1856. It happens that the restrictions which are most obnoxious to Russia refer to her naval forces in the Black Sea; and notwithstanding the helpless condition of the army, the maritime power of England is still unbroken. The object of the stipulations of 1856 was to protect Turkey, and especially Constantinople, against a naval attack. Sebastopol, and the fleet which was ultimately sunk in its harbour, formed a standing menace to the Porte; and it seemed to the Congress of Paris that it was prudent to prohibit the possession of a weapon which could only be used for mischievous purposes. While France is for the time incapable of taking a part in European councils, the concert of England with Austria would suffice to deter Russian aggression. There is no immediate reason to apprehend an invasion by land, for an intended war would have been preceded by revolts in the Northern provinces, which might have served as a pretext for intervention. The Bulgarian insurrection has long since come to an end, and Serbia and Montenegro have lately been quiet. Greece, having sunk into the lowest disrepute, would not be a useful ally, even if the Greeks still wish to promote Russian aggrandizement, which would involve the disappointment of their own ambitious hopes. If Russia meditates a restless and troublesome policy, it will at least

be easy to the English Government to indicate disapproval. Russian statesmen must have learned, from the rupture which preceded the Crimean war, that it is not safe to rely on the inexhaustible patience of English Ministers until it is known that their indifference is shared by the nation. Firmness is in public and private affairs often cheaper and safer than anxious timidity.

#### MEDIATION.

IT is quite right that the question of mediation should be fully discussed, and Sir HENRY BULWER has in his last letter explained more distinctly than before the course which he recommends the Government to adopt. It will be for ever impossible to ascertain whether he is justified in the belief that a vigorous remonstrance addressed by the English Government to the Emperor NAPOLEON would have prevented the war; and there can be no doubt that such an interference would have produced violent irritation in France. All parties would have declared that English jealousy had deprived France of certain victory at the moment when her preparations were most complete and while Germany was unready for the conflict; nor is it improbable that the EMPEROR might have taken the opportunity of accomplishing his long-meditated designs upon Belgium; yet it is undeniable that, if a word of advice could have averted an incalculable amount of bloodshed and suffering, it ought to have been tendered. Sir H. BULWER'S diplomatic experience has convinced him that the disinterested counsels of England, opportunely offered and enforced, have much weight with foreign Governments, but he served under Lord PALMERSTON or Lord ABERDEEN in days when the traditions of 1815 had not become wholly obsolete. Two or three months ago the only object of the present Cabinet was to avoid all possibility of quarrel with either disputant. Notwithstanding strong Parliamentary pressure Mr. GLADSTONE declined to make any statement of his policy, and Lord GRANVILLE was compelled to avert general indignation by breaking to some extent the obstinate silence of his chief. The illustration of the danger of timidity which is furnished by the origin of the Crimean war is not exactly applicable to present circumstances. Lord ABERDEEN and his colleagues might have prevented the war by dispelling the reliance of the Emperor NICHOLAS on the paramount influence of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. An outlay of a million or two on armaments would have saved the whole expense of the campaign, and the error of the Ministers consisted in not knowing or not explaining that England would prefer war to connivance at an unprovoked attack upon an ally. The artificial squabble about the Jerusalem trinkets was, as a pretext for the invasion of Turkey, in morality and plausibility precisely on a level with the Duke of GRAMONT'S notorious ultimatum to Prussia; but Lord ABERDEEN and Lord CLARENDON injudiciously withheld a formidable menace, and Lord GRANVILLE would have had no alternative to propose if his friendly advice had been rejected by France.

It is more important to inquire whether any useful impression could now be made on either belligerent. Sir H. BULWER is forced by the necessity of his argument to neglect the diplomatic practice of keeping his final proposal in reserve. In the first instance, he would represent to Count BISMARCK the doubtful expediency of demanding a cession of territory, but in case of failure he would endeavour to convince the French Government that, in present circumstances, Alsace might be surrendered without dishonour. A litigant who knows that a common friend will in the last resort support his claims is not likely to withdraw them in deference to ostensible counsels of moderation. On the other hand, the French Government and people are not yet convinced that it is necessary to submit to the most painful of sacrifices. The almost invincible ignorance, which has been rendered denser by the literary teachers of the nation, has not been dispelled by two months of misfortune. Few Frenchmen remember that Alsace was once a part of Germany, and still fewer consider that the loss of territory by France resembles a similar operation effected by France at the expense of Germany. At the beginning of the campaign it was said that the soldiers who first crossed the frontier saluted the EMPEROR with the acclamation that in Rhenish Germany they were at home. The belief that Savoy and Nice had received an invaluable benefit by the transfer of their allegiance is probably universal in France. If Lord GRANVILLE were, in pursuance of Sir H. BULWER'S recommendation, to urge upon the Provisional Government the cession of Alsace, he would probably be met, not only by a refusal, but by lasting resentment. Both belligerents have from the beginning of the war persistently

blamed the absolute neutrality of England; and the ingenious author of the apocryphal "Ideas of the Emperor" suggests joint action against neutrals to be undertaken as a pledge of reconciliation by France and North Germany. An interference which might be naturally considered unfriendly to the weaker party would tend to defeat its own object. Even as an irresponsible commentator Sir H. BULWER is led to deliver, as if in the character of an arbitrator, a hypothetical award. Perhaps the majority of his countrymen would concur in the opinion that Germany has a right to insist on a cession of territory, and yet that generosity and prudence would dictate a more moderate policy. If the belligerents were likely to refer the terms of peace to the judgment of England, Sir H. BULWER might be advantageously entrusted with the conduct of the arbitration. In the meantime the English Government could scarcely give either France or Germany the assurance that the other party would assent to any conditions which might be suggested.

Both the invaders and the defenders of Paris feel that the course of negotiation must depend on the result of a novel experiment. Military theorists are still unable to determine whether a great fortress is rendered more or less defensible by the circumstance that it is also a great city. The skirmishes that have taken place in the outskirts of Paris throw no light on the fate of the siege; nor is it even known whether the German commanders will rely on the effects of a blockade, or attempt an assault on some of the surrounding forts, and a bombardment of the town. It is even possible that General von MOLTKE's object may be, not to occupy Paris, but to prevent General TROCHU from taking the field with an army which he might gradually equip and organize within the walls of the capital. If Paris can hold out for some months, even the vast resources of Germany will be strained in keeping the communications open, and in securing the obedience of the conquered provinces. Although it is difficult to distinguish between patriotic boasts and statistical returns, armies considerable in numbers must be gathering in the neighbourhood of Lyons, in the West and in the South. Until Metz is taken it is necessary to calculate on the possibility of BAZAINE's escape with a portion of the veteran army. Against all such contingencies the Germans, perhaps with reason, consider themselves prepared, but the French not unnaturally look from an opposite point of view on the chances of war. They find it hard to convince themselves that the nation which had for two centuries assumed a military primacy in Europe has neither a competent general nor an efficient army. The power of a hostile population to molest an invader is perhaps overrated by French opinion; but the confidence which is felt in levies of volunteers and free marksmen has a precedent in German experience during the decline of the first French Empire. The fall of NAPOLEON was indeed effected by regular armies operating in preponderating force; but before the European coalition was fully formed, German patriots had formed plans for embarrassing NAPOLEON by irregular levies formed on the model of the guerillas who were then acting in support of the English army in Spain.

Those who regret that the voice of England is no longer potent in the councils of Europe may in some degree console themselves with the knowledge that no other State is more favourably situated for purposes of intervention or mediation. Austria, Italy, and the Scandinavian Governments incline to France; and of the two parties which compete in Russia for the control of foreign policy neither is disinterested or indifferent between France and Germany. America, which had no interest in the quarrel or its consequences, might perhaps, notwithstanding General GRANT's exultation in the bearing of the war on the price of pork, have been regarded by both belligerents as a friendly mediator; but the American Minister could not resist the temptation of assuring the Parisian rabble that the two great Republics must henceforth stand side by side against Monarchy in Prussia and elsewhere. The King of PRUSSIA is not likely to ask the good offices of a Government which looks to the form of government rather than to international interests and rights. Count BERNSTORFF is probably well enough acquainted with English society and with Mr. GLADSTONE's eccentricities not to mistake his coquetry with Jacobins and Communists for the policy of the Government and the nation; yet Mr. GLADSTONE himself, and those of his colleagues who have delivered their opinions on the war, have done their utmost to weaken the authority of the Government with one or both of the belligerents. Mr. LOWE congratulated himself and the Corporation of Elgin on the determination of England to look exclusively to her own safety. Mr. BRUCE on two occasions entered into a superfluous vindication of the German cause. Mr. GLADSTONE

committed a graver error by recognising the right of the revolutionary faction to extort explanations of the policy of the Government. If Count BISMARCK desired an excuse for rejecting any offer of mediation on the part of England, he might probably remark that Mr. GLADSTONE's confidants were not only professed adherents of France, but avowed enemies of the North-German Government. Some of them have since had the impudence to propose to the German workmen a renewal of the Baden insurrection of 1849, which was suppressed by the present KING, then Prince of PRUSSIA. One of the number, who is a fanatical disciple of a crazy French prophet, avows his devotion to France as the country of crotchets which in his whimsical jargon are called constructive ideas. Mr. GLADSTONE himself is probably exempt from partisanship, or even from deep interest in the war; but it has always been his taste to invite misconstruction.

#### "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" AND COUNT BISMARCK.

"OUR Own Correspondent" has come to condign grief. We make no apology, which under other circumstances would have been due to Mr. W. H. RUSSELL, for naming him, because, since he has had the honour, if it is an honour, of being personally denounced by the redoubtable Count BISMARCK, it can be no breach of etiquette to assume his personality in the columns of the *Times*. Mr. RUSSELL has had a fall—indeed he has had two falls; one from his horse, and one from his place of honour at Ferrières. The material tumble was an ominous forecast of the moral purf, as horsy men call it. We shall only be doing Mr. RUSSELL a kindness, which he will appreciate, if we devote our space, which some cynical readers may say is wasted, to the narrative of his adventure with his horse in Versailles street. It is not for us to appraise the relative importance of Mr. RUSSELL's accident as compared with other events of the day; but as in the same copy of the *Times* about the same number of lines is devoted to the capitulation of Strasburg and to the tragic fall of Mr. RUSSELL's broken-kneed horse, we assume that the disasters are of equal historical value. Mr. RUSSELL then, it seems, with his peculiar alacrity to do everybody's business as well as his own, picked up some unimportant fact about an ambulance which he met in the street, and in the fervour of his zeal to purvey news hurried after the Staff to tell them what was not worth telling. His alacrity in busybodying was so great that he rode at full gallop on a paved causeway, and in turning a corner horse and man came down with what is technically called a cropper. As the horse only broke his two knees and Mr. RUSSELL bruised one knee, few people but Mr. RUSSELL would have diarized and published this notable incident; fewer still would have sent it to the *Times*, to be perused with wondering awe by all Europe. But out of this ignoble trifle Mr. RUSSELL contrived to pay a sly compliment to himself, and did a bit of pictorial talk. We see the noble animal rearing, and, while rearing, "in a second" the crafty horseman "throws up his arms across his forehead" and with wondrous skill wriggles from under the horse, who, after performing this playful feat on his hind legs, doubles up his fore feet and comes to earth. Perhaps never was bad riding so glorified, and Mr. RUSSELL has the skill to wish it to be inferred that he at any rate can throw his horse down in a paved street as a proof of noble horsemanship. Some folks may think that, though all this is very graphic, it is ineffably silly, not to say impertinent. It is something, to be sure, that we do not get in addition to this wretched nonsense half a column of gabble devoted to the pathology of Mr. RUSSELL's swelled knee, or to an historical diary of the progress of his bruise through all the colours of the spectrum. But, as it is, we are all getting thoroughly tired of Mr. RUSSELL and his small-beer chronicles, seven columns of vapid and unprofitable chatter, about himself and his breakfasts, and his gossip, and his familiarity with generals and staff-officers. STERNE could sentimentalize over a dead jackass, but a RUSSELL cannot dignify a broken-kneed hack. The CROWN PRINCE's boots and breeches are, on the whole, more interesting than Mr. RUSSELL's pinched ribs.

Rolling on the sharp trottoir of Versailles, Mr. RUSSELL however could not have forecast the more serious tumble which was in store for him. As in the mishap just chronicled, so in his more terrible downfall, Mr. RUSSELL was pitched over by his officiousness. As usual, Mr. RUSSELL did not regard his Latin grammar. From sad experience of "Our Own" we remember the once familiar line

Percontatore fugito: nam garrulus idem est.



In his letter published in the *Times* of September 24, Mr. RUSSELL took upon himself to relate "what occurred when the Emperor NAPOLEON and the King of PRUSSIA met at Bellevue." Now considering that the surrender at Sedan was long past and over, and that the details, true or fictitious, of it had been published over and over again, it might have been thought that the matter was not at all in Mr. RUSSELL's way. But Mr. RUSSELL thought very properly that an event of such historical magnitude would be incomplete to all posterity were it not written in the book of RUSSELL, and authenticated by the Great Chronicler himself. Future ages would say the Napoleonic would be incomplete without its RUSSELL. *Caret vate sacro*. This must not be; so *à propos* of nothing at all, and intercalated between the usual weary gabble about milestones and somebody's dirty shirts, Mr. RUSSELL, not without a noble pomp of diction and a grave circumstantiality of details, tells us about the interview between EMPEROR and KING. GIBBON, in a famous passage, informs us how and where he finished his immortal work, and after GIBBON's pattern a greater than GIBBON solemnly authenticates the precious fragment of contemporary history. "I write from this town of Coulommiers," and henceforth Coulommiers, which up to that moment nobody in England had ever heard of, is for ever immortal. Here, admiring students of all ages will say—here the immortal RUSSELL wrote his famous narrative. To be sure, when the tale came, it contained absolutely nothing new; or rather, as the proverbial formula has it, what was true was not new, and what was new was on the face of it untrue. Nobody but Mr. RUSSELL could have persuaded himself that the EMPEROR actually did not know who commanded the Prussians at Sedan. This was the only novelty in Mr. RUSSELL's gorgeous historiette. Of course it was written up to the finest finish of the most exalted penny-alining, and decorated with the very best of fustian, all about "the grand old KING," and "the finest mintage of TENNYSON's brain," and "the cloud by day and the pillar"—it might as well, for the sake of accuracy, have been pillar of fire—"by night," "heroic images," and suchlike stately verbiage. But new facts the history contained none. Why then was it written? "My little history . . . comes from the 'best sources.'" As to sources there could be but one; it must have come from King WILLIAM himself. No other human being was present in that memorable saloon of Bellevue. The Crown PRINCE himself was excluded. Either then the spirits must have told the wondrous story to Mr. RUSSELL; or he must have developed it from his own consciousness; or he must have got it from the KING himself directly, or all but at first hand. This was the *raison d'être* of "my little history." Other "Our Own Correspondents" may have interviewed BISMARCK or JULES FAYVE, but I, the Own Correspondent, get my intelligence from nothing less than Kings or Crown Princes. "It comes 'from the best sources'; and the best sources are the highest sources; and the best source in this case, indeed the only authority which can be relied upon, is that of the only person who was present—namely, the KING himself.

Mr. RUSSELL, we admit, did not say that the KING told him; but what he must have wished us to infer was that he got his information from the KING, or from one only next to the KING. And this was a feather in Mr. RUSSELL's cap. Our Own Correspondent here touched the zenith. Mr. RUSSELL was at head-quarters; he was hail fellow well met with all sorts of royalties, and enjoyed their special confidences. All of a sudden comes out a formal telegram signed BISMARCK:—"The report of the conversation between King WILLIAM and the Emperor NAPOLEON, given by Dr. RUSSELL, the *Times* Correspondent, is founded throughout upon mere 'invention.' Mere invention, and nothing else; either Dr. RUSSELL's own invention, or the invention of somebody who has hoaxed Dr. RUSSELL, the great historian. Which is as much as to say—for Count BISMARCK does not mince matters—the whole thing is a fiction from first to last. Such is history, contemporary history, in our last 'RUSSELL's Modern History.' We suppose Count BISMARCK intends to say that all that has been said by anybody and everybody about the famous interview is mere invention; for, after all, Mr. RUSSELL only says substantially what others have said before him. If this is what he means, he had better have said so; for to single out Mr. RUSSELL for express contradiction is to attach somewhat too much importance to Mr. RUSSELL's own particular gossip. Count BISMARCK may have known that King WILLIAM was especially disgusted at the conclusion which people drew as to the indelicacy of his relating what passed between him and the EMPEROR, and was, not without reason, more seriously offended at the suspicion that either he or those about him had chattered

the incident over with a newspaper Correspondent. This may account for, but will hardly justify, Count BISMARCK's telegram. The King of PRUSSIA might honourably wish in the eyes of Europe to be exonerated from the suspicion of having violated propriety in describing, directly or indirectly, to Mr. RUSSELL what passed between him and the EMPEROR in private conference. But even for this creditable object it is not very dignified for a King, or for a King's highest servant, to fall to wrangling with Mr. RUSSELL. Special Correspondents are, we know to our cost, literary libertines, and great statesmen may as well let them be "chartered libertines." Count BISMARCK will have to start a new telegraph service if he proposes to himself the duty of contradicting formally and officially all the nonsense of all "Our Owns." Yesterday he thought it worth while to repel the insinuation that he ever expressed some opinion which somebody on the *Daily Telegraph* attributed to him. This sensitiveness as to what Correspondents, especially as to what Mr. RUSSELL, said is not very wise. Let the man scribble, because scribble he must; it is his nature to. Nobody whose opinion is worth having attaches the least importance to what Mr. RUSSELL does or does not say. It is a pity that Count BISMARCK does. As the matter stands, and as of course Mr. RUSSELL will have his say, the Count seems to have done what the schoolboy in his verses thought impolitic,

. . . parvas volucres bombardâ cedere magnâ.

What will be the end of it we cannot conjecture. Either Mr. RUSSELL will eat humble pie, or, if he contradicts Count BISMARCK, Count BISMARCK will follow up his telegram. He can hardly tolerate at head-quarters the author or disseminator of "mere invention." And should Mr. RUSSELL's place know him no more, and should he be forced to abandon Ferrières as he was obliged to fly America, the world will come to an end, and the *Times* will probably go in for France once more.

#### THE WAR OF 1870.

##### XII.

WE took occasion last week to point out that the defence of Strasburg proved in its latter stages to have been conducted with a formality and closed with a readiness which speaks far more for the discretion of the commander than for the extraordinary resolution with which he had been prematurely credited. Great part of the phrases that have been applied to the operations at that fortress show in fact merely the misapprehension of strictly technical matters by unprofessional writers, and their readiness to seize on any point of interest and dress it up. It is true that since we wrote, General URRICH (such, and not UHLRICH, is his name in the French official list) has visited Tours, and received the thanks of the Ministers for his conduct. But the present Government of France has so few crumbs of comfort to bestow on the country that it may well be pardoned for rejoicing that Strasburg was not surrendered until the siege had been carried on to a very critical stage, and that its defence can always be referred to as honourable to the inhabitants and to the commander, though it be not in any strict sense glorious, unless to the suffering poor who bore their short rations so patiently. A town that is besieged must expect to have shells thrown into it. Many of these cannot fall without causing some casualties; and it would be a very exceptional case indeed if some non-combatants did not suffer under such circumstances. With nine or ten so cut off daily out of 70,000 or 80,000 people, life would naturally seem to be more uncertain than usual, and an immediate sense of its insecurity would be present to every mind; yet such a trifling number of casualties would affect the survivors' endurance imperceptibly as compared with the cutting short their occasional supplies of food. General URRICH's assertion to the Swiss envoys, that he had felt no such fire at Sebastopol, is remarkable for its naive candour as to his own sensations, but irresistibly raises the reflection that on that occasion he had the advantage of being outside instead of inside the works, or he would have remembered that the casualties from the besiegers' fire, reaching during the last bombardment to nearly 2,000 a day, were unprecedented in the history of sieges before or since. Lest the fancies of the hour on this subject should pass irremediably into history—too much studded already, in French pages, with false gems of this nature—we must remark that the obstinacy of a garrison in a regular siege only begins to be seriously tested at the point where the defence of Strasburg ceased. Although a practicable breach had been made in the enceinte, the assailants had found as

yet no means of crossing the ditch, six feet deep in water, even if undefended; whilst within the breach itself there must have been far more means of retrenching against an assault, and of prolonging the actual entry into the place, than those which rendered the defenders of Badajoz and San Sebastian illustrious in the Peninsular war. But, in plain truth, the heart was quite out of the garrison when this critical stage of the attack was reached.

This brings us to notice what General URRICH really deserves credit for. And what he did was in truth no trifle, for he had to defend a first-class fortress with good supplies of munition, but his men were of an exceedingly indifferent quality. Runaways who had fled panic-stricken and unpursued from MACMAHON'S defeat at Wörth, and belonged to the dozen different regiments of his right wing which dissolved when the day once went against him; Gardes Mobiles of about the same quality as our least-trained Militia battalions, but with less respect for their service and their officers; National Guards of the locality, whose hearts were constantly with their suffering families—such were the chief elements of the motley band who were collected under a general, himself lately taken from retirement, to carry on that very operation of war which of all others needs the most steadfast endurance and the most constant reliance on the leaders. In these unstable elements lay what was General URRICH'S real difficulty. To have ruled these at all to any useful purpose, the calm judgment of future history will allow to have been honourable. When the conventional phrase "heroic" has ceased to be any longer applied to one of, outwardly, the most commonplace and regular of sieges, conducted from first to last without a spark of inventive genius on either side, and concluded with small loss to combatants so soon as every decent formality had been complied with, then it will be remembered to the credit of the Governor that, at the very time when the French regular armies in the field were dissolving or throwing down their weapons by masses for lack of discipline, he managed to keep under arms for six weeks a motley garrison of very inferior calibre, and to preserve a semblance of order and courage among them in face of a vastly superior force, through all the early stages of a tedious investment and siege. That his efforts, and those of his staff, utterly failed towards the end to preserve discipline, or to put heart into their raw troops; that there would have been not the smallest prospect of getting the soldiery to face the terrors of an assault or expose themselves in repairing the breach by personal exertions—these are facts which might have been divined before, but are put beyond all question by the letter of a Correspondent of the *Times* of Wednesday, which is of high interest in this regard, despite a few blunders in technical matters. From this communication it is evident that the French troops could not be persuaded at the close of the operations to man the ramparts; that at the time of the capitulation they were plundering, drinking, destroying their arms, and committing every kind of disorder; that their officers had no sort of control over them; and that in defeat their only notion of courage was to behave as insultingly as they dared to the victors. General URRICH, therefore, deserves real honour for having done what he did do with such wretched material as chance had assigned him; the more so as all accounts agree that his regular soldiers—the runaways of Wörth for the most part—set their untrained comrades the worst possible example of discipline.

We have been thus particular in putting the facts as to Strasburg in a clear light, because, as far as can be seen, the case of Paris is likely to be that of Strasburg magnified. Here too is a population that must suffer casualties from the fire, and distress for lack of necessities. Here we find again the mixture of regulars, militia, and local troops. Here we have already seen the former, in the one important action already fought, setting to the rest an example of disgraceful and (as the Prussian accounts clearly prove) causeless panic. The heavy guns from Strasburg, and the batteries of intermediate description between siege and field—the 12-pounder rifled pieces which were brought up to reduce Toul—will soon be on their way to commence an attack in due form upon some part of the immense enceinte of the capital; and there can be hardly a doubt, from the accounts that have reached us, that the investing armies are not merely throwing up what old writers term "lines of contravallation" against the expected sorties of the garrison, but are searching carefully for the weak points formed by inequalities of ground or by the existence of parks and villas left undestroyed, from which they may shortly begin regular approaches against the outer circle of forts.

What has been the history of the defence in the meanwhile?

Beginning with the decided attack on the CROWN PRINCE'S army during his flank movement of the 19th of September, what might have been an advantage over the rear of HARTMANN'S Bavarians became a check as soon as the CROWN PRINCE sent up his first reinforcements, followed by a panic-stricken retreat, led by the Provisional Battalion of Zouaves, when the fight was fairly gained. As a consequence of this retreat, a large redoubt which had been thrown up between the villages of Chatillon and Clamart, a mile to the south of and therefore beyond the actual command of Fort Vauves, was forthwith abandoned to the Prussians, who have since carefully transformed it into a redoubt facing towards that fort and Montronge. This affair speaks as badly for the control of the engineering part of the French defence as for the tactical inferiority of their troops, since the work ought in the first place not to have been begun in this advanced position unless it could have been thoroughly connected with the permanent defences to its north; and being found unfinished when the Prussians were crossing the Seine, it should beyond doubt have been instantly dismantled, and as far as possible destroyed. Instead of this, it appears to have been simply left armed, to fall into the hands of the Prussians, who can scarcely want a better starting-point than the height on which it was thrown up if they elect to begin operations from the south, such as they may very possibly carry on simultaneously with another attack elsewhere, as from the high ground about Ville d'Avray, west of St. Cloud, where they have been showing pretended or real activity.

To continue the narrative. On the 23rd a number of petty sorties were made, the chief of them to the south-east, where the Sixth Prussians lie; but they were hardly in any case carried beyond the range of the heavy guns of the forts, and must be regarded merely as training for the troops employed. Meanwhile there was an immensity of that wasteful dropping fire on scattered individuals or petty detachments which never interrupts the serious operations of a siege, while it denotes ill-trained impatience on the part of the garrison. Then comes the ominous report of the 27th from Paris, which informs us that "the Prussians remain at a distance from the works, a course which excites the impatience of the defenders, who, especially the Garde Mobile, demand a sortie in force." As though the Prussians were likely to consult the feelings or convenience of these fervid troops by running their heads blindly against the defences! A garrison which manifests this kind of impatience at the first is just of the stuff that one mistrusts for enduring work. However, on the 30th, Trochu permitted a sortie in force to be made under VIXOY. It was directed again to the south-east, where the Sixth Prussian Corps was now strongly entrenched, and beaten off with a loss of over a thousand men, the German official account admitting only 200 as a compensation—a very likely proportion, as their men fought chiefly under cover. Once more, as on the 19th, the French lists of missing were swelled by the loss of some hundreds of unwounded prisoners, a proof in all such partial actions that part of the retreating troops prefer throwing down their guns, and surrendering, to crossing some open piece of ground under the pursuers' fire. Thus at present the prospect of the defence of Paris is not very brilliant, if we may judge from past events. As to the chance opinions dropped in private letters of the extraordinary tenacity that is by and by to be shown, they show the sanguine conviction of the writers at the time, but give nothing to be relied on as the basis of calculation for the future.

It must be noted that the old city of Beauvais has just allowed itself to be surprised by a Prussian detachment whilst talking of resistance, and submitted without hesitation to occupation. Soissons, like Toul, may very likely hold out till more seriously threatened than by the light field-pieces, which have little effect on ordinarily good stone mansions, much less on regular works, however unfit those of third-rate fortresses may appear for modern sieges. BAZAINE'S continued control over his defeated and invested army justifies the choice which put him at the head of it when the EMPEROR resigned. But of the higher qualities of a first-rate general he has as yet given no sign, and the later accounts from the investing army show that the Germans have got over those first difficulties of supplying it which are likely to test their Staff's qualities severely in the more distant leaguer of Paris. If the report current this week at Tours be true, that BAZAINE can barely obtain Chassepot cartridges enough for partial combat, it forms the best possible excuse for his delay in attempting seriously to break through his enemy; whilst it adds a new reflection on the administrative improvidence which has prevailed, should the great artillery dépôt of France, and the chief fortress of her exposed frontier, prove to be without the machinery needful for keeping up stocks of reserve ammunition.



The negligence shown in like matters in other quarters gives this story an air of probability, or it would have seemed too ludicrous even for the credulity of a Special Correspondent.

We have said nothing here as yet of the army collected behind the Loire, under General DE LA MOTTE ROUGE. That it can seriously take the field against any very considerable force of the Prussians is what even its sanguine commander, if really a soldier, can hardly hope for. MOLTKE's vast length of communications, however, gives extraordinary chances to enterprise, and it is not surprising that he should evince anxiety to cover it as soon as possible on the southern side by the advance of the Reserve Army, which may be looked for through Mulhouse immediately. At Lyons internal dissension has so far prevailed that no organization of a useful field force is to be expected thence, even if the district prove capable of self-defence. The only hope, therefore, at the present crisis, of any relief for Paris from the terrible pressure coming upon her, seems to lie in the hitherto visionary exploits of the Army of the Loire. The petty successes just claimed for it over Prussian forgers are significant chiefly as showing how easily French hopes may be raised.

#### THE MORALITY OF CONTROVERSY.

A SENTIMENT very frequently expressed at the present time, and in many ways deserving of our sincere respect, condemns the brutality of our ordinary methods of controversy. We fight, it is said, too much after the fashion of the savage, who declines to recognise any good qualities in his antagonist, and after getting him down is anxious to destroy everything that belongs to him, with the exception of his scalp. We have the old Puritan blood in our veins, and are inclined, in the language of those times, to smite our enemies hip and thigh, and root out the memory of them from the earth. The objections to transporting such a spirit into intellectual warfare are palpable from a logical as well as from a moral point of view. No side in any of the great controversies that divide mankind is in possession of the whole truth, and every side has at least some partial glimpse of important truths which are neglected by its adversaries. The very fact that a set of opinions is worth fighting about implies that it must have flourished for a considerable time amongst men for whose intellects we entertain some respect; and no doctrines can have any real vitality which have not some sound core of truth, overlaid and distorted, it may be, by all kinds of accidental prejudices. Hence the right policy is a wise eclecticism which will enable us to gather the valuable opinions of all parties, and the right temper of mind is that calm and deliberate judgment, even of our antagonists, which is incompatible with the old Billingsgate style of argument. When one grammarian was praying that the Almighty might send another "to eternal perdition for his treatise on the irregular verbs," he was not in a mental attitude to profit by any hints which the adversary might have thrown out. In a higher intellectual sphere, we can only arrive at a healthy and well-balanced judgment when, as Mr. Matthew Arnold preaches so eloquently, we have combined the Hebraist and the Hellenist points of view; or when we have taken into account both what Count Bismark and M. Jules Favre have to say upon the topic in dispute. A great deal of very good preaching to this effect was expended to no very great purpose in the late debates on Education. We all agree, it was said, upon the essentials of Christian doctrine—a statement the accuracy of which need not here be discussed—and are only divided upon certain superficial disputes kept up for the benefit of theologians. Why not distil the pure doctrine from the external husk of profitless dogma in which it is enveloped, and thus obtain a satisfactory spiritual food for our babes and sucklings? There are, it was tacitly assumed, no really fundamental discrepancies even between the most hostile sects. All of them preach more truth than error; and we should learn to be genial and appreciative, and see the good rather than the evil. A similar belief was extremely prevalent during the deistical controversies of the eighteenth century, when men's minds were utterly wearied by the long controversies between Protestants and Catholics; and it was a favourite, though, as it turned out, a rather Utopian, scheme to discover some small number of points upon which all men could agree, and propose to drop all others as irrelevant and unimportant. Whether any such plan is more practicable at the present moment than it was a century or two ago might possibly be disputed; but at any rate the advice which we have endeavoured to express is very frequently given in a great variety of forms, and deserves the credit, if it deserves no other, of being very well meant, and calculated, if only it rests upon sound principles, to throw some conciliatory oil upon very troubled waters. Admirable, however, as is the temper which it implies, it is not very acceptable to the masses of mankind. So long as people believe very heartily in certain truths, and further believe them to be of extreme importance, they will not look too leniently upon those who apparently take the opposite side of the question. People will be angry till they are indifferent. Toleration in argument as well as in legislation is very frequently the result of scepticism, and people look most complacently upon their adversaries when they have no strong convictions of any kind. There is a certain type of unbeliever after the fashion of Hume and Gibbon, who is apt to be very conservative in practice, because he thinks

that one superstition does pretty nearly as well as another, and that the process of upsetting established beliefs of any kind is apt to bring about some very unpleasant catastrophes. Gibbon, for example, could sneer at Christianity in quiet times; but when he began to see the fabric of society tumbling about his ears, and endangering his peaceful tenure of his own property, he began to think that even the Church of England was a very useful institution.

Not to digress, however, from the immediate point, it is worth considering what is the real value of the sentiment in question. How far, in particular, can we say that the assumptions on which it rests are true? Two apparently contradictory opinions, we will suppose, are dividing the world between them, and producing what looks like an internecine struggle. The mediator says in substance to the advocate of one theory that the opinion which he denounces must have something in it, because so many people believe it, and have believed it for a long time. If so, an unsparing root and branch opposition must necessarily be more or less erroneous; and it must tend to cut down a good deal of wheat with a certain proportion of tares. The assumption implied is, that any opinion held, not quite *ubique et ab omnibus*, but in many places, and by great numbers, is necessarily true to a great extent. Stated in this way, the proposition obviously requires some amendment. The immense majority of the world has plainly held many opinions, positively and unhesitatingly, in which there is not a shadow of truth. Whatever form of religious belief be true, most human beings have believed in gross errors; for every creed taken by itself is held only by a small minority of mankind. It must be utterly false either that Mahomed was an inspired prophet, or that the Pope is infallible, or that the Church of England preaches the purest form of religious belief. Therefore, if a controversy arose as to the inspiration of Mahomed, or the infallibility of the Pope, the truth must be entirely on one side or the other, and the process of eliminating the points of discord and retaining those on which we agree is obviously inapplicable. Neither is it possible to say that those matters on which there exists an irreconcilable conflict of opinion are really of trifling importance. If, for example, the Pope is infallible, many of the recognised principles of modern society must be radically erroneous; and the real difficulty would be to exaggerate the importance to the world of a right view of so momentous a question. It is desirable, of course, to argue in a candid spirit and without loss of temper; but it is impossible to avoid a complete defeat or an equally complete victory. The laws of war must be observed, but the issue will be as decisive as though the most barbarous practices were still allowable. To this it may be replied that, although a particular doctrine, and that a doctrine of cardinal importance, must be entirely false or entirely true, we must look upon it as forming part of a system. The infallibility of the Pope may be a pernicious error, but those who hold it connect it with a whole system of doctrines, some of which are also erroneous, but many of which are sound and wholesome, as is proved sufficiently by the influence which they have exercised over the minds of highly civilized nations for many centuries. Whilst we are striking at the error with which they are associated, and as it seems to their believers, inseparably connected, we must take care that they do not suffer in the process. It is a delicate matter to cut away a doctrine which to a large number of persons seems, however mistakenly, to be the one foundation for their whole religious belief. Even were we arguing with a man who held the most grovelling superstition, it may still be necessary to treat him with a certain tenderness. If a savage is only restrained from killing and eating his aged parents by a belief in Mumbo Jumbo, we should not rashly tell him that Mumbo Jumbo is a senseless block of wood, without at the same time supplying him with better reasons for abstaining from a brutal crime. In short, the negative must be accompanied with its appropriate complement of positive teaching. Granting this in the fullest sense, however, there is still ample room for the most unsparing controversy. The eclectic philosopher will say that we should content ourselves with dropping the question as to Mumbo Jumbo, and laying great stress upon the indecorum of eating one's father and mother. Mumbo Jumbo is not to be treated as an abomination, but simply as a superfluity, as a mode of speaking which comes nearer than his worshippers suppose to the most enlightened religious views. Now this scarcely avoids the difficulty, in the sense of tending to diminish the bitterness, of the controversy. The unlucky savage has come to attach the very highest value to his belief; life without Mumbo Jumbo would look blank to him; and to say that his idol is a mere superfluity may be as offensive to him as to say that he is an utter abomination. The ground of the controversy is rather shifted, and the assailant most probably occupies a much stronger position; but the contemptuous passing by of our most cherished doctrines as matters of no real importance is to the full as irritating as an unsparing attack upon their accuracy. And hence it follows that, as a matter of fact, controversies do not always follow the pleasant course which philosophers would theoretically prefer. It is not the case that each of two opposing parties gravitates steadily towards the other, and that, by insisting upon the essential teaching of each side, and dropping the accidental differences, we may always approximate towards a simple and harmonious system of truth. It is equally common for a controversy, which is carried on, it may be, for centuries, to follow the ordinary process of a *reductio ad absurdum*. The two schools, it may be, began by having a common body of doctrine, and were only conscious of differ-

ences on some minor points. Gradually the discussions which ensued revealed the fact that difference on these matters involved difference upon a steadily extending body of truths. If you hold this or that opinion, says one reasoner, you must hold this other which is still more offensive. Very well, is the reply; now that you point out the conclusion, I accept it, and shall gradually learn to love and cherish it. Thus, for example, one set of politicians is driven by a series of such arguments to break down one monopoly after another, till they finally reach the conclusion that all kinds of legal restriction are bad, and ought to be abolished as soon as possible. Their antagonists, fearing to enter upon a similar descent, cling to every vestige of Government interference till they end by denouncing every concession to the opposite scheme as tending directly to anarchy. In such cases, the process by which the ultimate conclusions prevail is not the gradual purification of each system from the errors imbedded in its structure, and the consequent approximation of the complementary half-truths on each side; but rather the complete development of two radically incompatible systems, one of which will have ultimately to collapse in presence of its stronger rival.

The principle, then, which we have been endeavouring to consider must be somewhat modified. So far as it prescribes good feeling towards antagonists, it is unimpeachable. Further, so far as it implies that every widely-spread opinion must have some justifying cause inasmuch as it must satisfy a universal instinct, it is also sound; and it may be inferred that it cannot be destroyed without much evil, unless the opinions which supplant it find some better means of satisfying the same instinct. But it does not appear that the opinion may not be utterly false and require to be cut down to the roots. So far, therefore, there will always be room for controversies which are only too certain to excite very bitter feeling, and the eclectic philosopher who tries in a creditable spirit to see the good side of everything, even of the most degraded superstitions, must be content to adjourn the fulfilment of his aspirations to a very distant day. The lion may ultimately lie down with the lamb, but the constitution of the lion must first undergo a change which will require a geological period for its full completion.

#### SWEETS OF MARRIED LIFE.

**M**ARRIAGE, which most girls consider the sole aim of their existence and the end of all their anxieties, is often the beginning of a set of troubles which none among them expect, and which, when they come, very few accept with the dignity of patience or the reasonableness of common sense. Hitherto the man has been the suitor, the wooer; it has been his *métier* to make love, to utter extravagant professions, to talk poetry and romance of an eminently unwearable kind, and to swear that feelings which by the very nature of things it is impossible to maintain at their present state of fever heat will be as lasting as life itself, and never know subsidence or diminution. And girls believe all that their lovers tell them. They believe in the absorption of the man's whole life in the love which at the most cannot be more than a part of his life; they believe that things will go on for ever as they have begun, and that the fire and fervour of passion will never cool down to the more manageable warmth of friendship. And in this belief of theirs lies the rock on which not a few make such pitiful shipwreck of their married happiness. They expect their husbands to remain always lovers. Not lovers only in the best sense, which of course all happy husbands are to the end of time, but lovers as in the old fond, foolish, courtly days. They expect a continuance of the romance, the poetry, the exaggeration, the *petits soins*, the microscopic attentions, the absorption of thought and interest, the centralization of his happiness in her society, just as in the days when she was still to be won, or, a little later, when, being won, she was new in the wearing. And as we said before, a wife's first trial, and her greatest, is when her husband begins to leave off this kind of fervid love-making, and settles down into the tranquil friend instead.

It is in the nature of most women to require continual assurances, just as it is with children; and very few believe in a love which is not frequently expressed; while the ability to trust in the vital warmth of an affection that has lost its early feverishness is the mark of a higher wisdom than most of them possess. To make them thoroughly happy a man must be always at their feet; and they are jealous of everything—even of his work—that takes him away from them, or gives him occasion for thought and interest outside themselves. They are rarely able to rise to the height of married friendship; and if they belong to a reticent and quiet-going man—a man who says "I love you" once for all, and then contents himself with living a life of loyalty and kindness, and not talking about it—they fret at what they call his coldness, and feel themselves shorn of half their glory and more than half their dues. They refuse to believe in that which is not daily repeated; they want the incense of flattery, the excitement of love-making; and if these desires are not ministered to by their husbands, the danger is that they will get some one else to "understand" them, and feed the sentimentality which dies of inanition in the quiet serenity of home. Moonlights, and a bouquet of the earliest flowers carefully arranged and tenderly presented, and the changing lights on the mountain tops, and the exquisite song of the nightingale—at two o'clock in the morning—and all the rest of those vague and suggestive delights which once made

the meeting-places of souls, and furnished occasion for delicious ravings, become by time and use, and the wearing realities of business and the crowding pressure of anxieties, puerile and annoying to the ordinary Englishman, who is not a poet by nature. "When all the world was young," by reason of his own youth, and the fever of the love-making time was on him, he was quite as romantic as his wife. But now he is sobering down; life is fast becoming a very prosaic thing to him; work is taking the place of pleasure, ambition of romance; he pooh-poohs her fond remembrances of bygone follies, and prefers his pipe in the warm library to a station by the open window, watching the sunset because it looks as it did on that evening, and shivering with incipient catarrh. All this is very dreadful to her; women, unfortunately for themselves, remaining young and keeping hold much longer than men do.

The first defection of this kind is a pang the young wife never forgets; but she has many more, and yet more bitter ones, when the defection takes a personal shape, and some pretty little attention is carelessly received without its due reward of loving thanks. Perhaps some usual form of caress is omitted in the hurry of the morning's work, or some gloomy anticipation of professional trouble makes him oblivious of her presence, or, fretted by her importunate attentions, he buries himself in a book, more to escape being spoken to than for the book's own merits. Many a woman has gone into her own room and had a "good cry" because her husband called her by her baptismal name, and not by some absurd nickname invented in the days of their folly; or because, pressed for time, he hurried out of the house without going through the established formula of leave-taking. The lover has merged in the husband; security has taken the place of wooing; and the woman does not take kindly to the transformation. Sometimes she plays a dangerous game, and tries what flirting with other men will do. If her scheme does not answer, and her husband is not made jealous, she is revolted, and holds herself that hardly-used being, a neglected wife. She cannot accept as a compliment the quiet trust which certain cool-headed men of a loyal kind place in their wives; and his tolerance of her flirting manner—which he takes to be manner only, with no evil in it, and with which, though he may not especially like it, he does not interfere—seems to her indifference rather than tolerance. Yet the confidence implied in this forbearance is in point of fact a compliment worth all the *petits soins* ever invented, though this hearty faith is just the thing which annoys her, and which she stigmatizes as neglect. If she were to go far enough she would find out her mistake. But by that time she would have gone too far to profit by her experience.

Nothing is more annoying than that display of affection which some husbands and wives show to each other in society. That familiarity of touch, those half-concealed caresses, those absurd names, that prodigality of endearing epithets, that devoted attention which they flaunt in the face of the public as a kind of challenge to the world at large to come and admire their happiness, is always noticed and laughed at; and sometimes more than laughed at. Yet to some women this parade of love is the very essence of married happiness and part of their dearest privileges. They believe themselves admired and envied, when they are ridiculed and scoffed at; and they think their husbands are models for other men to copy, when they are taken as examples for all to avoid. Men who have any real manliness, however, do not give in to this kind of thing; though there are some, as effeminate and gushing as women themselves, who like this sloppy effusiveness of love, and carry it on into quite old age, fondling the ancient grandmother with grey hair as lavishly as they had fondled the youthful bride, and seeing no want of harmony in calling a withered old dame of sixty and upwards by the pet names by which they had called her when she was a slip of a girl of eighteen. The continuance of love from youth to old age is very lovely, very cheering; but even "John Anderson my Jo" would lose its pathos if Mrs. Anderson had ignored the difference between the raven locks and the snowy brow. This public display of familiar affection is never seen among men who pride themselves on making good lovers; as certain men do—those who have reduced the practice of love-making to an art, a science, and know their lesson to a letter. These men are delightful to women, who like nothing so much as being made love to, as well after marriage as before; but men who take matters quietly, and rely on the good sense of their wives to take matters quietly too, sail round these scientific adorners for both depth and manliness. And if women knew their best interests they would care more for the trust than the science.

All that excess of flattering and petting of which women are so fond becomes a bore to a man if required as part of the daily habit of life. Out in the world as he is, harassed by anxieties of which she knows nothing, home is emphatically his place of rest, where his wife is his friend who knows his mind, where he may be himself without the fear of offending, and relax the strain that must be kept up out of doors; where he may feel himself safe, understood, and at ease. And some women, and these by no means the coldest or the least loving, are wise enough to understand this need of rest in the man's harder life, and, accepting the quiet of security as part of the conditions of marriage, content themselves with the undemonstrative love into which the fever of passion has subsided. Others fret over it, and make themselves and their husbands wretched because they cannot believe in that which is not for ever paraded before their eyes. Yet what kind of home is it for the man if he has to walk as if on egg-shells, every



moment afraid of wounding the susceptibilities of a woman who will take nothing on trust, and who has to be continually assured that he still loves her, before she will believe that to-day is as yesterday? Of one thing she may be certain; no wife who understands what is the best kind of marriage demands these continual attentions, which, voluntary offerings of the lover, become enforced tribute from the husband. She knows that as a wife, whom it is not necessary to court or flatter, she has a nobler place than that which is expressed by the attentions paid to a mistress. Wifehood, like all assured conditions, does not need to be buttressed up; but a less certain position must be supported from the outside, and an insecure self-respect, an uncertain holding, must be perpetually strengthened and reassured. Women who cannot live happily without being made love to are more like mistresses than wives, and come but badly off in the great struggles of life and the cruel handling of time. Placing all their happiness in things which cannot continue, they let slip that which lies in their hands, and in their desire to retain the romantic position of lovers lose the sweet security of wives. Perhaps, if they had higher aims in life than those with which they make shift to satisfy themselves, they would not let themselves sink to the level of this folly, and would understand better than they do now the worth of realities as contrasted with appearances. And yet we cannot but pity the poor, weak, craving souls who long so pitifully for the freshness of the morning to continue far into the day and evening, who cling so tenaciously to the fleeting romance of youth. They are taken by the glitter of things—love-making among the rest; and the man who is showiest in his affection, who can express it with most colour, and paint it, so to speak, with the minutest touches, is the man whose love seems to them the most trustworthy and the most intense. They often make the mistake of confounding this show with the substance, of trusting to pictorial expression rather than to solid facts. And they often make the mistake of cloying their husbands with personal half-childish caresses which were all very well in the early days, but which become tiresome as time goes on and the gravity of life deepens. And then, when the man either quietly keeps them off or more brusquely repels them, they are hurt and miserable, and think the whole happiness of their lives is dead, and all that makes marriage beautiful at an end. What is to be done to balance things evenly in this unequal world of sex? What, indeed, is to be done at any time to reconcile strength with weakness, and to give each its due? One thing at least is sure. The more thoroughly women learn the true nature of men, the fewer mistakes they will make, and the less unhappiness they will create for themselves; and the more patient men are with the hysterical excitability, the restless craving, which nature, for some purpose at present unknown, has made the special temperament of women, the fewer *femmes incompréhensibles* there will be in married homes, and the larger the chance of married happiness. All one's theories of domestic life come down at last to the give and take system, to bearing and forbearing, and meeting half way idiosyncrasies which one does not personally share.

#### THE GERMAN VIEW OF ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

WE are not going to try to foretell what will be the issue of the present war with regard to those border provinces which Germany at this moment seems to have made up her mind to hold, and which France at least professes to have no less fully made up her mind not to give up. Neither are we going to say what, on any abstract principle, ought to be the issue, because nothing is more unlikely than that the strife should be ended by either side submitting to an abstract principle of any kind. But it is just as well that people should fully understand that side of the case which, with regard at least to the question of territorial cession, seems just now to be the less popular. Many people, even people who have on the whole taken the German side, are beginning to cry out at the German claim on the lands which, changed by French lips into Alsace and Lorraine, still keep on German lips their older names of Elsass and Lothringen. The claim is spoken of as if it were something strange and monstrous, something of which the like had never been heard of before. Other people know better than this; they know that, if Germany seizes Elsass and Lothringen, or a slice of French territory much greater than Elsass and Lothringen, Germany will simply be doing what all conquering States have done since wars began among men. But they argue that Germany ought now to set a grand example, that she ought to begin a new era in which cessions of territory shall no longer be heard of. We are told that we must not nowadays have another Vienna Congress, in which "souls" shall be handed about from master to master without any regard to the wishes of the souls themselves. We are further told that the annexation of these provinces would be no gain to Germany, but rather a loss; that, as it is not just, so neither is it profitable, to reign over unwilling subjects; that by exacting a cession of territory a wound would be inflicted on France which would rankle in the national breast till some form of vengeance has been taken; that, in short, Germany, by demanding the cession of these provinces as a condition of peace, would in fact be sowing the dragon's teeth for another war.

Now we should suppose that no thoughtful German or partisan of Germany would deny that in some of these arguments there is no lack of strength or appearance of strength. Whether we

believe all the stories of conversations with Count Bismarck or not, we may be sure that the last at any rate of these arguments has been and will be carefully weighed by German statesmen before the final decision is come to. That will be done which to certain very clear heads may seem to be most likely to lead to the lasting profit of Germany. Meanwhile it may be well to try to put ourselves into the position of an ordinary well-informed German, and to see how the question is likely to appear to him.

First of all, it is as well to remember that Germans do not, like ourselves, live in an island. The fact of our living in an island makes it somewhat hard for us thoroughly to understand the case of Continental nations with regard to the purely artificial barriers which often separate them. Because Great Britain is something with a real physical being, with boundaries which cannot be changed except by the act of God, we are apt—often quite unwittingly—to look on France or Germany, or any other Continental country, as something which is equally unchangeable in the nature of things, and whose boundaries it is as unnatural to enlarge or to contract as it would be to enlarge or to contract the boundaries of Great Britain. Secondly, we should remember that Germans, as a rule, understand the past history both of their own and of other countries very much better than either Frenchmen or Englishmen do. There are a great number of points which have no small bearing on the present case, about which an Englishman generally knows nothing at all, about which a Frenchman is positively fed upon falsehood, but which every well-educated German understands thoroughly. The Frenchman certainly believes that there is some special sanctity about his own country and nation which gives it privileges above all other countries and nations. It is in the eternal fitness of things that the French frontier should always go forward and never go back; that France should dismember other countries at pleasure, but that she should never be dismembered herself; that on every accession of power by a neighbour she must in common justice receive a compensating increase of territory, but that it is something wicked and preposterous for even a conqueror encamped on French soil to think of keeping any portion of his conquests. It seems to him perfectly right that France should, even without provocation, invade other countries and besiege their capitals, but that a foreign army should, even in strict self-defence, invade France and besiege her capital, seems to him not merely the adverse fortune of war, but something monstrous, unnatural, and sacrilegious. The Frenchman keeps on saying all this till he believes it himself, and till the Englishman half believes it also. The Englishman of himself unconsciously fancies France to be, not an arbitrary space on the map, but something as eternally traced by the hand of nature as his own island. He is fully prepared to think it something contrary to nature for the France of the map, like the Great Britain of the map, to grow smaller. And when he has been duly lectured by the Frenchman on natural boundaries, he half believes that the occupation of the west side of the Rhine by some Power other than France is something analogous to the occupation of the west side of the German Ocean by some Power other than England. Furthermore he gets a confused idea that a compact and united France is something which has existed from all eternity, while a compact and united Germany is a dream of yesterday, which perhaps first came into men's heads at Frankfurt in 1848. Altogether he gets, wittingly or unwittingly, a kind of vague impression that the annexation of French territory by Germany is a process of a much more dreadful kind than the annexation of German territory by France.

Now the German has a very different tale to tell. In his eyes France is very far from being a holy and unchangeable thing which has existed, or ought to have existed, from all eternity. It is simply that extent of territory which the Dukes, Kings, Commonwealths, and Tyrants of Paris have, in one age or another, contrived to win and keep. If he chooses to speak of France as a revolted province of Germany, he will not be speaking without authority. "A regno secessit Gallia nostra" is a very old saying indeed. If he is uncivil enough to speak of a large part of existing France as made up of the stealings of the last six hundred years, he will be saying what the historian cannot take upon himself to deny. Instead of allowing that France has any natural and eternal boundaries, he knows that the boundaries of France are of all boundaries the most fluctuating. He knows that there was a time when Strasburg and Metz, when Lyons and Marseilles, were not yet French. He knows that there was a time when Hamburg and Lübeck, when Rome and Trieste, were French, so far as French occupation could make them so. He is tempted to think that, as French occupation has ceased in the one case, there may perhaps be no eternal law forbidding French occupation to cease in the other. He sees that all the acquisitions of France have been made at the expense of the Empire of which Germany was once the head, that a large portion of them has been made at the expense of the German Kingdom itself. When this war began, he saw within the French territory towns and districts which once were part of Germany, which still bear German names, and whose inhabitants still speak the German tongue. He saw one noble German city, the site of one of the great masterpieces of German art, held by France by virtue of an impudent robbery committed by a French King in a time of perfect peace. He saw mile after mile of the shore of the German stream turned into a French province and strengthened with fortresses directed as a menace against Germany. He knows, moreover, that other German lands, that the whole length of the German river, had been marked out as the next spoil, and that in this very war he is

simply beating back those who would have seized them. He sees, in short, in France simply a constant, restless, insatiable aggressor on every German land. At last the tables are turned. Instead of the Frenchman being encamped on German soil, the German is encamped on French soil. What then are likely to be his feelings? It would not be very amazing if he gave way to feelings of pure vengeance, if he deemed that the time was at last come when he might do by his enemy as his enemy had so often done by him. Such feelings might be unchristian, unjust, impolitic, but they would certainly not be unnatural. If the conqueror were to dismember the conquered land according to no law but his own pleasure, he would be simply doing after the manner of conquerors. To declare Rouen and Bordeaux to be incorporated with Germany would not be more violent, more contrary to nature, than it was to declare Hamburg and Lübeck to be incorporated with France. It is worth bearing in mind that the furthest extremity of vengeance on conquered France would be simple retaliation, would be simply doing what conquerors have done over and over again upon incomparably slighter provocation. It might be easy to argue that in dealing with a State which has spent a life of aggression for the last six hundred years, the only way to hinder future aggressions is to crush it once and for ever. Is there anything wonderful or blameable if German statesmen demand such a cession of fortresses, such a rectification of frontier, as may defend Germany at least for a while from the attacks of her restless neighbour? Is it anything wonderful or blameable if German popular feeling goes a step further, and, taking a more purely historical and sentimental view, demands that a Power whose eyes are so ceaselessly set upon German lands shall be made to give up every inch of German land which it has still within its grasp?

And here it will be as well to notice how strictly the views of liberal and well-informed Germans, as distinguished from the possible views of either statesmen or soldiers, confine themselves to the districts which are still German in speech. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, for instance, takes infinite pains to make its leaders distinguish between *Deutschlothingen* and *Wälschlothingen*, between that part—much the smaller part—of the Duchy which still keeps to its German speech, and that part which has become thoroughly French in speech as well as in allegiance. *Elsass* and *Deutschlothingen* must be kept; but the notion of keeping *Wälschlothingen* is cast aside with a sort of horror. Statesmen and soldiers may settle as they will about the fortress of Metz; but Germany, as Germany, simply claims so much territory as still remains German, and not an inch beyond. Strasburg is won, and he must be a sanguine Frenchman indeed who hopes to get it back again. And with Strasburg the more enlightened feeling in Germany demands all that, like Strasburg, is still German, and rejects anything that is not. That a large body of German opinion carefully insists on this distinction at least shows that the conclusion which it supports, whether sound or unsound in itself, is a conclusion based on argument and reflection, and is not the mere instinct of insatiable conquerors.

The obvious answers which a neutral may be expected to make to any form of the claim have been already hinted at. They chiefly amount to this. The people of the districts proposed to be annexed do not desire annexation. Even where they are German in speech and origin, they have long become French in feeling, and altogether abhor the notion of separation from France. Their annexation would therefore be in itself unjust. And it would also be impolitic. No strength can be gained by the acquisition of unwilling subjects, and France would be so embittered by the dismemberment that she would never cease from efforts to regain the lost provinces, and a succession of wars would be the probable result.

To arguments of this kind the German would probably answer that the right of the people to choose their own government, and not to be transferred from one government to another against their will, though a good general rule, cannot be held, and is not held, to apply in all cases. He might possibly ask whether all of those who use this argument against him would be willing to trust the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland to a universal ballot of Irishmen. He might go on to ask whether some of his opponents did not deny the right of the Confederate States of America to choose their government for themselves. If the safety of Germany—he would perhaps add of Europe—calls for the cession of the whole or any part of *Elsass* or *Lothringen*, he would argue that the wishes of the inhabitants cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the safety of Germany. These arguments, these retorts, may be sound or may be unsound; but they are so obvious that they are sure to be made. The German might go on to argue that the unwillingness of the people of these provinces would not be very long-lived; that, if they turned easily from Germans into Frenchmen, they would still more easily be turned back from Frenchmen into Germans, and that the next generation would be good Germans born. He might also perhaps argue that the times are now very different from the times when France annexed them. It might well be that the district which in the seventeenth century was transferred from the rule of some petty German prince to that of the great French monarchy may very well have immediately gained by the change, but that for the same district to be transferred back again, not to the rule of any petty German prince, but to form part of the great German nation, with its mighty future before it, was a gain yet more incontestable. As to the alleged bitterness which the dismemberment would leave behind in France,

he would answer that France, as it is, will be so embittered by mere want of success, by the crushing of her schemes of aggrandizement and by the invasion of her territory, that the increase of bitterness caused by the dismemberment would not be perceptible. Moreover one alleged object of the dismemberment is, by giving Germany a stronger frontier, to do something to secure her against the effects of the bitterness which the present war cannot fail to leave behind it in any case. Such arguments as these may not convince neutrals, they certainly will not convince Frenchmen; but it is as well to bear in mind that Germany has arguments on her side, arguments alike historical, sentimental, and politic. And it implies no approval of annexation to bear in mind, what is beginning to be forgotten, that the most that Germany threatens to do in her war of defence has at any rate more to be said for it than the least of what France threatened to do in her war of aggression.

#### POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW DOGMA.

WHAT may be the precise measure of resistance to the acceptance of the new dogma in the Roman Catholic Church, or its ultimate issue, can hardly yet be determined with any approximate accuracy. That Bishop Hefele and his Chapter and his clergy are resolved to hold out to the last is well known, as also that most of the Catholic Theological Faculties in Germany—including those of Bonn, Freiburg, Munich, Breslau, Prague, and Tübingen—have issued a decided protest. As to the German laity, their opinions are well known. "Even the old women won't submit," it is said. And beyond the limits of Germany it is pretty certain that Darboy, Kenrick, and Strossmeyer will hold their own. The Archbishop of Paris has indeed already informed his clergy that nothing is yet decided. Meanwhile it may be worth while to review briefly the probable political consequences of the definition in its bearing on Catholic interests in the various countries affected by it. The able author of *Ce qui se passe au Concile*, writing under the inspiration of the leading French bishops of the Opposition, has thrown much light on that aspect of the controversy, and subsequent events have only served to confirm and extend in their application the views he had expressed. Considered in its relation to civil society, the dogma virtually means the consecration of the principle of theocracy which had been supposed to be long since buried in the grave of the middle ages, but was never more of a living reality at the Vatican than at this moment. Recent events, as we have before had occasion to observe, even when apparently most unfavourable, have served to promote the revival of what had been presumed to be an obsolete theory; the episcopal aristocracy in nine-tenths of the Catholic world is a mere name, and many of the inferior clergy are devoted to the system of Papal absolutism from which they hope to gain influence and immunity from the sometimes arbitrary control of their own bishops. Political liberalism, strange as it may sound, has indirectly furthered the same result, and the Italian revolution has precipitated the aggressive policy of the Court of Rome. If once the dogma were generally accepted, the Pope would not only be the exclusive organ of divine truth, but would have at his back some thousand bishops and half a million clergy, who would all be the *ex officio* apostles of the new theory, and be bound to throw the whole weight of their ministerial office into its promulgation and enforcement as a necessary condition of salvation. All Roman Catholics who are neither prepared to court martyrdom in the desperate attempt to carry out the principles of the Syllabus, nor to retire altogether from public life, would have to discharge their civil duties with a perpetual *arrière pensée*, awaiting the favourable moment for reforming the existing laws and institutions of their country in conformity with the right of universal dominion claimed by the Church—that is, the Papacy.

Let us glance for a moment at the result of this state of things in different parts of the world. If we look at England, the bitter "No-Popery" feeling of past generations has been for many years on the decrease, and the social and civil barriers between Papist and Protestant have one after another given way before the combined influences of advancing knowledge, and a kindlier and more generous appreciation of religious differences. But already in the last few months there has been a perceptible change in a retrograde direction, to which the present Premier has more than once had occasion to refer in Parliament, and of which the press has given abundant evidence. The unexpected success of Mr. Newdegate's attack on convents is only one illustration of this; and—to take a very different example—the Ritualists, who a year ago seemed trembling on the verge of secession, are now most pronounced in their hostility to the novel pretensions of Rome. If we turn to Germany, we find the anathemas of Rome reciprocated with interest by the open defiance or growing antipathy to all dogmatic religion of those who disown her sway; while Austria, so long the devoted servant of the Holy See, has formally abolished the Concordat, to mark her displeasure at the definition of July 18. In Russia, the refuge of the suppressed Jesuits in 1773, and the last tottering support of absolutism in Europe, it is expected to be followed by fresh severities against the Latin clergy and their flocks. The Sultan was declared only a few months ago, by the *Univers*, to be "the best-disposed of all monarchs in favour of the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope," but he has now accorded full liberty of action to the Armenians who have revolted against their Latin Patriarch, while he



intervened to protect his Catholic subjects at the Council against the Roman police. Spain has completely broken with her old absolutist traditions, both civil and ecclesiastical, proclaimed equal liberty of worship, deprived the clergy of their privileges, and "banished religious influence from the political sphere" altogether. Of Italy it is hardly necessary to speak in this connexion. The convents are closed, Church property is partly confiscated, all clerical privileges are abolished, and the Government declared last March that "in view of the menaces of certain canons proposed, it would not tolerate any act of the Council infringing on the laws and institutions of the country, and would do all in its power to secure the triumph of civil and religious liberty." Hardly had the new dogma been proclaimed when the French troops were recalled from Rome, and the Pope had to choose between becoming a fugitive and staying in Rome under the protection of Victor Emmanuel. Only six months ago the *Journal des Débats* quoted the proud boast of the Ultramontanes that "the Pope was more master than the Emperor at Paris, the elections had turned on the question of his infallibility, and the majority of the Chambers, as well as public opinion, accepted it." The boast was shallow enough when it was uttered, but recent events have more conclusively tested its value; the French Republic will make short work with the union of Church and State, and, to cite the words of a sincere but liberal Catholic writer, "the least evil that can follow will be the Church being left wholly to her own resources, as in Spain, Italy, and America, without endowments, privileges, authority, or protection, and hampered with vexatious legal prescriptions." The laws of 3 Ventose in the year 3 and 7 Vendémiaire of the year 4, adds the same writer, while professing to effect the separation of the Church from the State, really introduced a bitter persecution.

Nor is the prospect a brighter one for the Curia, if we turn from the Old World to the New. In Mexico, where Rome refused to make the slightest concession to the Emperor Maximilian, the most rigorous laws have been passed against the clergy, and public worship is all but suppressed. In Nicaragua and New Granada things are not much better. In Brazil, Chili, Paraguay, and Peru the bishops are excluded from all civil power, and seriously impeded in the exercise of their office by legal restrictions. In the United States, if there is no fear of direct persecution, a bitter feeling of hostility has been created against the new dogma among both Catholics and Protestants, and the tide of conversions is completely stopped. And who is to come to the aid of the Church in her hour of trial? The Liberal Catholics are no doubt loyal and sincere, but what can they do, with their orthodoxy discredited and their dearest hopes and convictions trampled in the dust? The Catholics "pure and simple"? But what influence have they? If it was paramount anywhere it would be in France, but the best evidence of it the *Univers* could allege was a subscription of 200,000 francs, after six months of energetic appeals of every kind, from a population of thirty-seven million professed Catholics. With the collapse of French Ultramontane ascendancy the temporal power must fall too; yet this is regarded at Rome as a religious necessity of the first order, and a *Schisma* had been drawn up with rare skill to be submitted to the Council, in which adhesion to the measures held requisite for securing it was to be imposed as a matter of faith. And its importance becomes immeasurably greater when the Pope is declared to be infallible. History reckons more than thirty anti-Popes, and what would be the upshot of another schism with no temporal power to back the claims of the rightful successor of St. Peter? For forty years the allegiance of the Catholic world has before now been divided between two rival claimants, and sometimes three have competed for its recognition.

It is not a little remarkable that the doctrinal definition which menaces so seriously the future of Latin Christianity, and indeed in one sense of Christian belief altogether, does not concern any of those grand verities which have been held essential parts of revealed religion, which have supported and consoled the faith of past generations, and for which martyrs have been content to shed their blood. It is not the existence and unity of God, or the Trinity of Persons, or the original creation and immortal destiny of man, or the doctrine of redemption, or of divine justice and human freedom and responsibility, or even of the abiding office of the Church as the witness of tradition and dispenser of sacramental grace. On all these points there is no dispute throughout the Roman Catholic communion. The doctrine for which her very existence is to all seeming to be perilled is about the most human and earthly that could be brought into question at all in the name of religion. It is practically the question of the temporal government of the world in the assumed interests of the Christian Church. The form of the controversy is theological, but the real contest is between mediævalism and modern society. We shall hazard no prophecies about the result, but it may be interesting to recall the words of a Catholic writer already referred to, who thus sums up his view of the situation:—

Society evidently will not recede or abandon the institutions it has suffered so much to win, and which ought after all to receive the divine blessing, since they embody the recognition of principles eminently Christian. Liberty will not perish; the Church will not perish. One day they will be reconciled. It is possible, nay certain. Sooner or later truth will triumph, but by what means, at what cost, and when? It is the secret of God, and none may penetrate His designs. But we know that no people or age has received a special promise of immortality, and that in the tremendous conflict which is at hand, terrible agitations—the most terrible ever felt—are reserved for religion, and whole generations may be buried under the ruins.

## ARMY ORGANIZATION.

III.

WHEN we have recognised the requirements of the country in the matter of national defence, the practical question arises, How are those requirements to be satisfied? The question presents itself in this form, How are we to obtain—and, more difficult still, how are we to maintain—a large, efficient, well-trained home army? Two very opposite solutions of the problem will at once suggest themselves to every one who has considered the subject. The choice lies between a Standing Army and a Reserve Army. Of each of these institutions something must be said. By a standing army is commonly meant a body of men who have accepted the military profession more or less permanently, who are always on full pay, who live by their profession, who practise nothing else, who look to little beyond it, and the prime of whose life is occupied in the performance of such duties as the profession imposes. A very few words will, we imagine, suffice to show the impossibility of satisfying the military defensive requirements of England, as we have defined them, by the creation of a large standing army. Indeed, a single word would almost suffice—expense. It is not to be supposed that the people of this country would submit to the enormous expense which would be entailed by the maintenance upon full pay of a home force sufficiently numerous and sufficiently efficient to make the defensive position of the country secure. And it is certainly not to be desired that such a deadweight of unproductive extravagance should be imposed upon the nation. The maintenance of standing armies was perhaps reasonable when armies were small, when wages were comparatively low, when a certain rigid precision of movement, coupled with a certain blind technical skill, were considered the chief elements of military efficiency, and when no means existed for rapidly moving large bodies of men. In such times the employment of a fixed number of professional soldiers was not irrational, although the system was sufficiently costly, and in many respects inconvenient and objectionable. The product of the system is an aristocratic, conservative force, which stands still while the stream of progress frets against and divides upon it, and laps round it, perhaps even at times just lifts it forward. A standing army is a body which necessarily remains more or less aloof from the life of the nation, which thrives in times of national distress, which grows lusty and strong when the nation is languishing under the scourge of war. A standing army, again, subtracts so many thousands of men permanently from the industrial and productive resources of the nation, for the formation of an exclusive caste, which can generally be relied upon to overawe the will of the nation when necessary, and against which it has in England been thought proper to erect another armed force, the Militia, of which the "constitutional" duty is to act as a sort of check upon the regular army.

Nor are these the only evils which may be laid at the door of standing armies. These are among the civil and political and economical objections to their existence. But the objections to standing armies have, we think, a military, as well as a civil, side. A point of contact between the two classes of objections is found in the anti-progressiveness and instinctive conservatism of a permanent force. The constantly applied friction of public opinion or of active service is required to keep the weapon free from rust; and as public sympathy becomes estranged, so the weapon will become more and more like the old gun which the farmer keeps over his fireplace, loaded but uncared for, or only glanced at from time to time, and regarded as a weapon of potential value, when the charge and the mechanism are really perished with disuse. A standing army has no inherent vitality. It possesses only a communicated power, which during the lapse of a long peace is apt to die out. A standing army, again, naturally fosters old soldiers and discourages reserves; and most officers are now agreed that men who have grown grey in the ranks, if they are still "in the ranks," are not the most valuable soldiers. No one who has ever read General Trochu's famous pamphlet will have forgotten his brilliant sketch of the old and the young soldier—of the "grogard," who is "sceptique, railleur, incapable d'éprouver les grandes émotions," who makes war vigorously at times, but who fights "à ses heures et quand il lui convient," who looks upon the military profession as "un métier dont il est naturel de chercher à tirer tout le parti possible, en l'exerçant le plus commodément possible"; and in contrast with this sketch we have the young soldier, "plein de forces et plein d'honneur," who gives to the army such years of service as are required of him, "tout entières, sans restriction ni calcul," who in peace time is "l'homme de la règle et des bons exemples, dans la guerre l'homme de dévouement." A further defect of standing or long-service armies is their tendency to crush the individuality out of the soldier. Military duties long pursued in the lower ranks are apt to assume a wholly mechanical character, into which neither the mind nor the energy nor the will can enter. So many hours a day; so many miles; so many guards; so much repetition of familiar duties, day by day, hour by hour, with the unvarying punctuality of a chronometer. The thing drives the soul out of the man, and leaves him, after so many years service, a "grogard" of the Trochu type. Of the many other minor but not inconsiderable objections to standing armies we cannot now speak; nor can we pause to qualify as we could wish our general condemnation of the system by pointing out how in practice many of these defects are frequently softened and redeemed by good quali-

ties which, however, are abnormal to the system rather than its natural products. That the tendency of standing armies is in the direction which we have indicated, that the term "old soldier," although capable of an honourable interpretation, has also passed into an expression of opposite significance, will be generally admitted; and it is necessarily with these broad aspects of the question, rather than with its exceptional details, that we are for the moment concerned.

One last and most important objection to the standing army system remains to be noticed. A force of this sort offers a standing temptation to the economical reformer. Much pondering on the extravagance of the system during a long peace rarely fails, under a Parliamentary Government, to lead to some reduction of the force. The defects of the system become aggravated in proportion to the absence of any useful results. The nation frets over a large body of vigorous men maintained in almost absolute idleness at the country's expense. The soldier is the one person in the nation to whom time is absolutely of no value. It is difficult for him to get through his day, and he is kept on year after year in waiting—hardly in preparation—for the war which does not come. And so, in a moment of easy economy, the country lops off a limb of the force. For no cause, but from a sort of impatience, a sacrifice of so many soldiers is demanded; 20,000 trained soldiers are struck off the strength of our defensive forces, and the payments of so many years are thrown away. In a moment of panic, on the other hand, the army is increased, equally capriciously, equally suddenly, and at great cost. And this liability of a standing army to be reduced or increased according to the unreasoning temper of the moment must be coupled with the important fact that, while the reductions do at once sensibly reduce our military power, the augmentations of the army do not so immediately increase it. In the one case we lose trained soldiers; in the other case we gain only raw recruits, while the money saved and expended in the two cases is in an inverse ratio to our loss and gain of military strength.

The opposite system to this is that of Reserve armies. By a Reserve army we understand a force which is in much closer and more actual correspondence with the life of the nation than a standing army can ever be—a force which rests upon the principles of short service, small effective cadres, and large effective reserves. Such a force aims at passing as many men as possible through a military training, returning them as soon as that training is complete to the citizen life of the nation. The strength of the force lies in its reserves and its power of ready expansion. Instead of maintaining large bodies of men in idleness, ready against an emergency which may not often arise, the system which we are describing keeps as few men as possible on full pay, and those only for such a period of service as is absolutely necessary; while it endeavours to keep as large a number of trained soldiers as possible at hand, on reduced pay, occupied with other duties, but with a liability to active military service, and capable of undertaking it when the moment for action arrives. The Reserve army is in direct and hard contrast to the Standing army. Instead of long service, we have short service; instead of having all our men in the ranks, we have the greater part of them in the reserves; instead of reserves more or less untrained, or absolutely non-existent, we have reserves which are thoroughly efficient; instead of a small force, we have a large one; instead of the heavy expenditure entailed in maintaining so many soldiers in idleness, we have a comparatively light expenditure devoted to the active and unceasing production of trained soldiers, and to the payment of moderate retaining fees to those men whose military education is complete; instead of a force which stands aloof from the life of the nation, we have a force which dovetails into the national existence, which is linked to it by innumerable personal connexions, and of which the material interests correspond with those of the nation at large. It is on this last account—to which the other considerations which govern the formation of such a force all converge—that the Reserve army system is generally designated by the name National Army; and where the basis of the organization is broad enough, we have an Armed Nation. But the three things are fundamentally the same, and only represent embodiments of the same idea in different degrees of expansion. The Armed Nation is only a Reserve Army on a gigantic scale. It seems to us preferable to speak of the system which is required for this country as a Reserve army, because, as compared with the development which the system receives elsewhere, our wants are moderate. It is unnecessary to impose upon every British male citizen a liability to military service, because such an arrangement would give us a force far more numerous than we could possibly want. At the same time it is desirable so to organize our defensive forces that they shall have as far as practicable a national character, and be recruited from other and higher sources than those to which we have hitherto applied. Our conception, then, of a military force for the defence of this country, while it stops far short of a nation in arms, embodies the same fundamental ideas. It reaches to the creation of a numerous trained reserve of citizen soldiers, who would constitute a national force in the sense of representing the various classes of which the nation is composed, and whose interests, like those of any other industry, would be identical with those of the nation at large.

The bare recital of the essential conditions of existence of such a force, as contrasted with those of a standing army, constitutes in fact the strongest recommendation of the system. That a given sum of money will maintain a larger number of soldiers on reserve

pay than it will on full pay does not admit of dispute. That the military efficiency of such a force may be at least equal to that of a standing army—if in the long run it be not even superior—the experience of the wars of 1866 and 1870 conclusively teaches us. That the system taxes less severely the industrial and productive resources of the country seems to us sufficiently clear.

To these obvious advantages may be added the following:—A Reserve army is not liable to be affected by the hot and cold fits of alternate panic and economy to which every country appears to be more or less subject. When, a few years ago, propositions for a general European disarmament were made, Count Bismark is said to have replied that the national military system of Prussia was so different from that of France as to render any corresponding movement towards disarmament on the part of Prussia impossible; and it may further be noticed that the Reserve army system was actually created at a time when Prussia was in a condition of nominal and enforced disarmament. The standing military force of the nation was limited by Napoleon after Jena to 42,000 men, and it was under the pressure of this emergency that Schamhorst suggested the system which has since borne such fruitful results. The immediate disarmament of a Reserve army is no more possible than is its immediate creation or sudden expansion; and this consideration appears to us to furnish one of the most important recommendations of the system. A Reserve army is essentially peaceful as compared with a standing army. The latter is naturally anxious for military occupation; the former finds its normal occupation in other pursuits. The very existence of a system under which the outbreak of a war takes from their homes a great part of the breadwinners of the nation naturally renders the nation less disposed to undertake wars wantonly or without full cause. In short, the interests of the standing army may be said to point in the direction of war; those of the Reserve army may be said to point in the direction of peace. But when the latter force is applied, it acts upon a fulcrum which is wanting to the former. The Reserve army system, again, is not favourable to wars of conquest and occupation; it is on the face of it a defensive rather than an offensive organization. On the other hand, the very constitution of the force imposes upon it the necessity of striking, when it does strike, decisively, and of pushing affairs to a swift conclusion. The application of the system at the hands of the Prussians, and their determination to exact terms which will in their opinion afford a guarantee for a permanent peace, are examples in point. Nothing could illustrate this better than Count Bismark's statement that the position of Prussia was that of a father of a family who is challenged to fight a duel, and who at last, finding the provocation intolerable, insists only on one condition—that the contest shall be decisive. One other important advantage of the system can hardly be stated better than in General Trochu's words:—"Une armée qui se renouvelle ainsi périodiquement, en recevant dans son sein une portion notable de la meilleure population du pays, et en lui rendant en échange chaque année un contingent de soldats libérés . . . est un puissant instrument de moralisation publique."

If the comparison which we have drawn between the Standing and Reserve army systems be just, and if it be also true that this country requires for home defence a numerically powerful, efficient, and well-organized force, it follows that the Reserve army system is the best calculated to satisfy our home requirements. But at this point the consideration is pressed upon us that England must also have a force for service in India and distant colonies; and for such purposes a short service army is obviously unsuited. The question then arises, Shall we maintain two armies—one on the Reserve or national system, for home defence and Continental wars; the other on the long service system, for permanent foreign service? or shall we attempt, and, if so, how, to effect such a combination of the two systems as will satisfy at once our home and our foreign requirements? The answer to this question must be reserved for another occasion.

#### THE HOME OFFICE AND THE BOARD OF WORKS.

A GOOD deal too much, and yet something too little, has been made of a recent rigmorale dispute between the Home Office and the Metropolitan Board of Works. This last august body is in a state of interregnum; King Thwaites is dead, and King Somebody-else is not proclaimed. The Board is of course for the nonce a Convention, and assumes all the dignities of a Convention. It is fussy, important, and penetrated with a grave sense of awful responsibility. The eyes of all Europe are upon this solemn conclave; the election of a Pope is as nothing in the way of comparison with the successor of the respectable draper who was lately the adile of London. Members of the Metropolitan Board, the Conscript Fathers of Sewers and "Street nomenclature," the Senators of Drains and Subways, feel that they have a burden cast upon them. Till they have hatched their great egg we must pardon their excessive sensitiveness. This perhaps will account for the agitation in the Spring Gardens hive. That there is any life—or, still more wonderful, that there is an apparent exuberance of activity—in the Home Office may be accounted for by the fact that Mr. Bruce has been lately spending his time in Scotland. As to the facts of the wrangle between these two great bodies, they are perhaps not so complicated as they seem to be after trying to disentangle the knot tied by so many writers in the newspapers.



The facts seem to be these. After Sir John Thwaites's death the Home Office communicated to the Board of Works an official intimation that legislation about the government of London was imminent, and that probably or possibly the Chairmanship of the Board of Works might be abolished. The information reached Spring Gardens by a double-barrelled discharge. Mr. Liddell, Under-Secretary, wrote to the Board and said so. Mr. Rutson, Private Secretary to Mr. Bruce, wrote to the Board two days afterwards and said so. This letter of August 11, though marked "private," was official, and a good deal of the confusion of the case may be got rid of if we remember that a letter from an official to an official may be authoritative, and may be used by him, or those whom he represents, and yet may be "private" in the sense that it is not to be communicated to the newspapers and outsiders. A private letter may certainly be official, but it does not follow that every official letter is public. Mr. Rutson's letter was not only official but, as it turns out, officious. We do not use the word in any bad sense, but it was surplusage—for Mr. Rutson when he wrote was not aware that Mr. Liddell had been previously commissioned to write on the very same subject, and to the same purport. This letter of Mr. Rutson was nevertheless official, however superfluous; and being superfluous, Mr. Rutson reasonably enough, after finding that Mr. Liddell had also written, and written still more officially, desired it to be treated as unwritten. That is, he wished his letter to be as it were *non scripta*; the substance of it, however, being common to his letter and Mr. Liddell's also official letter, he could not withdraw. But the Board of Works, or somebody, published Mr. Rutson's letter and Mr. Liddell's letter, or extracts from one or both of them, and, as the thing stands—intimation first and withdrawal afterwards—the inference drawn by the public was, that first of all Mr. Bruce intimated that something serious was going to happen next Session to the Board of Works, and next that this threat, intimation, or what not, was subsequently modified. And in point of fact it was. When the public drew its conclusion that the Home Office had at last pledged itself to deal with the question of the government of London, the public had gone ahead of Mr. Bruce. It was a great mistake to suppose that the Home Office meant anything so vigorous or so sensible. The public mind must be disabused of the amiable error of calculating upon Mr. Bruce's activity. Had not Mr. Bruce in Parliament modified and qualified all his fine promises of amendment, and of a Bill for establishing a new municipality of London, with the cautious reservation of "if possible," "if time will permit," "if the business of the Session will allow"? Mr. Bruce might reasonably regret, and reasonably require a contradiction of, any anticipation which might be formed by the public of vigour on the part of the Home Office.

And now comes Mr. Rutson's private letter. He writes to his friend Mr. Pollard, Clerk to the Metropolitan Board, in a terrible, and not altogether unreasonable, fume. And we must not forget that he wrote "private" on his letter. As far as we can make out, the substance of this letter was to blame Mr. Pollard for allowing an official communication from the Home Office—whether through Mr. Liddell or Mr. Rutson—to be published without communicating with the writer. We cannot say that we see much to complain of in what the Board of Works did thus far. Not so as to what followed. Mr. Rutson's letter—however *private*—was, it seems, opened by somebody, who was not Mr. Pollard—one Dalton, a member of the Board—and this somebody asked Mr. Rutson if he wished his letter to Mr. Pollard to go before the Board. Certainly not, said Mr. Rutson. On Mr. Pollard's return he replied to Mr. Rutson, offering explanations; and Mr. Rutson replied to Mr. Pollard, and in a P.S. he threw in the now celebrated question, or hint, or intimation, or whatever it was, in which Mr. Ayrton was spoken of, or inquired about, as an "acceptable" candidate for the vacant Chairmanship of the Board. They seem to have odd ways of doing business at Spring Gardens, for this "private and confidential" letter of Mr. Rutson to Mr. Pollard became immediately known to others than Mr. Pollard. A Mr. Shaw founded on the whole matter a not very unnatural allegation that, taking the whole thing together, it looked very much as if the Government would perhaps deal tenderly with the Board if it were presided over by "acceptable" Mr. Ayrton, and required the whole matter to be made public.

The sum and substance of the matter, then, seems to be this—first, and certainly, that the Home Office conducts its business in a slovenly and unbusinesslike way; and further, that undoubtedly Mr. Rutson has his own special and private grievance and complaint against the Board, or some member or members of it, for publishing letters, either *in extenso* or in abstract, which are marked "private." Again, that the Board, though it has no objection that these "private" letters should in violation of all confidence be communicated to every one of its members separately, yet is very sensitive and delicate when it is asked that they should be communicated to the whole Board in its collective capacity. The Board thinks it has a character to lose when it avows its share in treason, but it has no such objections to reaping the results of that treason. Again, Mr. Rutson may be charged certainly with no bad faith, but credited, perhaps, with that amount of indiscretion which consists in displaying too much zeal for the Home Office, and too much confidence in the discretion and honour of some members of the Spring Gardens Board. And further, while the Home Office does not do business in a businesslike way, it seems that the Spring Gardens officials, every one of whom seems to have leisure to open everybody else's letters and to communicate them at pleasure, present a picture of a public body as little engaging as any in Downing Street.

But above and beyond all these rather small and otiose minute details rises one rather important public consideration. There is perhaps too much zeal here, and something of indiscretion there; bad faith in one quarter, and bad taste in another; but there remains the fact that somehow or somewhere the monstrous conception was adopted, even in the region of possibility, that Mr. Ayrton could have been "acceptable" as a Chairman of the Board of Works. Mr. Rutson could hardly, however confidentially, have put the question, unless the impression prevailed somewhere in his own circle of the acceptableness of Mr. Ayrton. The conclusion that the Government favoured this wild notion flows from the unavoidable suspicion that the Government entertained it. The notion of Mr. Ayrton being acceptable to anybody, or fit for the Board of Works, could only be held by the Government of which he is a member. And this Mr. Bruce himself might hold with an important difference. He might think Mr. Ayrton very fit for the Spring Gardens Board because he was so very unfit for the Whitehall Board. Mr. Bruce might wish to ruin the Board of Works with the public, and certainly for this purpose Mr. Ayrton might be "acceptable" to Mr. Bruce. Or Mr. Bruce might feel, in the interests of the Ministry generally, that to pension off Mr. Ayrton at the cost of the Board might save the Government the inevitable task of providing him with some more splendid retirement. We mention these alternatives because to suppose Mr. Bruce really sincere, and that he actually did think Mr. Ayrton would prove acceptable to anybody or useful anywhere, or imagined that he would conduce to the efficiency of any office, or that in any public situation he could be other than a public nuisance, is what we are loth to believe. What the Metropolitan Board wants is a gentleman—a Chairman not devoid of tact and the arts of conciliation—an accomplished man—one who will impart dignity to a difficult and not very distinguished office, who will have sufficient force of character to compel the shopkeepers and pushing Vestrymen who compose his Board to respect themselves and their duties. To suppose that Mr. Bruce thinks that Mr. Ayrton is this sort of man, or wishes to do this, or can do this, is a pitch of folly of which we do not think Mr. Bruce capable. And yet, as we feel it to be impossible to suppose that Mr. Rutson can ever have even thought of Mr. Ayrton's acceptableness unless the notion of him as a possible Chairman had permeated the Home Office, we must believe that the former view, or something like it—namely, the desirableness felt by the Ministry of getting Mr. Ayrton out of the Government Office—must have been present to Mr. Bruce's mind, and that for this or some other reason the Home Office were really desirous of getting Mr. Ayrton elected Chairman. That a mere vulgar job was intended, and that a corrupt bargain was intended by which the Board was to purchase a prolonged existence by providing for Mr. Ayrton, we do not believe.

#### ROCHESTER.

IT is probable that one result of the present war will be to reveal England to a great many Englishmen who know every country in Europe save their own. The tourist who hesitates to cross from Dover may find some solace for his disappointment in a run through Kent. Canterbury will bear comparison with the grandest of French minsters, the leafy glades of Knoll survive the wreck of the Bois de Boulogne, the bright windings of Medway are a Moselle without passports, or convoys of sick and wounded from the seat of war. In the white cliffs of the Kentish coast, in the graceful festoons of its hop-gardens, the artist may find compensation for the steep of Ehrenbreitstein or the vineyards of the Rhine. The quiet little towns dotted along its rivers, indeed, are like the rest of English towns, poor rivals of those of the Continent. The power of the Crown, the submission of noble and burgher to the same law, the regular administration of justice from the earliest times, deprived English cities of the exceptional position held by those abroad as strongholds in which industry and civil society took refuge from violence and brute force. With the exception of the feuds of Bristol with the Berkeleys, and perhaps those of Exeter with the Courtenays, the history of our boroughs furnishes no examples of that strife of the commune against the noblesse which plays so great a part in German history. The rarity of civil war, the general security of the country, told fatally against the greatness of our towns. In Italy the nobles took refuge within the city walls, and the palazzi of their great houses are the glory of Florence or Verona. In France the insecurity of the country without forced wealthy burghers like Jacques Cœur at Bourges to spend their wealth on stately houses or churches within. But in England the country was as safe, whether for baron or burgher, as the town. While Florence was driving the Tuscan nobles from their mountain holds the squires of England were studding its fields with open manor-houses. The wealthy English townsman of the fourteenth century, like the wealthy townsman of to-day, forsook the dark streets where he had amassed his wealth and aimed only at becoming a country gentleman. Other causes told in the same way, though in a less degree, against the picturesqueness of our towns. The Reformation in England was far more effective as an agent of destruction than the Revolution abroad; even in France the desecration of 1789 left in the bulk of cases the fabric of the religious houses, while the demolition of our own Reformers swept fabric and monks away together. The few relics of historic or artistic interest which remained here found a yet more fatal foe in the industrial energy of the last century, while abroad the manufactory is but beginning to replace the castle, or the boulevard the town-wall. It is only in a few exceptional instances, therefore,

such as those of Oxford, Lincoln, or Chester, that we can compare an English town with the towns of the Continent. Certainly Rochester can offer no claim to be reckoned among the number of exceptions. It is possible, indeed, that the death of Mr. Dickens might invest with some little interest the town whose memory seemed to haunt him through novel after novel, in whose neighbourhood he fixed the home of his later years, and in whose cathedral, but for the interposition of the Dean of Westminster, his body would have rested. But Rochester, to do it justice, has many claims on our attention besides its association with the great humourist. The first, undoubtedly, is the beauty of its site. The view from any height, such as that of the Castle walls, is one of singular loveliness. It is impossible to forget the pleasant valley or the sinuous windings of Medway, its long loops of shining water edged from side to side by the low heights on either hand; in the distance the woods of Cobham; Gadshill right across, with its memories of Falstaff and Shakspeare; at our feet the broad full river itself, broad as the Thames at Westminster, but bright and undefiled, and winding along its shore, like a brown-red ribbon, the narrow line of the town.

Rochester is, in fact, little more than a long narrow street; the higher plateaux of the eastern side of the river valley leave only a strand beside the Medway, and along this strand Rochester stretches itself as best it may. It is for the most part a dirty, disagreeable place, with a prevalent flavour of sailors and red-herrings, but not without elements of picturesqueness in the gables and deep cornices of seventeenth and eighteenth century houses which here and there break its monotony. At the south-western end of the town, where the heights come frankly up to the river, rises the square keep of the Castle. Few fortresses stand more nobly, few have so noble a river at their feet. It is from across the river that one best sees as a whole the massive walls which repulsed De Montfort. But it is only when one enters the keep itself that one realizes its full grandeur. Unlike most of its English rivals its proportions are perfectly preserved; it still rises more than a hundred feet from the ground. Within, the floors only are gone; huge arcades of the finest twelfth-century work remain unimpaired as when the soldiers of Roger Leyburne passed beneath them. Not a fragment remains of the older castle of Bishop Odo, or of the keep which is said to have been built by Bishop Gundulf. Originally the castle of Rochester formed the first in the line of great fortresses by which the Conqueror held the Thames. But its position as commanding the road from Dover to London had given it importance at a far earlier time. If we adopt the ingenious conjecture of Dr. Guest, it was the resistance of its predecessor, the Roman Durobrivis, portions of whose walls still remain embedded in its fortifications, which turned the march of the English conquerors of Kent up the Medway, and forced them to seek a passage and find the first of recorded English victories at Aylesford. The result of that victory seems to have been the surrender of the Roman town; and the new name of Rochester, *Rofa's ceaster*, commemorates perhaps that of the chieftain under whom it became the capital of a realm whose memory is preserved to us by the later diocese. It is one of the peculiar marks of the English Conquest that the map of England in the seventh century could with little change be recovered from the map of ecclesiastical England before the changes of Henry VIII. On the Continent, where the German conquerors simply settled among the conquered, the Church in its diocesan divisions still preserved the limits of the Roman province. Here, where the conquered were swept away, their Church and its organization necessarily disappeared with them. When Augustine landed it was in a purely heathen country, and the one shelter of the missionaries lay in the protection of the converted kings. The bishop was in fact the royal chaplain, and his jurisdiction ran as far as the royal power extended. A victory, as it widened the realm, extended the diocese; both shrank equally before a defeat. It is in this way that the ninety-nine parishes of the original diocese of Rochester preserve the memory of a forgotten kingdom of West Kent, and the episcopal see of Justus and Paulinus on the Medway marks the site of its capital. As it was the smallest of English realms, so its see was the smallest of English bishoprics till the changes of thirty years ago supplied the ecclesiastical reformers of the day with an opportunity of perpetrating one of their most characteristic blunders. Historical considerations were set contemptuously aside, the see of London was relieved by burdening Rochester with all Essex and a good part of Hertfordshire, the new episcopal palace of Danebury was erected on one side of the Thames while the Cathedral stood on the other. The result is just what one might expect. Danebury is so expensive that the see can only be taken by wealthy men; the present bishop declares the diocese unworkable, wishes to be on one side of the Thames or the other, and very naturally objects to be cut off from his own diocesan church; while a new suffragan has to be created in the arch-diocese of Canterbury to afford precisely that help to the Primate which his suffragans of Rochester, up to the Reformation, were accustomed to give.

The relation of the see of Rochester to the Primate exactly reflected in fact the relation of the kingdom which it represented to the kingdom of East Kent. As Ethelbert was the overlord of the kingdom across the Medway, so Augustine was the overlord of Justus or Paulinus. It was from the Primate that the Bishop of Rochester received his pastoral staff; he was the Archbishop's chaplain and cross-bearer. The see itself was commonly filled by one of the Primate's immediate dependents or by a monk of Canterbury. The relation between the two dioceses was

curiously expressed in the contrast and similarity of their two cathedral churches. As that of Canterbury is, taking its whole area, the largest of English cathedrals, so its dependent of Rochester is, with the single exception of those of Chichester and Wales, the smallest. On the other hand, the stamp of Canterbury influence is impressed, as Professor Willis has shown, on every part of the fabric. Its dedication to St. Andrew recalled the great convent of St. Andrew on the Caelian from which its first bishop had followed Augustine. The open arches of the Norman triforium in its nave were probably imitated from those of the earlier Norman minster at Canterbury. The double transepts, the character of its Early English work throughout, have the Canterbury stamp. Small as it is, the Cathedral is full of architectural and artistic interest. Of the original fabric completed by Bishop Gundulf after the Conquest only an isolated tower, probably the record tower of his Cathedral, remains. But the extremities of the crypt can hardly be much later, and the west front is said to present a striking resemblance to the bishop's work at Malling. The nave itself is a pure specimen of the later Romanesque which is found in such perfection at Bayeux, and probably dates from the same period. The rest of the Cathedral was erected after the great fire, which seems to have ruined the transepts and choir, towards the close of the reign of Henry II. Its most picturesque effect lies in the contrast between the narrow choir and the sudden burst of space as one emerges eastward on the choir transepts. In these and the short sacrum beyond lies the chief beauty of the church; it would be difficult to imagine nobler First-pointed work than the transepts display. Two of the tombs are especially notable. That of Bishop John of Sheppey owes its singular preservation to having been fortunately bricked up during centuries of destruction. Some forty years ago a workman's pickaxe accidentally revealed its existence, and disclosed one of the very few specimens of really mediæval colouring which England possesses. A yet more interesting tomb—at least to Oxford men—is that of Walter de Merton, the founder of the first of Oxford colleges, whose curious effigy has for some unaccountable reason been removed, and placed in an adjoining recess. The figure is certainly a late one of the fifteenth century, but the cause of its removal remains a mystery. It is unfortunate that, while the interior of the Cathedral is so full of beauty and interest, its exterior should be so singularly disappointing. As one sees it from the Castle its insignificant size and the general baldness of its outline are almost painful; while the central tower, which might have given grandeur to it as a whole, is unfortunately one of the most hideous creations of "modern Gothic." It would require perhaps more than human courage on the part of the Chapter to pull it down, but we cannot help hoping for such an effort from a Chapter that actually found the courage to put it up. Altogether—town, castle, cathedral—there is enough in Rochester to interest any one who cares to visit it through a very pleasant day.

#### THE LOSS OF THE CAPTAIN.

IT is impossible to say anything fresh on the subject of the foundering of the *Captain*. The causes of her loss have been discussed for several days between the members of the Court which has been sitting at Portsmouth and the witnesses, and the Court is now considering its decision. We doubt, however, whether two admirals and seven captains will be able to add anything important to the opinion of Mr. May, the gunner of the foundered ship. He thinks that the overpressure of canvas and the ship making a heavy roll to starboard brought a quantity of water on the lee side of the main-deck, while the wind might have had great force on the under part of the hurricane deck; and the sea most likely struck her when she made the heavy roll. He also thinks that the ship was overmasted. The calamity occurred about 15 m. A.M. on the 7th ult., off Cape Finisterre. The ship was under double-reefed fore and main topsails, on the port tack, close-hauled, with the wind about north-west, very squally, with rain and a heavy sea. About midnight Mr. May went into the ship's after turret, and while he was there he felt the ship make a heavy roll to starboard, and before she had time to recover that roll a heavy sea struck her and threw her on her beam-ends. She then turned bottom upwards, and eventually sank, going down stern first. From the time of her going on her beam-ends to her sinking did not exceed ten minutes. Mr. May and seventeen seamen got into the launch, and after an ineffectual attempt to save their captain, in which they were nearly lost, they put their boat before the wind, and after twelve hours' hard labour landed on the Spanish coast.

Such is a brief and plain account of one of the most lamentable disasters that ever happened in the British navy. It is remarkable that the controversy which had long existed as to the suitability of the turret system for cruising ships did not inspire the *Captain's* crew with any doubt as to her seaworthiness. On the contrary, Mr. May thought until she foundered that he was in the finest ship in the world. Another witness, who had been gunner's mate, stated that he came on deck about seven minutes after midnight. The ship seemed to be heeling more than usual. The wind increased, and the ship appeared to be thrown over by the force of the wind and sea together, and to be unable to recover herself. At that moment the order was given to let go the topsail sheets, but it was then too late to save the ship by reducing sail. The witness went down with the ship, and when he rose to the surface



she was bottom up, and to windward of him. Many witnesses concurred in stating that the gale was of ordinary strength. The captain of the frigate *Inconstant*, which was in company, was perfectly easy in his mind as to the safety of his ship, and he carried the port in his sleeping-cabin open through that night. An officer of the same frigate, if he had known that the *Captain* was carrying double-reefed topsails through the squall, would not have been anxious for her safety. Admiral Milne, who commanded the squadron to which the unlucky ship belonged, visited her officially the day before she was lost, and caused her to try her sailing power. During the trial she carried her lee gunwale level with the water. The Admiral told Captain Coles that he could not reconcile himself to such a state of things, so contrary to all his experience. Captain Coles answered that there was not the slightest danger. The Admiral replied that he had not thought of danger; "but do you think it is right to have a powerful ship like this with her gunwale in the water and royals set?" Hereupon Captain Coles said that the guns ought to be 2 ft. or 2 ft. 6 in. higher out of the water. It is just to Captain Coles to remember that by an error of construction the ship was 2 ft. deeper in the water than he had designed. When the sailing trial was over, the Admiral directed Captain Burgoyne to get his funnel up, connect screws, and have steam ready, as the squadron must stand off the land for the night under easy sail. The Admiral quitted the ship at 5 P.M., and at 15 or 20 minutes past midnight she was lost. "I should have thought," said the Admiral, "that Captain Burgoyne, or the officer of the watch, would have lowered the ship's topsails in the squall; but I think the topsails would have gone before any such ship as the *Captain* would have gone over. I mean that had the *Captain* possessed the stability due to her size, the topsails should have gone before she could have upset." A ship under steam alone would be capable of keeping the sea with her bow to it better than she could under sail, and the *Captain* would probably have been more safe under steam and without square sails; but if a ship on a squally night is compelled to haul out of the line for safety under steam, and so leave the fleet or compel other ships to do the same, she cannot be considered fit to go to sea with a fleet. This expression of Admiral Milne affords a clue to the cause of the disaster. Captain Coles and his supporters had been carried in the course of controversy to the length of maintaining that a turret-ship could do everything that could be required of a cruiser. Captain Burgoyne probably was not originally enthusiastic about the turret principle, but he considered his professional character involved in keeping the line with the *Captain* under sail, like the other ships. Captain Coles, as we all know, was enthusiastic, and, although the ship drew two feet more water than he had designed, he told the Admiral that he saw no danger in her carrying her gunwale even deeper under water than she did upon the last afternoon of her existence. The Admiral thinks, and probably every naval officer thinks also, that the ship must have heeled over beyond the angle that he saw when he was on board, and probably some portion of her lee deck was under water, and at the same time she had been struck by a heavy sea to windward and thrown over. Captain Brandreth, flag-captain to Admiral Milne, thought that if the *Captain* had furled her sails and used steam, she would have been afloat now. He would have endeavoured to shorten sail as Captain Burgoyne did. Perhaps he would have done this rather sooner, although he did not say so. Another witness saw the night order-book of the *Captain* while he was on board of her, and it contained an order impressing upon the officer of the watch that it redounded both to his and Captain Burgoyne's credit that the ship should be kept in her station as much as possible under sail. It must be remembered that the ship had been at sea in a heavier gale than that in which she perished, and had behaved well in it. If we say that Captain Burgoyne carried on rather longer than would have been done by more prudent officers, we ought to add that the danger which these officers apprehended would have been to spars and sails, not to the ship itself.

Mr. Robinson, master-shipwright of Portsmouth Dockyard, stated that, according to a diagram which was before him, the angle of inclination at which the edge of the *Captain's* deck would be immersed would be 14 deg. The angle of her maximum stability would be 20 deg., and she would lose stability altogether at 40 deg. By the stability of a ship is meant the momentum of the reaction of the water against her bottom and sides, which prevents her from being overturned. When, therefore, it is said that the stability of a ship vanishes at 40 deg. of inclination, the meaning is, that if she is pushed over to that extent she has no self-righting power, and must go down. But Mr. Robinson would consider such a ship fit to be sent to sea under sail "if properly masted and handled." He also considered that the *Captain* was overmasted, and made too much like a regular sailing-ship. With a low freeboard ship, without masts, and under steam only, if her conditions of stability would place her in danger of turning bottom-up when she lurches 40 deg., Mr. Robinson "would not be content as her builder." Another witness, Mr. Barnaby, who is now President of the Council of Construction at the Admiralty, stated the figures of the ship's stability more accurately. According to him, the "righting force" of the ship at 14 deg., when the edge of the deck would be immersed, would be 5,700 "foot tons." Her maximum stability would be reached at 21 deg., when she would have 7,100 foot tons. At 31½ deg. she would again reach a position in which the righting force would be 5,700 foot tons, and the

righting force would not vanish until an inclination of 54½ deg. was reached. Mr. Barnes, one of the Constructors of the Navy, who was employed by the Admiralty to ascertain by experiment the position of the centre of gravity of the ship, had reported that "he did not think the *Captain* would be unsafe." The witness Mr. Barnaby quoted this opinion, and he added that after the ship was lost, the calculations to which he had referred had been held to show why she was lost, and they did partly explain the matter; "but," said he, "so far as I am aware, no one predicted from those calculations that the *Captain* would turn over." If he had thought so, he would have felt it his duty to say so, notwithstanding the awkwardness of the position. He would have been prepared to have been told that his calculations were fallacious. The idea entertained by those who favoured the building of the *Captain* was, that she would be so steady a ship that there was comparatively little danger of her ever rolling to the angle of 54 deg., at which her stability would vanish. Mr. Reed, lately Chief Constructor of the Navy, stated the opinion with which the public is familiar. The Report which he made to the Admiralty on the *Captain* was made, he says, with full knowledge on the part of those to whom it was addressed that he objected to the low freeboard. He repudiated, on behalf of himself and the Controller of the Navy, all responsibility for the construction of the ship. "The very cause," says he, "of the *Captain* being designed and constructed was that the opinions of Sir S. Robinson and myself were not to be trusted, and that we were showing prejudiced opposition to Captain Coles." It is fair to Mr. Reed to allow that his often expressed opinion has been justified by the result. "I should have considered," says he, "the ordinary masting excessive for a ship like the *Captain*, and I have never yet been able to ascertain on what grounds any one pretends, or could pretend, that the *Captain*, with that spread of canvas and actual height of deck, was fit to carry the same canvas as other ships of her size, and to encounter those gusts and squalls to which every ship is liable." Comparing the *Captain* with Mr. Reed's own ship the *Monarch*, it is, and always must have been, beyond reach of controversy that from 14 to 23 deg. of inclination the stability of the *Captain* would decrease, whereas that of the *Monarch* would increase. But it was assumed that the *Captain* would not heel to anything like that extent, and Mr. Laird says that in her earlier trials which he witnessed she did not. He cannot explain the cause of her heeling to the extent she did on the day before her loss. Admiral Milne, as we have seen, could not reconcile himself to what he witnessed, so contrary to his experience. The ship was then heeling 14 deg., and Captain Coles assured the Admiral that she might go further over with perfect safety. Captain Coles must have given this assurance without any sufficient warrant either in experiment or calculation. Mr. Laird, it appears, did not anticipate such an inclination as occurred, but he supposed in a vague way that the ship would discover a large reserve of stability when called upon. Captain Burgoyne began doubtfully, but gained confidence in his ship as he saw more of her. These appear to have been all the opinions which favoured the course which was pursued. The great majority of officers of the dockyards and of the navy distrusted the new design. If they could have been left to themselves very few of them would have rigged the ship as she was rigged, or would have persevered in carrying in such weather the sail which was upon her when she capsized. As the President of the Court puts it, "public opinion" was brought to bear upon constructors and captains. We may say that the ship was built by public opinion and Captain Coles, and both were liable to mistake. Let us not be understood, however, as objecting to the building of the ship. On the contrary, we say that such a ship ought to have been built sooner than she was. But we say also that in trying her at sea we should have preferred a fuller exercise of that discretion which is the better part of valour. The confidence expressed in the seagoing qualities of the *Captain* had no adequate foundation either in experiment or calculation. This is the fair result of the late inquiry.

## ART IN SWEDEN.

THE arts have mostly chosen the pleasant places of the earth for their abode. Athens, Constantinople, Venice, Naples, seem severally to have been designed by nature to receive works of beauty. And the law which ruled in olden times and Southern latitudes holds no less good in modern days and on Northern seas. When the arts migrated from the borders of the Mediterranean to the shores of the Baltic they chose for their resting-places spots which might seem to have been specially arranged for the delight of the imagination. Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm, especially when in summer approached from the sea towards the hour of sunset, have in natural position a beauty which inclines the mind towards art. On entering cities thus felicitous in situation the traveller feels that the people must be incited to show themselves at their brightest and best, to do some deed for the honour of their country. It has been said that the Bay of Naples would seem to have been constructed as a theatre wherein nations should enact history, and as a rule, indeed, what is most brilliant in the movements of humanity nature has encompassed by fine scenery. The correspondence between landscape accessories and those transactions of races which give rise to picturesque combinations becomes patent in the nations of Northern Europe. Assuredly

art manifestations in Sweden appear as the natural outgrowth of the people's antecedents and surroundings.

Sweden is fortunate in her capital. Stockholm may be compared to Constantinople in miniature; as the traveller sails along her tideless seas he is reminded of the Bosphorus and the Sweet Waters. Stockholm is Queen of the Baltic, as Venice is Queen of the Adriatic; the sea is in her streets, merchandize is brought to her doors along the noiseless highway of waters. The arts, as usual, have followed in the wake of commerce; if comparatively late to find their way northwards, they have at least for the last half-century done much to make amends for lost time. Music would seem to come to the people as second nature; Jenny Lind, Madlle. Ennequist, and Madlle. Nilsson tell that there may be a succession of Swedish nightingales. In the chief towns intellectual activity, if on a small scale, is persistently maintained; Linnæus in botany, Berzelius in chemistry, Fredrika Bremer and others in literature, have placed Europe under obligations. But the developments have been unequal. Thus architecture, as may readily be imagined, has lagged behind. In Scandinavia, as in Switzerland, the abundance of wood and the poverty of the people long retarded the use of stone; moreover, the Gothic style, as employed, for example, in the cathedrals of Upsala and Abo, seems to have been imperfectly understood; in construction and ornament these imposing churches are at once massive and barbaric. Again, it is cause for regret that of late years the whole of Northern Europe has fallen a prey to the Italian Renaissance. Consequently there is not a capital on the shores of the Baltic which can claim a national style; every street shows that foreign ideas from afar have not only been stolen wholesale, but that even the most commonplace forms, when stolen, have been perverted and spoilt. This lack of originating power among Northern nations, felt in all arts about equally, is the most discouraging trait in the future of lands struggling to gain modern civilization. The Royal Palace, of which Stockholm is justly proud, would look more at home on the shores of Genoa, while its handsome *vis à vis* across the water, the new Art Museum, comes from Berlin. Neither does Stockholm assert originality in her public statues. Scandinavian sculpture is a blank from the era of Runic knots, and its nationality became hopeless when Italians engrafted on the old stock modern grace and debility. That the present Swedish school, if school it can be called, is a foreign importation seems sufficiently evident in the fact that the style was borrowed from Canova, and that the marble was transported from Carrara. The public statues in the streets of Stockholm are, almost without exception, beneath criticism. Figures such as those of Gustavus Wasa and Charles XIII. may possibly be excused on the score of patriotic good intentions. Yet works have been preserved within the national Museum which, somewhat to the surprise of the traveller, tell that Sweden, during the last and even in the present generation, has made strenuous efforts to achieve renown in the sculptor's art. For example, a "Faun," a "Cupid and a Psyche," by the much lauded M. Sergell, we have noted as fairly good examples of the modern romantic style; also a "Bacchus," by M. Göthe, as scarcely unworthy of Thorwaldsen when ambitious to emulate the Greeks. Likewise we have marked for faint praise "Hero" by M. Byström, a sculptor held in good esteem; and finally, by M. Fogelberg, also in high repute, "Odin" and "Thor," colossal figures whose swelling and inflated muscles guard the stately stairs of the new Museum. It must be confessed that it needs the ardour as well as the blindness of patriotism to re-echo the praise bestowed on these several sculptors by the art-loving people of Stockholm. In Paris or Berlin, in Florence or Rome, even in London, the figures we have named would be damned by faintest praise; at best they can but pass as commonplace and painstaking compilations. It is true that the group of "The Wrestlers" by M. Molin, which took the world by surprise in the London International Exhibition, has the nerve, sinew, and spirit which elsewhere we vainly look for in the plastic arts of Sweden. This masterpiece, standing in the Museum Garden, which almost alone in Scandinavia is strongly marked by nationality, may rank with Kiss's "Amazon" and Rauch's "Frederick the Great" as one of the most striking and successful statues in the public streets of Europe. And yet, in the review of the plastic efforts presumed to adorn the Swedish capital, we are disposed to regard the whole school as a profound mistake. Semi-nudes which for six months in every year are festooned with icicles must surely be out of place. Moreover, just as man in these latitudes needs the thick and clumsy covering of skins and furs, so there is denied to the peasant-born artists of Scandinavia the subtle sense of form, the recognition of the ideal type in humanity, which belonged to the Greeks. Wide as the poles asunder is and must be the sculptor's art on the shores of the Mediterranean and of the Baltic. Scandinavia has sold her birthright; she had an ancient mythology which would have cast well into the granite of her rocks, but she has chosen to chisel softly in whitest marble dancing girls in diaphanous draperies. Venuses of Southern birth are an absurd solecism. It would have been better for the sculptors of the far North to have moulded their styles on the rugged stonework of Gothic cathedrals. Figures on Notre Dame at Paris, at Chartres, and at Rheims, were fitter models than the works of Canova. And Swedish sculptors, if bent upon Italy, might have chosen more wisely; instead of following the example of Thorwaldsen, whose success has been a snare to the artists of Scandinavia, they should have reverted to that Northern life in the Italy of the eleventh and twelfth centuries which brought nerve to an art that had fallen enervated; they should have studied Lombard

sculpture, and have thrown themselves, in Florence, Pisa, and Orvieto, into the thought and manner of the Pisani and Orcagna. Thus they might have found closer consanguinity than has been imagined between the genius of Dante and the ancient literature of Northern Europe. Thus the hybrid brood of classic gods and goddesses who now overrun the galleries of the North might be thrust out, and their place taken by a stalwart race cast in stone from the mountain or carved in wood from the forest, who might claim kindred with the giants and heroes of Scandinavian Edda and Saga.

Sweden, following the good example of other lands, has of late years erected in her capital two handsome and capacious museums; the one devoted to natural history, the other to the arts. The latter, which was designed to receive collections previously scattered, contains on the ground floor a museum of Northern antiquities scarcely surpassed by that at Copenhagen. In the gallery above are distributed coins, arms, engravings, and original drawings, Egyptian antiquities, Etruscan vases, classic and modern Swedish sculpture. Among classic works the boast is a "Sleeping Endymion" which partial critics praise as equal to the "Sleeping Faun" in the Munich Glyptothek. The top story, reached by stately stairs, which the Prussian architect evidently imported from Germany, is, with the exception of "une grande salle affectée au Musée des souverains et aux costumes historiques," entirely devoted to pictures. The catalogue, published in French as well as Swedish, shows a total of 1,042 works here massed together, from the King's palace and other royal collections. The Gallery, notwithstanding more than a common percentage of dubious examples, fairly represents the usual historic schools. The strongest sections are the Dutch and the Swedish. Only the latter, which numbers 106 representative works, will add to the traveller's knowledge. We will then devote the remainder of our space to the Swedish school.

Painting, like architecture and sculpture, has in Stockholm passed through tentative stages. The arts, having taken false steps, have run into failure; the soil is sterile, and whatever is planted may languish and possibly die. High art has been the nation's bane. In the church of St. Nicholas, Stockholm, M. Ehrenstrahl, an artist in good esteem, painted two vast pictures, larger than the largest Rubens in the Old Pinakothek of Munich—the one a "Crucifixion," the other a "Last Judgment." The painter unfortunately pitched his style at the period of the Italian decadence; he mixed up confusedly Baroccco and Bronzino with Rubens. Somewhat later the Swede M. Hörberg launched into religious art; yet it is evident that the series of sketches in the National Gallery, commencing with the "Annunciation" and ending with the "Ascension," are distant from the spiritual needs, and foreign to the taste and the genius, of the people. In the streets of Stockholm, Gottenberg, and Upsala, the traveller does not, as in Rome, Florence, or Naples, encounter lamps burning before Crucifixes or Holy Families. In the shop-windows he does not see, as in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kiev, religious prints which tell that the devotion of the people is daily fed through the senses. The Lutheran Church, unlike the Latin and the Greek Churches, seeks comparatively little aid from art; her sphere is not in the outward and visible, but in the inward and the invisible. In Scandinavia art does not concern herself with the supernatural; she does not meddle with mysteries; such religion as she evinces rests on the altar of the domestic affections.

Neither can we suppose that the united Kingdoms of Norway and Sweden have a career of historic art before them. Within the period of recent growth Scandinavia has not been enacting history. She has dug canals, constructed railways, built ships, planted and felled forests, but she has done little on land or sea which an historic painter would care to record. Moreover, artists recruited from the ranks of mechanics cannot have passed through the training required for the delineation of great national transactions. Certain it is, that the historic works which are found worthy of a place in the National Gallery of Sweden, such as the "Death of Gustavus II. on the Battle Field of Lutzen," by M. Wahlbom; another battle-piece, in which the same monarch plays a conspicuous part, by Professor Sandberg; and "The Coronation of Gustavus III.," by M. Pilo, are works of but third-rate merit. Neither are we inclined to make much exception in favour of the series of frescoes illustrative of the leading events in the life of Gustavus Wasa, painted by Professor Sandberg in the apse of the cathedral at Upsala. Two compositions, each some ten feet long, involving complex arrangement of figures, are evidently beyond the artist's power. Of the remaining five the best are those wherein the painter seizes with broad vigorous hand on national character and costume. Swedish painters are wise when they attempt nothing more ambitious than the genre of history. Yet it is interesting to find the essentially Southern art of fresco penetrating so far north as Upsala, and it is also satisfactory to note that these wall-paintings executed in 1831 were, when we examined them in July last, still in good preservation. It seems strange that Swedish artists should succeed in fresco while our English painters have failed.

Portrait and landscape painting may further serve to illustrate the rise and development of Swedish art. The school seated in Stockholm has in fact a history; it dates back for two centuries; it is prior, as indeed would seem likely, to the Russian renaissance. Unfortunately, however, the arts were imported as exotics, and so their growth became forced and artificial. The seventeenth century was for Sweden as for the rest of Europe an age of far-fetched allegory, commonplace romance, effete idealism. Even



portraits could not be painted free from affectation and pretence. Thus M. Ehrenstrahl, known, as we have seen, by a huge "Last Judgment," turns his hand to "Portraits des enfants de Charles XI.," after the following ridiculous fashion—"le jeune prince, plus tard Charles XII, est représenté nu et à cheval sur un lion couché : ses sœurs, Hedvige-Sophie et Ulrique-Éléonore, également sans vêtements, jouent à côté de leur frère." M. Pasch and M. Krafft, than whom no worse portrait-painters ever lived, each practised upon "Roi Gustave IV comme enfant," while Charles XII., at the early age of eighteen, fell a victim to that brutal Court-painter, M. Michel Dahl. In those days it was a misfortune to carry on the shoulders a head that could on any pretence be transferred to canvas. Portrait-painting remained in its lowest estate till Karl Friedrich von Breda, taught by his master, Sir Joshua Reynolds, a more excellent style, acquired the title of the Swedish Vandýke. It is interesting to know that towards the close of last century, when Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough had brought unexampled *éclat* on the English school, the most renowned artist at the Swedish Court and the most illustrious portrait-painter in St. Petersburg severally came to London and manifestly fell under English influence. In the Galleries of Stockholm and St. Petersburg we have noted portraits akin to the pictures of Gainsborough; but the harmonious colouring and facile touch of Reynolds could not so easily be emulated. It would seem not unreasonable that the influence of England should reach to the shores of the Baltic; close, at all events, is the brotherhood between the painters of Sweden and of Scotland; the prospective development of each school lies in the delineation of peasant life in lands wild and grand. It may in fine be said that the arts in Sweden and Great Britain seem destined to run in parallel lines.

#### NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE meeting at Newmarket last week was an unqualified success. Thanks to the number of French horses now in England, and to the evident determination of their owners to make the most of them now that they are here, the fields were larger than we have seen in the First October week for many a year. On the other hand, if the French horses go on winning at the Second October and Houghton meetings as they did last week, English owners will find that their chances of turning the concluding weeks of the season to their usually profitable end of providing for the hay and corn bills of the year will day by day become less. Even last week the prevailing opinion among our racing countrymen was that, much as they had been honoured and gratified with a sight of Sornette, Somno, Don Carlos, and the like, they would be still more gratified if these distinguished animals would take themselves back again to France as soon as possible. Eight races during the week fell to the Frenchmen, and it must be remembered that they could not compete for any of the rich stakes of the meeting, and that only the minor plates and sweepstakes were open to them. These victories, some of which were achieved with consummate ease, must have made English trainers not a little uncomfortable about the alleged superiority of the British racehorse; but, without jumping hastily to any conclusions on that point, it must be remembered that the climate of France is far more suitable for thoroughbred stock than that of England, and that influenza, that scourge of English stables, is comparatively rare in France. In the matter of the work done by them as two-year-olds French and English horses stand upon a pretty equal footing; Sornette, for instance, having run nine times last year, three times over a mile course, and once over a mile and a quarter course, distances never attempted by our own Sunshine. Speaking of Sornette, we are reminded that her defeat in the Trial Stakes was the severest blow experienced by our neighbours last week. She carried 14 lbs. extra to exempt her from sale, as also did Blue Gown, and the pair were opposed by Suffolk, Nelusko, Manifesto, Prince Henry, and two more; altogether a singularly good field for the first race of the week. The result was a most unlooked for surprise, for the rough, half-trained Prince Henry had the best of the race the whole way from the Bushes, and won cleverly by a neck from Nelusko, Sornette finishing a head behind the latter. Blue Gown, who has gone rapidly from bad to worse since his deportation from England, was beaten off, and Suffolk, when holding a prominent position, broke down, and terminated his racing career. Sornette ran gamely under her heavy weight, and she is not built exactly to carry heavy weights; but we were disappointed in Pratt's finish on this occasion, which seemed wanting in energy and resolution. After the immortal Reindeer had won yet one more race, we were treated to a sight of one of the best two-year-olds out this year, but unfortunately not engaged either in the Middle Park Plate or in the Derby. This was Sterling, a bay colt by Oxford, who was passed by as a yearling without notice, and failed to find a purchaser. He has grown into a horse of great power and substance, and on this occasion, in the Hopeful Stakes, disposed of a fair field, including Herod, Balreine, Mr. Naylor's Sister to Athena, and Jester, with very great ease. Moreover, two days afterwards, he showed himself equally at home up the Criterion hill as over the easy last half of the Abingdon mile; for in the Rutland Stakes he galloped clean away from Cheesewring and Ortolan—both previous winners—as well as from a promising half-brother to Acaster, named Ainsty. In this race Sterling made the whole of the running,

and left his opponents so far behind him that, for speed at any rate, he is a match for anything of his age that has run this year.

Returning to the first day's racing, we may notice that a good field of twenty-three started for the Great Eastern Handicap, including such speedy animals as Perfume, Tibthorpe, Oxonian, Cymbal, and Moslem. As is often the case, one of the most lightly weighted of the lot was admitted into the handicap on such easy terms that the race was merely a question of his standing up. The colt by Carnival out of Leila (since named Festival) was the fortunate animal on this occasion; and, considering that in the Middle Park Plate last year he ran in front for a considerable part of the distance, 5 st. 10 lbs. was not a severe impost. He is an ugly horse, and, we should think, not so good now as he was last year; but still he was good enough to carry this feather weight easily to the front, his next followers being the vulgarly named Shilling-a-Dozen (late Burgundy) and Alice. None of the old or heavily weighted horses were ever formidable in this scurry. After two French horses, Gascogne and Messenger—both, however, now belonging to English owners—had had the finish to themselves for a sweepstakes over the last five furlongs of the Rowley mile, Gamos, Asterope, Nobleman, and Bay Roland came to the post for the rich Grand Duke Michael Stakes. Nobleman was much too slow to have a chance with the two mares, both of whom ran very jadily at the finish, but, as Asterope altogether declined to take advantage of a good opportunity she had at a critical point in the race, Gamos ultimately won, more of necessity than from good will. At the end of the day Toison d'Or had as little difficulty in disposing of Brennus (one of the most awkward and sulky of horses) and the crippled Duke of Beaufort over the severe course from the ditch in, as in beating Ryshworth at Goodwood over the long Queen's Plate course.

On the second day of the meeting Mr. Savile was in great luck to secure the first race with the Sister to Ravioli, for the French horse Gaston had the race so palpably at his mercy that a good English jockey could have won by any distance he chose from half a length to three lengths. This was a very poor exhibition of jockeyship, and if the French have some advantage over us in training—which, as we remarked before, is probably owing more to the accident of climate than to superior skill—we have an abundant recompense in the superior science of our horsemen, though we are far from wishing to depreciate the abilities of one or two of the elder French jockeys. The misadventure in this opening race was, however, but a small affair compared with the two disastrous defeats sustained by Kingcraft later in the day. In the first of his two engagements, across the Flat, the Derby winner had no penalty to carry, and he was only opposed by Tamarind, King Cole, and Fragrance. He appeared to be going well, and to have the race in hand to the ascent of the hill at the finish, when he gave way at once, and seemed incapable of making the slightest struggle. Fragrance came on from that point, and won by a length; but, admitting that she has always been credited with considerable racing ability, a reference to her best performance will show that she is not within a stone of Derby form; and therefore her victory on this occasion can only be explained by Kingcraft's rapid deterioration. Many good judges thought him light at Doncaster, and much less muscular than on the Derby day; but if he was light then, he is a mere ghost of his former self now, and more fit for the hospital than the racecourse. It was positive cruelty to bring him out a second time the same afternoon, over the Ditch-in course, too, which at his best he would not have relished much. There were only La Perichole, Scarboro', and King Leopold against him, and all three finished in front of the Derby winner. Poor Kingcraft! We do not expect to see him again in the form he showed on the Derby day; and what luck it was to have him just at his very best on that day, of all days in the year! At present anything could beat him; even Barbadoes, if he were alive—and we sincerely hope he is not—would gain an easy conquest. Where would he have been, we wonder, in Sornette's Doncaster Cup? There was nothing else on this day of disaster to Kingcraft that need detain us, except the first appearance in England of Flibustier, one of the German candidates for the Cesarewitch. This horse, who looks and gallops like a thorough stayer, led The Orphan and Queen of the Valley at such a pace over the Rowley mile that they were both hopelessly beaten at the Bushes. It is impossible to give an idea of the ease with which Flibustier won, or of the impression which was produced by the style of his victory, coupled with the general running of the foreign horses. By the end of the third day, however, the English had made up their minds that the French horses were bound to win, whatever the race might be. First of all, Don Carlos won the Queen's Plate in a trot; then Luisette cantered away from Blue Gown, Prince Henry, Neuchatel, and Witchcraft, over the Rowley mile, Blue Gown showing temper directly he was called upon, and the remainder never getting within a dozen lengths of the winner. After that M. Delamarre's Verdure only missed defeating a large and tolerably fair field by the feebleness of her jockey, and then Gourbi gave Elferon 3 st. 5 lbs. and beat him and La Perichole, Mount Pleasant, Wild Flower, and Violet over the Cesarewitch course. Finally, for the last race of the day six horses started, three English—at least, belonging to English owners—and three French; and the French finished first, second, third, and the English finished fourth, fifth, sixth. No wonder that some of the clever men of Newmarket were taken aback. In the Maiden Plate, also, for two-year-olds, on the last day of the meeting, Somno, the French representative, beat seven-

teen antagonists, in the commonest canter, by about fifty yards. Such a ridiculous sight was never seen. Seventeen horses hopelessly beaten and pulling up in despair, and one coming away by himself at a hand-gallop. Yet there were some highly-bred youngsters behind—a long way behind—the winner, and heavily engaged also. Such were Lydon, one of the Gladiateurs, and Mahomet, own brother to Moslem. Somno, it will be remembered, gave away a lump of weight to Queen of the Gipsies in the Doncaster Nursery, and was only beaten by her by a short head.

If it had not been for Sterling and Baron Rothschild's two fillies, Corisande and Sister to Breeze, Somno would have been the hero of the week most decidedly, as far as two-year-old racing was concerned. We have already spoken of Sterling's performances, and Baron Rothschild's fillies had no more trouble in sustaining their reputations. Corisande was indulged with one walk over, and in her second engagement had only The Penguin to beat—which feat, it is needless to say, was easily accomplished. Sister to Breeze had some more worthy antagonists to overcome in her race, including Steppe, the Sunflower colt, and Clemenbert; but the July Stakes victress disposed of them all without difficulty, nor will any of them, except possibly the Sunflower colt, succeed in reversing the decision. He is still big and clumsy, but looks as if, with luck, he would grow into a racehorse. It remains only to mention the October Handicap, in which the English horses at last got the better of the French—Cerdagne, Gourbi, and Monseigneur being none of them in the first three. Ethus, celebrated for being almost the absolute last in last year's Derby, was the winner—a truly astonishing thing, inasmuch as Mr. Padwick sold him just before the race for five thousand guineas, and in former instances of a similar nature the vendor has been more fortunate than the purchaser. However, it is never too late to mend, and Ethus, with more weight on his back, as we thought, than his performance justified, did not ruin his new owner at the first time of asking, but won in really good style from the above-mentioned French horses, and Border Knight, Far Away, Vagabond, Thor, Ryshworth, and a considerable field of pretty good calibre. There has always been a good deal of talk about Ethus's capabilities, and at last it has been shown that there was some amount of truth at the bottom of it all.

## REVIEWS.

### VON SYBEL'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

PROFESSOR VON SYBEL'S first two volumes have been already noticed in this journal. The translator, Mr. Perry, has in the present ones carried on his task to the close of the rule of the Convention. These third and fourth volumes comprise the domestic history of France, with the politics of Continental Europe, from the establishment of the Committee of Public Safety in the beginning of 1793, to the rise of the Directory out of the crisis of the 13th Vendémiaire in 1795. They comprise the fall of the Gironde and of the Dantonists, the Reign of Terror, the Thermidorian reaction, and the final struggle of the moderate party in the Convention, ending in the revival of a modified Jacobinism which replaced the Convention, first by the Directory, and then in turn by the Consulate and the Empire. But with these changes of the Revolution at home Professor von Sybel connects, at much greater length than is usual in most histories of these events, the great transactions which were going on at the same time in the centre and East of Europe; the half-veiled but keen conflict between Austrian and Prussian diplomacy, the ambitious plans of the Empress Catharine, the Polish insurrection, and the third partition of Poland.

It is in this latter portion of the work that its chief interest lies. Careful, well-informed, and sagacious, the Bonn Professor wants the qualities which enable a writer to please and to impress as well as to instruct. He is heavy in hand in dealing with the wonderful scenes which French writers of admirable skill in grouping and giving life to facts have made familiar to us. Beside the clearness of narratives like those of Thiers and Mignet, or the force and vividness, undeniable though often misused, of Lamartine, Michelet, and Louis Blanc, his pages seem not only pale and spiritless, but they want proportion and lucid arrangement. That he writes in a higher and healthier tone than these apologists of the Revolution, or than its wholesale and disingenuous assailants among the bigoted partisans of the old régime, is true enough; he writes of these things like a man of sense and honesty, who is not blinded by the faults of one side to those of the other, who judges of men and actions by a sober and real standard of morality, and not by a fantastic or extravagant one invented for the occasion, and who has not the slightest temptation to shut his eyes to evidence from any quarter where it presents itself, in order to round a fine sentence, to spare a favourite character, or to darken one which he dislikes. But this is not enough to enable a writer to deal in an adequate way with this extraordinary passage of human history. It needs a combination of this sincerity of purpose, of this sound and manly morality, and of this unswerving conscientiousness, with a quickness and force of imagination, a dramatic power, and a capacity for luminous exposition to

which the Bonn Professor can lay no claim, in order to produce a history of the Revolution which should tell the truth about it as it ought to be told. He runs a heavily weighted race in trying to bring out his views of its real character against the audacity of Thiers or the sophistry of Louis Blanc. He has judged the chief actors in it far more reasonably, as well as more severely, than they have done. But we doubt whether he will persuade any Frenchman that Thiers or Louis Blanc is untrustworthy or one-sided; and even sober English readers, with little sympathy with their prepossessions or their artifices of writing, will find it more profitable, as well as more interesting, to take their brilliant scene-painting and their ingenious generalizations, and reduce them, if it seems worth while, to their real proportions, by the aid of the numerous documentary works on the revolutionary period which the zeal of French antiquaries is bringing out, than to toil through the careful and honest, but rather dry, commentaries which Von Sybel has drawn up. One comparatively small matter will illustrate the difficulty which a reader finds in working through his volumes. They only contain the history of three years from 1793 to 1795. The narrative bristles with dates of the day of the month. But no indication is given at the top of the page or in the margin to show to what year, often to what month, these dates belong. The consequence is, that if we are not reading straight on end, but consulting the book here and there, we have continually to be wasting time, and are perhaps led into habits of bad language, in hunting out through casual statements the year to which the narrative belongs. The contrivances for saving a reader this trouble are so easy that it is inexcusable to inflict it on him.

But with all its faults of literary construction, the book, if not a satisfactory history, is one of the most sober and most comprehensive commentaries on the course of the Revolution which have yet appeared. It seems to be the fruit of lectures, and the office of a lecturer on past history is in a way analogous to that of a journalist on current history. Professor von Sybel is a keen-sighted and even-handed critic, well supplied with means of knowledge and master of them, and not to be diverted from his judicial appreciation of things by theories or sentiment. One of the popular delusions, lately revived afresh in France, which he demolishes with merciless pertinacity, is that of the elevated and disinterested aims, however mistaken and accompanied with great errors of judgment, of the revolutionary parties and their chiefs and councils; another is that of the military ability developed and fostered in the Republican armies and in the defence of France against the armies of the Coalition. To these two points especially his work, essentially one of criticism, is devoted—the proof of the profound mischief and, to all seeming, irreparable ruin to the sources of national health and order in France wrought by the incredible madness and wickedness of men who were as incapable as they were base and bad; and next, the proof that revolutionary France was saved at first, not by the skill and heroism of enthusiastic levies led by patriotic commissioners and self-taught generals, but by the divisions and half-heartedness caused among her mighty opponents by the conflict in their own councils of furious rivalries and insatiable ambition, which, in spite of the excellence of their armies and the undoubted capacity of many of their generals, made them treat the French war as a secondary matter, and paralysed all vigour in prosecuting it. Revolutionary France was saved less by its own frantic and desperate military resistance than by the distant but mighty action on European politics of the aggressive despotism of Russia, introducing discord and mistrust into Central Europe, setting the German Powers one against another, and finally checking and deadening their efforts against French democracy by the dread of the menacing hosts of Russia in their rear:—

It is very remarkable how exactly the two mighty forces which fill so prominent a place at the end of the eighteenth century—Russian Imperialism and French Democracy—ran parallel with each other. The death of the Emperor Leopold in March 1792 was to both the signal for action. During the summer the one succeeded in conquering Poland, the other in overthrowing the throne of the Bourbons. The fruits which the autumn yielded were, for Paris, the repulse of the Prussian invasion; for St. Petersburg the first breach between the German Powers, and the final resolution of Prussia to join in the partition of Poland. The beginning of 1793, again, produced for Catharine the advantageous Treaty of St. Petersburg, and for the Jacobins the triumph over all their domestic enemies, in the trial of Louis XVI. And, lastly, while in April the Polish provinces were occupied without resistance by their oppressors, the Parisian party, though beaten in the field, forged a weapon for future victories in the Committee of Public Safety. We see how these two mighty streams, simultaneously swelling, beat against the dams of Central Europe; and we soon convince ourselves that this coincidence is not the work of chance. While in other countries personal liberty, manifested in freedom of thought and security of property, is the prevailing cry of the age, we have before us two Powers which unite all the resources of their subjects—their thoughts and wishes, their intellect and property—under an iron despotism, and lead them forth for the subjugation of the world. Europe would, indeed, have had strength enough to resist them both at once, if its leaders had appreciated the danger, and were united among themselves. But as the very contrary of this was the case, it was natural that every mistake should redound to the equal advantage of both these formidable adversaries. The realm of modern freedom lost ground every month until at last the billows of war, raised on one side by Russian despotism and on the other by French democracy, beat wildly over the whole of one quarter of the globe.

The apologists in recent times for the revolutionists of this period have taken much pains to persuade the world that the revolutionary policy and measures, if severe and relentless, were not only inevitable, but masterly in conception, noble in purpose, and not without fruit at last in the permanent improvement of French institutions. They have dwelt on the activity of the Convention in devising wholesome reforms in matters relating to the social

\* *History of the French Revolution.* By Heinrich von Sybel, Professor of History in the University of Bonn. Translated from the Third Edition of the Original, by W. C. Perry. Vols. III. and IV. London: John Murray. 1870.



well-being of the nation, its industry, trade, and education. That the members of the Convention were very busy, and passed many decrees on these matters, has perhaps been made out; the worth of these decrees, and the capacity of the men who talked on these matters in the Convention to deal with them not only as statesmen and patriots, but as men possessing common reason, are more than doubtful. Professor von Sybel has turned his criticism with unsparing severity on these "great myths of which the history of the Revolution is full." One after another he comes upon them, and shows that these vaunted achievements of Jacobin sagacity and patriotism were either the fantastic dreams of projectors and busy-bodies, ignorant, conceited, and stupid to a degree scarcely paralleled in human history, or the impudent proposals of the lowest and greediest of swindlers, drunk with their incredible chances of luck, or lastly, the rhetorical inventions of interested panegyrist of a time of brutal disorder and violence. It is a favourite assertion of the admirers of the Revolution, and they have asserted it so often and so confidently that it has almost passed into a popular belief, that the excesses of the Reign of Terror were the natural results of the misery and the panic caused by the unrighteous attacks of the Coalition on the Republic. Professor von Sybel keeps this assertion before him, and never loses an opportunity of exposing its falsehood. Thus, after describing the plundering riots incited by Marat in February 1793, and the proposed measures against property brought forward by the leaders of the Commune of Paris in the pretended interest of the labouring classes—the prohibition of all money-dealing, the compulsory and immediate sale of goods, and the fixing by law the value of paper-money, a plan which he calls "the most comprehensive attack on the rights of property, as far as our historical knowledge goes, ever made in Western Europe"—he observes:—

It was made with fiery fanaticism and unlimited passion, but with systematic calculation. Its originators, victorious at home and abroad, were perfectly free in their deliberations, and did not adopt these measures under the pressure of necessity or despair, but from deliberate choice. For at the end of February (1793), when they proclaimed this unexampled tyranny over their fellow-citizens, Dumouriez had possession of the old imperial city, Aix-la-Chapelle, and was destroying one Dutch fortress after another; the more brilliant prospects of victory and booty were opened in every direction, and nowhere was there any danger which could give rise to angry excitement. On the contrary, the war had hitherto essentially improved the condition of the proletariat, and thereby removed all possible excuse for such a system of robbery. These are facts of universal significance, on which we ought to fix our attention all the more earnestly because they have been disregarded, although they are fraught with the most important consequences. [He adds in a note] It will be seen that here, as in the case of the September massacres, we arrive at the very opposite conclusion which has been maintained, more especially by Thiers; according to which the want and hardship occasioned by the war were the cause of all the crimes and excesses of the Revolution. It is from this view, as we know, that the utterly unfounded notion has arisen that the war was excited by the Coalition; this view is as utterly false in the subsequent course, as it was in the commencement, of the Revolution.

All the new light that is thrown on this period, as papers and documents relating to it are given to the world, makes it more certain that it was not so much the pressure of distress and alarm as the ferocious competition for power among the men of shallow and vulgar minds and cruel tempers who swayed the mob of Paris, which wrecked, apparently for ages yet to come, the hopes of France. The course of this savage competition is clearly and accurately traced, and the characteristic features of the different leading actors in it are sketched, if not with much picturesque force, yet with a very just and true appreciation of their nature and aims. For the Girond Professor von Sybel has less sympathy than is usually given by historians to men who have attracted interest by the clear pre-eminence of their intellectual gifts and by the touching and almost romantic circumstances of their downfall. Their unreality, their trust in fine words, their incapacity for seeing the facts round them and for meeting them boldly, seem to repel and disgust him, and, though he acknowledges their comparative honesty, he has hardly any tears to bestow on their piteous sacrifice. He looks upon Danton as the only man who was really alive to the necessities of the moment; and the final, though respectable, mistake of the Gironde, in his eyes, is their prudish and short-sighted refusal, with circumstances of scorn and indignity, to meet Danton's repeated advances. But he is far from making Danton even as much of a hero as Mr. Carlyle has made him. He sees in him but a man of the coarsest and vilest mould, passionate, greedy, and merciless, but who had common sense enough, when he woke up from his debauch of blood, to see that his work had been but a sorry and barren one and that his associates were miscreants and scoundrels, and who in a very dim and confused way caught sight of the truth that the pressing need of the moment was somehow or other to get rid of the anarchy which he had helped to create:—

Danton was bound by all his reminiscences, tastes and connexions, to the popular factions by whose deeds of violence he had risen to power. But his short term of office had sufficed to awaken in him the statesman's sense of order and conservatism, and at the same time to change his former opinion of his old friends of the Hôtel de Ville into one of unmixed and lasting contempt. He saw plainly that what France wanted, both in her domestic and foreign affairs, was a dictatorship. It seemed to him childish, in the face of countless dangers, to be still talking of liberty instead of military rule; and he thought nothing of any moment but the warding off of foreign invasion. He had never possessed either political or moral principles, and, in the present deadlock of domestic affairs especially, all systems seemed to him equally good or equally bad, and he was ready to join any party which could bring intellect, zeal, and energy to the all-important task of the moment—the deliverance of the country from foreign enemies. On the very first day after his arrival, therefore, he rushed to the rostra to advocate the necessity of a strong national Government, which should unite

all the revolutionary parties, all the resources of the country, and all the powers of the State; in short, the direct rule of the Legislative Assembly itself, in the persons of the leaders of the Convention. These words contain the fatal catastrophe of all the previous revolutionary efforts. The unbridled freedom of 1789 had brought itself and the country to the edge of the precipice; to preserve her existence France now threw herself into the arms of unlimited despotism. At the first moment Danton's proposition excited almost speechless astonishment. The constitutional division of authority was still deeply rooted in the minds of many; and both the Girondists and the Hôtel de Ville were particularly unwilling to invest the Convention with absolute power—the former, because they wished to reconstruct it by means of the primary electors; the latter, because they intended to control it by the help of their *prolétaires*. But the force of circumstances irresistibly urged them on. Danton and Robespierre came to an understanding with each other. Even the latter was disgusted with the greedy, disorderly, and utterly unmanageable proceedings of the Hôtel de Ville, and he thought that if he could but crush the Girondists he could found his own supremacy by the help of the Convention, better than by that of the Hôtel de Ville. He therefore demanded above everything a criminal tribunal, in order to secure for every emergency a weapon against the Gironde. As soon, therefore, as he had received assurances of support from Danton, he immediately came forward as his ally to advocate the establishment of a Conventional Government.

Who should seize on this despotism was now the one great question between the various parties; one after another they intrigued, conspired, fought, and perished in the attempt to gain it. The Gironde, with their futile constitutionalism, and their system of checks and division of authority, had hoped to control the populace of Paris by the help of the primary electors and a new Legislative Assembly; the Parisian factions combined in order to make the existing Convention supreme, and in the battles in the Convention the Gironde were defeated and destroyed:—

"Twenty times," said Danton, in a despairing tone to a friend a few months later, "twenty times did I offer peace, but they rejected me, that they might destroy me; they alone have brought this mob-rule upon us which has consumed them and will consume us all." It is true that the mob-rule which sent them to the scaffold might perhaps have been averted by such an alliance. And yet Danton did them injustice when he imputed their refusal solely to personal hatred; their position at that time had more to do with it than their mere feelings. For after they had placed themselves at the head of the bourgeois, had inscribed the words "security and property" on their banner, and sought new strength in the attachment of the middle classes, all co-operation with Danton, the leader of the September assassins, the originator of the last outrages in Paris, was utterly impossible. And thus it was their fate, by their last struggle for law and order, to cut away the last rope that could have saved them, and to make the fullest atonement for their own evil deeds in sealing their own destruction by their very conversion to the cause of right. They at least had one consolation—they could fall with a purified conscience, after a vigorous struggle. But what shall we say of Danton's position? He had once more to learn that for him there was no forgiving or forgetting. Though he despised his associates and destroyed his former work, he was bound with iron fetters. He had but one choice, either to mount the scaffold, after the triumph of the good cause, or to proceed in his old courses in the full consciousness of his own turpitude. He had not yet strength to die; he resolved to hold fast to life and crime.

From the victory of the Jacobins of June 2, 1793, when the Paris factions broke into the Convention and extorted the arrest of the Gironde, the leading figures in the contest for power were the terrible pair who were bound together by similarity of nature and mind and by community of aims, as they were also sharply distinguished from all their associates and rivals in the Reign of Terror—Robespierre and St.-Just. In contrast with Danton, the rough and violent man of action, half-convinced of his mistakes and disgusted with their results; in contrast with the brutal and shameless Hebertists, who translated for popular use and adapted to the capacities of the Paris mob the theories and morals of Voltaire and Diderot, and only pretended to care for power as a means of gratifying their avowed materialism; in contrast with filthy madmen like Marat, and time-serving and cold-hearted schemers like Barère and Tallien, Robespierre and St.-Just were theorists and fanatics, who had found in the pedantic sophistries of their narrow and contemptible logic what they thought to be not only the justification, but the irresistible necessity, for the most deliberate and horrible crimes of modern history. Professor von Sybel makes short work of the allegations on their behalf of conscience and public spirit; but he places in full relief the revolting prominence which the supposed obligation and duty of boundless bloodshed, on the calmest and coldest consideration of the circumstances, occupied in their policy. After the two associates had established their power by the destruction at once of the sanguinary and licentious crew of the Père Duchesne, and of the now half-repentant Danton and his friends, the joint dictators of France proceeded to lay the foundations of their renovated State:—

St.-Just had said in his report, "We must at last create civil institutions, which are the only secure foundation of the State, but of which no one has yet thought." These last words were the first announcement of a system by which Robespierre's Government intended to distinguish itself from all its revolutionary predecessors. Hitherto the democratic rule had firmly fixed its talons in the outward life, the blood and treasure, of all Frenchmen. It had likewise persecuted certain political and religious tendencies with the greatest fury, and threatened every manifestation of them with immediate destruction. St.-Just now promised to carry this system of government one step further. The design was that the State should henceforward take possession of the minds of the people, as hitherto of their bodies, and distribute to mankind their thoughts and inclinations as well as material blessings. Independence and individuality in the inner life of man were no more to be tolerated than in his material existence. St.-Just distinguished between the laws which regulate external political and legal relations and institutions—i.e. the regulations intended to promote the moral and spiritual education of the people. These soon became the watchword of the new rulers, and they certainly proclaimed to the nation, with perfect frankness, to what extent and by what means they intended to carry out their new spiritual lordship. . . . "The State," said Billaut Varennes, "must lay

hold on every human being at his birth, and direct his education with a powerful hand. Solon's weak confidence threw Athens into fresh slavery; while Lycurgus's severity founded the Republic of Sparta on an immovable basis. This contrast comprehends the whole art of government." The design of the rulers was by every means in their power to cast the great body of the citizens in a new mould of life, morals, and religion; not to form the State according to the necessities of mankind, but to force the will of men into the model of the new Government. . . . It was in this way that the universal dominion of the Popes cut its own roots, in the thirteenth century, by the tribunals of the Inquisition, and drove the moral forces of Europe into non-ecclesiastical paths. . . . These were the paths into which Robespierre was now entering. The Revolution was to end in a torpid and silent despotism à la Philip II. After St.-Just had talked of a new organization of society, and Billaud of the eradication of all old customs and habits, Robespierre himself announced the future religion of the State.

It was this wonderful combination, absolutely without parallel in history, of pedantic shallowness of thought passing all belief, and conceit and empty presumption passing all measure, with the most cold-blooded and ferocious cruelty, which distinguished the rule of Robespierre and St.-Just from all other periods of the Revolution. There were others as bloody; there were none also so indescribably silly. St.-Just thought that by a few strokes of the pen he could remodel society; Robespierre thought that by a dull prosing lecture he could impose a new religion on the intellect and conscience of a nation that had known Christianity and known Voltaire. This would have been but the common folly of dreamers; but to assert the practicability of these schemes, and to found this new spiritual despotism, the guillotine working without stint every day was the great and only argument:—

What Robespierre had originally only used as a party weapon against the Hebertists, and a political bait for the rural population, had rapidly developed itself into a main element of his whole policy. He felt that a lasting dominion must, at some point or other, have a hold on the impulses and affections of the people. The instrument which lay nearest to his hand—the allurements of military glory—was denied him, and with the instinct of ambition he had discovered the serviceableness of religion as a political cement. In his discourse, which in the main adhered to the views expressed in his former speeches against Hebert's atheism, he began by declaring that France was separated from the rest of the world, that she was two thousand years in advance of other nations, that her people seemed scarcely to be fashioned of the same clay as the rest of mankind, so opposed did they appear in all their desires and moral ideas. It was no longer difficult, he said, to secure the Republic; all that was needed was to continue to do the contrary of all that had been done in former times. He saw the solution of this problem in the principle of founding the State on virtue, developing in mankind a steady impulse towards morality, and giving to moral laws the divine consecration of religion. "It is not," said he, "a question of the scientific controversies of philosophers: let them go their own ways. It is not a question of the restoration of ambitious priests, who are in religion what quacks are in medicine. But the idea of the godhead and immortality is an eternal remembrance of justice, and is therefore human and republican." Accordingly the Convention decreed the acknowledgment of the *Supreme Being* by the French people.

St.-Just's social reforms ran parallel to Robespierre's religion:—

"Un homme," said St.-Just, "n'est fait pour le métier, ni pour l'hôpital ni pour les hospices: tout cela est affreux. Il ne peut exister de peuple vertueux et libre qu'un peuple agriculteur. Un métier s'accorde mal avec le véritable citoyen: la main de l'homme n'est faite que pour la terre ou pour les armes." . . . St.-Just wished to divide the national domains among the poor in small lots; and if these were not sufficient, to compel the landowners to form numerous small farms. Every man above twenty-five years of age who was neither an official nor an artisan was then to cultivate the land himself, and rear four sheep a year on every acre. The simplicity of rural manners was to be further maintained by a prohibition of all servants, and of all gold and silver vessels; no child under sixteen was to eat meat at all, and no grown person on three days of the decade; and each citizen was to give in an account of his property every year. In accordance with this census he was to be called upon to pay the State a tenth of his income, or, if a working-man, a fifteenth of his wages. . . . Whether this Spartan republic of peasants could be immediately realized in its full extent appeared doubtful to the didactic self-complacency of the young fanatic. He therefore directed his attention to the rising generation. . . . On reaching their seventh year, all the boys were to be taken away from their parents and handed over to the school of the nation, where they were to be brought up in military discipline, laconic speech, and a life of hardship; and to be instructed in military service, agriculture, and languages. St.-Just designed to destroy all family life by demanding that marriage should not be proclaimed until after the birth of the first child; that divorce should be free to all, and childless marriages dissolved by law. Instead of marriage, friendship was to be recognised as a public institution. On attaining his twenty-first year every citizen was to declare in the temple who were his friends, and he who had no friends was to be banished. Friends were to stand close to one another in battle, to decide the law-suits of their associates, and to be present at the conclusion of every compact. If any one committed a crime, his friends were to be banished.

Till these institutions had attained their object, St.-Just thought that the State required either an energetic dictatorship or a virtuous censor for its salvation. . . . At present the dictatorship seemed the more appropriate remedy. "Doubtless," he said, "the time is not come to do what is right; we must wait for a universal disaster sufficiently great to create a universal longing for what is good: for everything by which good is produced is either terrible or ludicrous if begun prematurely." In the first place, therefore, he proposed a dictatorship, which should increase the prevailing terror to such a degree that the nation should gladly escape from it to the state of temperance and discipline—without family life, science, or wealth—portrayed by St.-Just. . . . For a free State, the right thing seemed to him to be a supreme governing body consisting of a few members, such as the Committee of Public Safety; provided, of course, that St.-Just and Robespierre once more acquired the majority in it.

That there should be men of ability who still think that folly and wickedness like this are entitled, if not to respect, yet to serious criticism and the "charity of history," is one of the most uncomfortable symptoms of the times we live in.

We have said that the most instructive part of the book seems to us its account of the complications of the politics of Central and Eastern Europe, and their effect on the attitude and the successes of Jacobinism in the West. The common view is a confused belief in the unlimited stupidity and selfishness of the

Coalition Courts and Ministers, the unlimited blundering and sluggishness of their generals and worthlessness of their armies, and the fiery and irresistible zeal of the Republicans directed by the genius of men like Dumouriez, Carnot, and Hoche. The perplexing thing in this view is that the blundering and ill-fortune on the side of the Germans are found to have been in fact by means uniform, nor the skill and success of their opponents. Campaign against campaign, the fighting was evenly balanced. Custine and Houchard certainly did no better than the Duke of Brunswick; Carnot, great as he was in many points, is now judged by the highest authorities to have made serious mistakes; and the brilliant soldiery of Clerfaut and Wurmser on the Rhine are quite as undeniable as that of Moreau and Souham in Flanders. Nor were any better troops to be found than the North-German battalions, Hessians, Hanoverians, and Prussians, by whom the conflict was carried on. Yet the final result was the ignominious defeat of the Coalition. What, then, paralysed the efforts of the German armies, equal in valour to their opponents, led by skilful commanders, superior in training and experience of war to the French levies, from which Jacobin madness had diligently weeded out all it could both of officers and men belonging to the older armies of France? Professor Von Sybel finds this fatal element in the influence of Russian policy on the relations and conduct of the two great German Powers, and the confusion, the alarm, the fears, and the covetousness excited by the troubles of Poland, the great insurrection, and the final partition. Russia kindled and kept alive, at the most critical moment of fate, the jealousy between Austria and Prussia; Russia encouraged the ambition of the more subservient or more easily tempted of the two rivals, and left the other isolated and checkmated; Russia, when the whole thoughts and efforts of all Germany ought to have been concentrated in the struggle against the French Jacobins, diverted its attention to anxieties and hopes on its Eastern border. And in yielding to the treacherous and selfish counsels of the tempter, and the mingled threats and allurements which she held out, Austria was the great offender. It was Austria, under the guidance of the crafty but ill-advised Thugut, which by its half-heartedness, caused by its relations with Russia, betrayed the cause of Germany and Europe; it was Austria which hung back, and thought of the best chances of territorial bargains, when Prussia would have eagerly followed up the not unpromising contest with France; it was Austria which, by making itself an accomplice with Russia in its Eastern schemes, deserted and menaced Prussia, and forced her to withdraw from the Coalition, and to seek peace with France at any price, by the hollow and humiliating Treaty of Basle. The Bonn Professor's sympathies naturally are on the side of Prussia; she was, in his view, the defender of German interests; she was willing to throw her whole force into the great conflict of the hour; but he admits that even her statesmen only half understood their position and the calls of the time, that they wanted the boldness and decision necessary for the occasion, and that a more straightforward and resolute bearing would at once have been more honourable and more safe for Prussia than the intrigues and haggings which went on at Basle. He has not done much to relieve the disgrace which rests on the feeble and poor-spirited policy of the Court of Berlin. But he has thrown a good deal of light on the causes which affected the conduct of Austria; and he is probably not wrong in tracing to the crooked and unscrupulous schemes of Count Thugut the mistaken measures which, while Austria was dreaming of an enlargement of her territories, brought down upon her unexpected and signal ruin.

#### LEA'S SUPERSTITION AND FORCE.\*

UNDER a title which we can by no means term either expressive or appropriate, Mr. Henry Lea, whose work on *Sacerdotal Celibacy* we hailed with satisfaction a few years ago, has given us some essays marked by no less ability and research upon a series of subjects in some sort connected together as parts of the rude jurisprudence of early civilization—the *Wager of Law* and of *Battle*, the *Ordeal*, and *Torture*. Though professing only to group together a succession of facts with a slender thread of commentary, he has thrown a great deal of light upon what must be regarded as one of the most instructive as well as interesting phases of human society and progress. His inquiries have carried him over a very wide field, and the systematic way in which he has grasped and held together the isolated facts accumulated in the course of his extensive reading enables him to give philosophical precision to his outlines of primitive law and usage. In the rudimentary codes which embody the dawning sense of law and right among wild and predatory tribes, we not only see the truest record of the life and manners of the period, and the best corrective of the credulous or mystic narratives of early historians, but we are enabled to trace to their origin and their first action customs or systems of ideas which were the precursors of existing civilization.

The notion of crime as an offence against society found little place, Mr. Lea rightly shows, in the rude jurisprudence of European barbarism. The loosely-knit organizations which overthrew the Roman Empire were based upon two central principles—the independence of the individual and the solidarity of the family. It was not to the State, but to the person injured, that the criminal was

\* *Superstition and Force: Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, Torture.* By Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia: H. C. Lea. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.



responsible, and all that the State professed to do was to provide some definite process by which the sufferer might assert his rights. The law constituted rude courts before which the plaintiff might urge his case, with settled principles of compensation to console him for his injuries. Here was the first legitimate or statutory check upon the wild and lawless practice of personal reprisals. Whether he adopted, however, the one method or the other, in no case did either the perpetrator or the victim of injury stand alone. By virtue of the family principle all the members of a kindred were indissolubly united. They stood together before the *malum* or *althing*, the judicial assembly of the tribe, and paid their share of the *wehr-gild*, or compensation adjudged to the injured party. Corporal punishment being all but unknown, save in the case of slaves, the only question in dispute was that of the assessment of damages. But what was to be the standard of proof or the test of evidence? Complicated rules like those of the Roman law, with its subtle grades of *probatio*, *presumptio juris*, *presumptio juris tantum*, and the endless refinements of the glossators, were beyond the patience or overtaxed the simple logic of the semi-barbarian. The oath was the foundation of all Roman legal procedure. But the single unsupported oath had not yet acquired sanctity or force enough for the confidence of the fierce and untutored savage. The wild barbarian clamouring for the restoration of stolen cattle, or the angry relatives eager to share the blood-money of some murdered kinsman, would scarcely submit to be baulked of their rights at the cost of simple perjury on the part of the criminal. Attractive as is the fancy sketch of the heroic age when a lie is cowardice and the fierce warrior disdains to shrink from the consequences of his act, it is pure invention, Mr. Lea reminds us, to suppose that the unsupported oath of the accused was originally sufficient to clear the accused. Proof of such a custom will be vainly sought in any of the undiluted *Leges Barbarorum*. Its introduction among the Teutonic tribes may be traced to the influence of the Roman law. The Visigoths alone, who moulded their laws on the Roman jurisprudence, permitted the accused to escape upon his single unsupported oath; and this rule was denounced at the Council of Valence, A.D. 855, as an incentive to perjury. Special immunities are indeed traceable in certain of the early codes in favour of rank, or exceptional and local privilege, but these go to prove the universality of the rule. Mr. Lea cites several such cases from the history of England and Wales, Franconia and Germany. The sanctity of relics or shrines was brought in to give additional weight and solemnity to the asseveration. But that on which these rude tribes leant was an ancestral custom which had arisen from the very structure of their society, and which derived its guarantee from the solidarity of families referred to above. This was the remarkable custom subsequently known as canonical compurgation. It long remained a part of English jurisprudence under the name of the wager of law. The defendant, when denying under oath the allegation against him, came into court surrounded by a number of companions—*juratores*, *conjuratores*, *sacramentales*, *collaudantes*, *compurgatores*, as they were variously termed—who swore, not to their knowledge of the facts, but as sharers and partakers in the oath of denial:—

This curious form of procedure derives importance from the fact that it is an expression of the character, not of an isolated sept, but of nearly all the races that have moulded the destinies of Europe. The Ostrogoths in Italy, and the Visigoths of the South of France and Spain, were the only nations in whose codes it occupies no place, and they, as has already been remarked, at an early period yielded themselves completely to the influence of the Roman civilization. On the other hand, the Salians, the Ripuarians, the Alamanni, the Baiuvarians, the Lombards, the Frisians, the Saxons, the Angli and Werini, the Anglo-Saxons, and the Welsh, races springing from origins widely diverse, all gave to this form of purgation a prominent position in their jurisprudence, and it may be said to have reigned from Southern Italy to Scotland.

This custom was anterior to the settlement of the barbarians in the Roman provinces. In the earliest text of the Salique law, which cannot be put later than the conversion of Clovis, there are directions for the employment of conjurators. In the Frisian law—which, though compiled in the eighth century, still reveals, Mr. Lea reminds us, Pagan customs, and a highly primitive condition of society—the practice of compurgation forms the basis of legal procedure. He goes on to trace its introduction into the Church, and its establishment as part and parcel of ecclesiastical law by Gregory II. in the early part of the eighth century. The crowning instance of its use was when Charlemagne, in the year 800, went to Rome for the trial of Pope Leo III. The Pontiff, whom no witnesses dared to accuse, cleared himself of the crimes imputed to him by solemnly taking the oath of denial with twelve priests as compurgators. Pope Pascal in 823, when suspected of complicity in the murder of Theodore and Leo, in anticipation of a commission sent by Louis-le-Debonnaire hastily purged himself by an oath, supported by that of a number of bishops. The variety of usage with which this principle of law was carried out in different parts of Europe is traced in great detail by Mr. Lea. In his own country he is inclined to think that, strictly speaking, the wager of law may still preserve a legal existence. In 1712 an act of the colony of South Carolina, enumerating the English laws to be held in force there, specially includes those relating to this mode of defence. And in 1811 Chancellor Kilty of Maryland, though speaking of the law as practically disused, evidently regards it as not yet specifically abolished. Amongst ourselves the revival of the claim in the case of *King v. Williams*, in 1824, is well known to lawyers, nor was the wager of law formally abrogated till the 3 & 4 Will. IV. c. 42, s. 13.

The history of the still ruder wager of battle furnishes a chapter of scarcely less interest in the development of legal ideas. How the rude arbitrament of brute force was raised into the form of a judicial process, and by what legal sanctions and restrictions it was hedged around in different countries, will be found drawn out with admirable clearness in Mr. Lea's pages. Among the Gothic tribes, as in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish codes, the battle-wager had no place, though its existence among the Feini of Ireland gives probability to the assumption that it was practised by the early inhabitants of Britain. The legend of rules for its observance being laid down in early Welsh codes until its abrogation by Hoel Dda, early in the tenth century, is highly apocryphal. Its introduction into England dates, there can be but little doubt, from the Norman Conquest. Defended, as will be remembered, by the eloquence of Burke and Dunning late in the last century, and sustained by Lord Ellenborough in 1818, in the famous trial of *Ashford v. Thornton*, as the "usual and constitutional mode of trial," this singular remnant of the age of chivalry was put an end to by an Act of the Legislature in the following year.

Amongst all the diversities of belief or usage which attach to the idea of a Supreme Divine Being or Power in the ruder ages of man's intelligence, we find none more widely spread or more strongly fixed than that of the so-called appeal to the judgment of God. By innumerable modes, all in some shape taking the form of the ordeal, men have sought to cast from themselves upon Heaven the responsibility of finding out the truth, of detecting the guilty or shielding the innocent. In the anomalous civilization of China we meet with the single exception to this rule amongst races of extreme antiquity. The laws of Manu contain precise and minute regulations for the ordeal by fire and water, by immersion in boiling oil, by swallowing consecrated rice or water in which an idol has been dipped, with other strange and fantastic modes of purgation in use among the natives at the present day. The "touchstone of innocence," the *goo*, a paper inscribed with cabalistic characters and swallowed by the accused person, or the water in which the *goo* has been soaked, have had from immemorial time a hold upon the faith of the Japanese. The bitter water in the case of conjugal infidelity, the ordeal by lot as in the case of Achan or Jonathan, not to dwell upon the election by lot of the Apostle Matthias, which will readily occur to every Biblical student, were duly put forward in later ages by the monkish defenders of the practice when battling against the efforts of the Papacy to abolish it. Classic stories like those of Croesus or Cambyes testify to the reliance upon such tests as the oracle or the ordeal on the part of the Greek and the Egyptian races. The fiery ordeal undergone as an infant by Zoroaster indicates a tendency to the same form of superstition among the Guebres. Though the Koran is silent in regard to the practice, it is known to be in force in manifold forms among the followers of the Prophet; while nothing can exceed the cruelty or superstitious fear with which it is practised among the rude African tribes. It was throughout Europe during the middle ages that the ordeal assumed its most universal and systematic shape, and grew into a legal and organized institution. The laws of the Salian Franks, the Merovingian Capitularies, and other collections of formularies, lay down the various rules for its observance. Mr. Lea, following to some extent the steps of Mr. Lecky, traces the various methods of this kind of trial, with the controversies which led to its extinction. Not only to the opposition of the Popes, but to the revival of the Roman law in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, aided by the rise of common bodies, with their spirit of sturdy common sense, is the overthrow of this abiding superstition to be ascribed. As late as 1824 a case is adduced by Mr. Lea in which the ordeal of touching the corpse was applied in open court, in New York, for the detection of a murder. Even last year, he assures us, at Lebanon, in Illinois, a crowd of two hundred persons was marched by and made to touch a couple of bodies found murdered in a wood, in the hope of the criminals being thus betrayed.

The judicial use of torture has received the sanction of many of the wisest lawgivers down to almost our own time. Though unknown apparently to the primitive Aryan family of races, or to the Hebrews at least among the Semitic tribes, we find the practice of torture thoroughly understood, and permanently established, at the earliest period of Greek history. In Greece, as at Rome, no free-man could, as a general rule, be subjected to torture. But in the case of flagrant political offences, or under the capricious rule of some tyrant, this exemption was liable to be broken through. All authorities have agreed in denouncing torture as unknown to the law of England, a theme which was worked out with much pains and skill by the late Mr. David Jardine more than thirty years ago. Mr. Lea has amplified the subject out of his own independent reading, and traced with great distinctness the gradual introduction of this illegal practice under the tyrannies of the Tudors and the Stuarts. The fulness and breadth with which he has carried out his comparative survey of this repulsive field of history are such as to preclude our doing justice to the work within our present limits. But here, as throughout the volume, there will be found a wealth of illustration and a critical grasp of the philosophical import of facts which will render Mr. Lea's labours of sterling value to the historical student.

## GELDART'S MODERN GREEK LANGUAGE.\*

WE are well pleased to see a volume of the Clarendon Press Series devoted to the living speech of Greece, as we are no less well pleased to see that a volume is forthcoming devoted to the living speech of England. These things, and others of the same kind, like the Lectures of Mr. Wordsworth, are all signs in the right direction, and are all, moreover, answers to recent calumnies. It is plain that a wider and deeper kind of philology is spreading, and that a man will not much longer earn the reputation of a scholar by a mere empirical knowledge of a language at one arbitrarily chosen stage of its history. It is provoking to think how many men have wasted in making Greek and Latin verses much more than the time in which they might have learned what the Greek and Latin languages are. Every attempt like Mr. Geldart's is a help towards breaking down the middle wall of partition, towards getting rid of superstitions about "ancient" and "modern," towards understanding the unity of philological and of historical study. What passed for scholarship a generation or two back may be judged of by an incidental remark in Bishop Monk's Life of Bentley. The biographer, who, it is worth remembering, was Regius Professor of Greek, preserves the highly interesting fact that in Bentley's time there were still men at Cambridge who read Greek by accent. But he has no comment to make, except that, if so, they must have made some strange false quantities. It is plain that in those days a man edited Greek plays, and was thought fit to be a chief teacher of the Greek language, when he could never have given a moment's thought to the plainest facts in the history of that language. Even in much later times we have heard of scholars who had never read Polybius, a writer whose philological importance is hardly inferior to his value as an historian, on the ground that he wrote "bad Greek." This sort of thing is, we hope and believe, passing away, and such a book as Mr. Geldart's ought to help a good deal towards getting rid of it. Considering the objects of the series in which it appears, we could have wished that Mr. Geldart had in some places been less controversial and more didactic, that he had been more anxious to put forth his own theory clearly and fully and less anxious to dispute against other theories. We could also have wished that he had done more to connect the history of the language with the history of the people, and also to illustrate the history of the Greek language by the analogous histories of cognate languages. Mr. Geldart, who is plainly a thorough master of his own subject and an enthusiast about it, hardly makes enough allowance for general ignorance about the matter. And besides ignorance, there is direct distaste. The scholar is apt to despise Modern Greek as a corruption or mockery of the ancient tongue. The practical man is apt to despise it as the tongue of so small a nation as not to be worth learning. Both these views are very shallow; but the way to answer them is clearly to trace out the historical importance of the language. Modern Greek is a much older thing than people think. Mr. Geldart of course knows this fact thoroughly and assumes it throughout. What we complain of is that he only assumes it, and does not bring it out in a taking way. Mr. Geldart should surely have given greater prominence to the analogy—suggested by their very names—between Romic and Romance. The main difference between the two is that, though dialectic differences do exist in Modern Greek, the different forms of the tongue have never diverged so far as to grow into languages mutually unintelligible, like French and Spanish. Otherwise the language of the artificial Greeks, the Greek-speaking subjects of the Eastern Empire, exactly answers to the language of the artificial Romans, the Latin-speaking subjects of the Western Empire. Only it must be remembered that the beginnings of Modern Greek are far older than the division of the Empire. The artificial Greek nation begins with the beginnings of Greek colonization; it was further spread by the Macedonian conquests; it was the Byzantine dominion which finally gave it—quite unconsciously—something of a more distinct national shape. And the tongue of this artificial nation, as coming, like the Romance tongues, from the popular forms of the language, has naturally preserved some forms, some tendencies of speech, as old as or older than the so-called classical forms. To take a familiar example, the *ō* and the *ō* of the article, and such forms as *αὐτό*, *ταῦτο*, *ἀλλο*, are examples of the same law by which the final *c* and *v* are so commonly dropped in modern Greek pronunciation. All this comes out in Mr. Geldart's book, but it does not come out in the distinct and systematic way which would, we think, have made his argument clearer and more convincing. And we could really have dispensed with a good deal of Mr. Geldart's elaborate disquisition on accent, quantity, rhythm, and tone—much of which is hardly intelligible to a non-musical reader—in order to have a clear statement of the historical evidence in favour of the present Greek pronunciation, the long catena which goes back to Macedonian times, which stretches through every mediæval notice of the Greek tongue, but which comes out most clearly in the writings of our old friend Liudprand of Cremona. We do not think that Mr. Geldart mentions his name; yet he is the best of all witnesses to the fact that Greek was sounded in the tenth century very much as it is sounded now.

Mr. Geldart will, we hope, understand that our criticisms apply almost wholly to the form of his book. The things of which we speak are there, only they are there too much by implication only.

\* *The Modern Greek Language in its Relation to Ancient Greek.* By E. M. Geldart, B.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1870.

We have ourselves learned much from Mr. Geldart's book, but that we suspect is because we knew something of the subject already. We doubt whether those who are wholly ignorant would learn very much.

Mr. Geldart begins with an exposition of what the Modern Greek pronunciation is, and then goes on with his arguments to show that it substantially represents the ancient pronunciation. This of course involves the whole question of accent, quantity, &c., in the discussion of which we must confess that Mr. Geldart sometime gets beyond us. But he is probably right in holding that both alike are subordinate to a higher law of rhythm. There must be some law, and yet it is not easy to put it forth in the form of a law, according to which one arrangement of words in a sentence is agreeable to the ear, while another is fully as disagreeable as any false accent or false quantity. As for the general question, it is plain that accent and quantity must in some way have been reconciled, and it is easy to pick out particular words in which both may be attended to. It is quite possible to sound *ἀνθρώπος* in a way which shall be quite distinct either from *ἀνθρώπος* or from *ἀνθρώπος*. It is also plain that—probably by the law of rhythm—quantity is ever and anon of some importance even in the accentual verse of modern languages. And Mr. Geldart might have added that, when we profess to read Greek by quantity, we really do not read it by quantity, but by the Latin accent instead of the Greek. It is an old remark that when, in the second verse of the Iliad, we say *οὐδὲ μιν ἐννέμην*, we really make as bad a false quantity as the Modern Greek who says *οὐδὲ μιν ἐννέμην*. Still it is certain that accent has displaced quantity as the rule of verse alike in modern Western languages, in modern Greek, and in genuine modern Latin—that is, in real living mediæval Latin, as distinguished from modern imitations of classical Latin. The truth seems to be that it is theoretically possible to reconcile accent and quantity, but that there is no existing people whose organs are so acute as systematically to carry out the reconciliation in practice.

Much fresher than the discussion of accent and quantity are the highly interesting chapters in which Mr. Geldart traces out the origin and development of Modern Greek Accidence and of Modern Greek Phraseology. Some of the changes in Accidence afford analogies to changes which have taken place in the break-up of inflexions in other languages, both Romance and Teutonic. "A host of nouns belonging to different declensions are made to follow one." This is exactly analogous to the way in which one of the many Old-English forms of the genitive and of the plural has driven out the others. It is analogous also to the way in which modern French retains one only of the Latin endings of the plural, and writes *femmes* for *femine* no less than *hommes* for *homines*. Or if we make *femmes* represent *feminas*, it is another application of the same rule; one case has supplanted all the others. Such a form as *ὁ πατήρ* for *ὁ πατήρ* may again remind us of the fashion in early French of making so many nominatives end in *s*, whatever was their ending in Latin. So again *γίγοντες* for *γίγοντες*, where however Mr. Geldart remarks that "*γίγοντες* is only *γίγοντες* made pronounceable," and may really be an older form than *γίγοντες*. So again the *v* in such accusatives as *αἰών* for *αἰών*, and the pronouns *ἐγώ* and *σὺ* for *ἐγώ* and *σὺ*, may be traced up to an earlier stage of the language, and it hardly needs a teacher to show us that *αἰών* or *αἰών* in the third person plural of verbs is an older form than *αἰών*. In the matter of phraseology Mr. Geldart shows that many expressions in Modern Greek come from the ancient philosophical language. "While Modern Greek is indebted largely to Plato for its form, to Aristotle it owes much of its vocabulary."

We have said that Modern Greek must be looked on as beginning at the latest in Macedonian times. It follows therefore that the Greek of the Septuagint and of the New Testament, as specimens of the popular tongue used by speakers of Greek who were not of Hellenic descent, may be expected to show signs of the coming change. And it is by no means a new saying that they do show such signs. But Mr. Geldart goes somewhat deeply into the question of the date of the several books of the New Testament as tested by philological evidence only, and some of his conclusions might not be wholly agreeable to orthodox theologians. Here is his general view as to New Testament Greek:—

The first thing that strikes us is that the Greek of the New Testament, however popular, familiar, and simple, is by no means so vulgar, so nearly a vernacular, as that of the Septuagint. We miss with few exceptions, and those to be found chiefly in the Apocalypse, forms like *εἶδω*, *ἐλθόντες*, *ἐλθόντες*, *πῶς*, for *τίσιν*, &c., all of which we know must have existed in the age of the New Testament, just because they have been preserved in modern Greek, sometimes in a slightly altered shape, up to the present day. What then may we generally conclude with respect to the Greek of the New Testament as a whole? We answer, that while it was familiar and popular it was not vernacular; it adopted the homely expressions, but did not as a rule let itself down to the grammatical level of the common people, in which respect it may be compared to the style of a popular modern Greek newspaper, which is familiar enough to be readily intelligible, but not enough so to be vulgar; neither altogether the spoken language of the common people, nor yet by a long way the book-language of the learned.

But when we come to compare the books of the New Testament among themselves, we do not find them exactly the same in style; there is a certain striving after semi-classical words and expressions in Luke and the Acts which we miss in other parts, while the Epistles may be looked upon, for the most part, as such simple utterances of the feelings called forth by the occasions on which they were written, that *a priori* we should expect the use of more familiar expressions in them than in our other writings of the New Testament. If therefore we find *πάντες* for *αἱ*, and *καὶ* for *καὶ*, in St. Paul's Epistles, this does not argue their late date with any-



thing like the force that the occurrence of the same words possesses in St. John, where the theological speculative style would naturally lead us to look for an avoidance of too familiar expressions; and therefore their presence in St. John's Gospel argues that, in the time when it was written, these same familiar expressions had risen to the level of book-language, and were no longer confined to conversation.

In St. John's Gospel, then, Mr. Geldart sees constant signs of modernism, such as are not to be found in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and from which he infers its later date. Of the remaining Gospels he says—

A few words on the Gospel according to St. Luke. This, we have already observed, betrays a certain pedantry of style . . . a would-be classical ring . . . which shows an effort to struggle against the common familiar style of writing prevailing among the early Christians, who were mostly, as St. Paul says, *ἰσχυροὶ τῆς λόγου*. All the more striking therefore are the modernisms in St. Luke, which are continually cropping up in the midst of his most ambitious attempts, even when the effort is most sustained, as in the introduction to the Gospel. . . . Notwithstanding all his Atticizing tendencies, Luke exceeds all but St. John in modernisms, and some of these are of a very startling character.

To turn to quite another matter, the mysterious *Τζάκωνες* of Peloponnesos have had their name identified both with *Δάκωνες* and with *Κακωνες*—the latter view was approved by Lord Strangford—and their dialect has been held to be actually a specimen of pre-classical Greek, Pelasgian, or whatever we please to call it. Mr. Geldart, on the other hand, professes to find Semitic elements in it, and holds it to be the speech of a colony of Jews attempting to speak Greek! On the other hand, in the Albanian language Mr. Geldart sees a direct descendant of the common tongue spoken by Greeks and Italians before their separation, and sees in it affinities both to Greek and to Latin. We do not know that this differs materially from what we have been able to make out from the laborious *Albanesische Studien* of Dr. Hahn.

On the whole Mr. Geldart's book is one which we can thoroughly recommend, though we think that the form of it might in some respects have been improved.

#### THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.\*

EVERY traveller on the Continent has met the American tourist, and formed some opinion of his merits. We do not speak of that variety of American who comes over to spend five or six years in Europe, and finds himself rather more at home on the Parisian boulevards than on the New York Broadway. Nor do we refer to the Americans who have been too highly cultivated to obtrude their national peculiarities upon us in any disagreeable form. There is no pleasanter acquaintance than the gentleman, or still more the lady, of this class who has just enough American flavour to be amusingly original. But, besides these types, the United States are kind enough to provide us with a vast number of travellers corresponding in refinement and intelligence to Mr. Cook's tourists. They are the people who do Europe in six weeks, and throw in the Holy Land and Egypt to fill up their spare time. They are gloriously ignorant of any language but their own, supremely contemptuous of every country that had no interest in the Declaration of Independence, and occasionally, it must be admitted, as offensive as the worst kind of Cockney tourist, whilst even less inclined to hide their light under a bushel. Comparing them with the most nearly analogous class of British travellers, it is rather hard to determine which should have the preference. The American is generally the noisier and more actively disagreeable, but, on the other hand, he often partly redeems his absurdity by a certain naïveté and half-conscious humour. He is often laughing in his sleeve at his own preposterous brags, and does not take himself quite so seriously as his British rival. He is vulgar, and even ostentatiously and atrociously vulgar; but the vulgarity is mixed with a real shrewdness which rescues it from simple insipidity. We laugh at him, and we would rather not have too much of his company; but we do not feel altogether safe in despising him. We may save ourselves the trouble of any further attempts at description by quoting a few illustrative passages from the book before us. Mr. Mark Twain, as the author chooses to call himself, is a Californian humourist after the fashion of Artemus Ward. He came to Europe on a grand excursion trip, and describes his impressions of France and Italy in the true tourist style. He parades his utter ignorance of Continental languages and manners, and expresses his very original judgments on various wonders of art and nature with a praiseworthy frankness. We are sometimes left in doubt whether he is speaking in all sincerity, or whether he is having a sly laugh at himself and his readers. To do him justice, however, we must observe that he has a strong tinge of the peculiar national humour; and, though not equal to the best performers on the same instrument, manages to be an amusing representative of his class. The dry joke, which apes seriousness, is a favourite device of his countrymen; and Mr. Mark Twain is of course not as simple as he affects to be. We merely say this to guard ourselves against the imputation of taking a professional jester seriously; but, whether he speaks in downright earnest or with a half-concealed twinkle of the eye, his remarks will serve equally well as an illustration of the genuine unmistakable convictions of many of his countrymen.

Without further preface we will quote some of Mr. Twain's remarks upon foreign countries. And, first of all, he exhibits that charming ignorance of all languages but English which is so common amongst his fellows. French newspapers, he tells us, "have a strange fashion of telling a perfectly straight story till you get to the 'nub' of it, and then a word drops in that no

man can translate, and that story is ruined." He is seriously aggrieved by the names of places, and says that the nearest approach which anybody can make to the true pronunciation of Dijon is "demijohn." The spelling is not much assistance under such circumstances. Speaking of a certain distinguished artist, he observes, "they spell it Vinci, and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce." Gentlemen who labour under this difficulty of communicating with the natives naturally fall into the hands of guides, and Mr. Twain and his friends appear to have suffered terribly from the persons whom they hired to take them to the sights of foreign towns. Their system on arriving at any large place was to engage a *valet de place*, whom they always called "Ferguson," to save the trouble of pronouncing a new name, and were carried about as helpless victims to such places as he preferred, besides having to swallow his stories. They took a characteristic revenge, which appears to have afforded them immense satisfaction. The way to bully your guide is to affect a profound ignorance—if you have not got it naturally—and a stony indifference to his information. They therefore told off a gentleman called the Doctor, to ask questions of the said guide, because he could "look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice, than any man that lives. It comes natural to him." Thus, for example, it was assumed that as Americans they would take a special interest in an autograph letter of Columbus. The Doctor, after asking some irrelevant questions, pronounced it the worst specimen of handwriting he ever saw, and added, "If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out; and, if you haven't, drive on." The guide, we are told, was "considerably shaken up." On the same principle, when shown an Egyptian monument, the Doctor asked indignantly, "What is the use of imposing your vile secondhand carcases on us? If you've got a nice fresh corpse, fetch him out! or, by George, we'll brain you." The most irritating question you can put to such a guide is to ask concerning any distinguished character to whom he refers—such, for example, as Columbus or Michael Angelo—"Is he dead?" And this seems to have met with such success that Mr. Twain scarcely restrained his companions from putting the inquiry to a monk in a Capuchin convent, who showed them some of the personal remains of his predecessors.

We may imagine the temper in which some of the remarkable sights of the Old World would be contemplated under such circumstances. Mr. Twain, indeed, was much impressed by the cathedral at Milan. The bill for mere workmanship, he says, "foots up six hundred and eighty-four millions of francs, thus far (considerably over a hundred millions of dollars), and it is estimated that it will take a hundred and twenty years yet to finish the cathedral." When he gets to St. Peter's, however, he declares that it did not look nearly so large as the capitol at Washington, and certainly not a twentieth part as beautiful from the outside. Even natural wonders are generally surpassed by their rivals in the United States. The Lake of Como, for example, is pronounced to be very inferior to Lake Tahoe. In clearness it is not to be compared to it. "I speak," he says, "of the north shore of Lake Tahoe, where we can count the scales on a trout at a depth of 180 feet." Mr. Twain, however, feels constrained to add, "I have tried to get this statement off at par here, but with no success; so I have been obliged to negotiate it at fifty per cent. discount." Tahoe, we may explain in passing, for the benefit of philological readers, is Indian for grasshopper soup—so, at least, Mr. Twain believes. The objects, however, against which Mr. Twain feels a special indignation, to which he tells us he is bound to give vent in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, are pictures by the old masters. The old masters irritate him incessantly; and the apparent reason of his objection is characteristic. "Wherever you find a Raphael, a Rubens, a Michael Angelo, &c.," he says, "you find artists copying them, and the copies are always the handsomest. Maybe the originals were handsome when they were new, but they are not now." He "harbours no animosity" against the deluded persons who think otherwise; but he regards them as about as wise as men who should stand opposite a desert of charred stumps and say, What a noble forest! Michael Angelo appears to have been a special annoyance to him. "I never felt so fervently thankful," he exclaims, "so soothed, so tranquil, so filled with a blessed peace, as I did yesterday, when I learnt that Michael Angelo was dead." One would rather like to know how many of Mr. Cook's tourists share this feeling in their hearts, if they only dared to avow their ignorance with an equally touching frankness. Mr. Twain took his revenge by asking the wretched "Ferguson" of the moment, whenever he came to a "statoo brunzo" (Italian for a bronze statue), or an Egyptian obelisk, or the Forum or any other work of art, ancient or modern, whether it too was by Michael Angelo; thus at any rate making somebody else share in his tortures. In presence of the ancients he generally indulges in facetiousness of a rather low order. He goes, for example, to some amphitheatre and tries to realize the scene which it once presented. His most vivid picture is that of a Roman youth, who took "some other fellow's young lady" to a gladiatorial show and amused her and himself during the acts by "approaching the cage and stirring up the martyrs with his whalebone cane." But, to say the truth, Mr. Twain here verges upon buffoonery. Once or twice he is driven to what is happily described in the heading of the page as "general execration." Here, for example, is a burst of patriotic eloquence. "O, sons of classic Italy, is the spirit of enterprise, of self-reliance, of noble endeavour utterly dead within ye? Curse your indolent worthlessness, why don't you rob your Church?" And he is very great on occasion in explaining the

\* *The Innocents Abroad*. By Mark Twain. London: J. C. Hotten.

many advantages of a free and independent Republic as compared with a land groaning under priestly dominion and grovelling superstition. That notion of robbing the Church occurs to him very forcibly at intervals, and he seems to think that, so far as the plan has been carried out, it is the best chance for Italy.

Perhaps we have persuaded our readers by this time that Mr. Twain is a very offensive specimen of the vulgarest kind of Yankee. And yet, to say the truth, we have a kind of liking for him. There is a frankness and originality about his remarks which is pleasanter than the mere repetition of stale raptures; and his fun, if not very refined, is often tolerable in its way. In short, his pages may be turned over with amusement, as exhibiting more or less consciously a very lively portrait of the uncultivated American tourist, who may be more obtrusive and misjudging, but is not quite so stupidly unobservant as our native product. We should not choose either of them for our companions on a visit to a church or a picture-gallery, but we should expect most amusement from the Yankee as long as we could stand him.

#### MILLINGTON'S SATIRES OF HORACE IN ENGLISH VERSE.\*

IT is possible that our taste may have become fastidious through the treat afforded it in the translations of Mr. Theodore Martin and the late Professor Conington, but in any case it might have been trusted to reject Mr. Millington's version of the First Book of Horace's Satires. The satirist, in a memorable passage, represents his worthy and shrewd middle-class father as teaching him by notable or notorious examples what to copy and what to avoid. Were he to live again in these days, and extend this system of practical hints to the field of literature, he might be warranted to bid his son, whatever else he did, eschew such translation as Mr. Millington's. For indeed its sole use—and one is bound to believe there is a use in everything—is to illustrate the wholesale commission of blunders into which even a fairly educated man may fall if he wrongheadedly sits down to translate an author without any guiding principles of translation drawn from study of the style and metre, the manner and the matter, of his model. It is all very well for Mr. Millington to say, by way of preface, that his aim is to give a readable version with explanatory notes. We shall have a word or two about the notes, before we part with Mr. Millington; but it behoves us in the first place to show why we demur to his assumption that readableness is any characteristic of the work he has put forth.

We believe his choice of metre to be his first mistake. He prefers it to the heroic, because forsooth that measure "is apt to give a clumsy importance to what Horace terms 'sermoni propiora.'" It might be enough to retort that "clumsy importance" is not worse than "slovenly slipshod," which is the result, in Mr. Millington's handling, of taking the metre which Goldsmith has used so cleverly in two instances that we should never think of describing it as other than the "Haunch of Venison" or the "Retaliation" metre, and then straining the Latin, after a Procrustean fashion, in the vain hope of making a fit. In the best hands there would be danger incident to this measure, on the score of its temptation to expansion, and of that "fatal facility" which belongs to it even more truly than to the octosyllabic; and the reader of Mr. Theodore Martin's *Satires of Horace* can hardly lay them down, after perusal of the Second Satire of Book II., without a misgiving that, however well that accomplished metrist has managed it in a single instance, the strain on the reader, as well as on the writer, would be too great to justify many repetitions of such an experiment. And yet here is a translator purveying it in the wheelbarrow instead of the handbasket; a translator too who scorns those safeguards of care, polish, fine ear, and eye to fitness which preserve Mr. Theodore Martin from making shipwreck, even when his ventures are hazardous, and who "gangs his ain gate" with a recklessness that argues no little contempt for the intelligence and the patience of his readers. We should be glad to think—and really a fair case might with a little ingenuity be made out for the supposition—that Mr. Millington's metre had corrupted him, and that all the sins and follies of a version which is full of instances of doggerel, slipshod, bad grammar, sorry rhyming, amplification, and other similar blunders, were attributable to his having cast in his lot with a muse who would not allow him to walk according to rule. Though one or two blunders, independent of this influence, may be found in his pages, yet on the whole almost every fault in them is referable to a bad choice of metre, and then to ill-treatment and neglect. Having courted and wedded it, he finds that he has to conform to its ways, but he does so perfunctorily, and in such wise that his conformity is anything but graceful. He has chosen a metre unduly roomy, and has to eke out the burden of the Latin to match it, to the utter effacement of that terseness which every translator should cultivate as Horace's leading feature. One may see everywhere how hurtful is this necessity. Take the satirist's concise gnomic utterances. The line (I. ii. 24)

Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt—

which a meritorious translator of a quarter of a century ago, Mr. F. Howes, rendered thus neatly,

Fools, shunning errors, rush into extremes—

\* *The First Book of the Satires of Horace in English Verse.* With Illustrations from Rich's Antiquities, a Life of Horace, and Articles on the Roman House, Amphitheatre, &c. By R. M. Millington, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

is stretched by Mr. Millington into the following weak, lanky couplet,

For fools, trying to shun one fault, certainly seem  
To run thoughtlessly into the other extreme.

And he is quite as wide of Horace's style and manner when, for the suggestive verse

Vel merito, quoniam in propria non pelle quiescem,

he gives in exchange the vague, pointless, colourless couplet,

And 'twould only be what I deserved; for I then  
Should aim higher than Nature intended such men.

Perhaps the translator feared that allusions in the original to the lion's skin and its borrower might suggest comparisons, as indeed another bit of his sprawling mode of handling will inevitably do. We refer to his rendering of vv. 90-1 of the First Satire:—

Infelix operam perdas, ut si quis asellum  
In campo doceat parentem currere frenis.

Your idea would be idle

As a man's who endeavoured with bit or with bridle  
To teach wretched asses to go like the horse,  
That we often see trotting on Rome's training course.

We defy any one who contrasts this with Mr. Howes's rendering—

'Tis labour lost, as if one strove to train  
The ass to prance and curvet to the rein—

to abstain from applying the comparison between the high-mettled racer and its more ungainly rival.

A somewhat larger instance of the lengths to which Mr. Millington's crying sin of expansion and amplification leads him may be taken from a few lines below those to which we have just drawn attention. Horace is telling in his inimitable way the story of the skinflint Ummidius, and telling it so succinctly that he need not have prefaced it with the apology, "Non longa est fabula" (I. i. 95-100). Let us see what a waste of words there is in the version of Horace's latest translator:—

Lest you act like Ummidius—(don't look so bored!)

'Tis a very brief story: he measured his hoard,

For he ne'er could have counted it, yet was so mean,

That dressed better than slaves are he never was seen.

Nay, right down to the day of his death he would dread

Loss of life through the want of a bare loaf of bread.

But a freedwoman, braver than Tyndarus' daughter,

By an axe-cleaving blow the poor wretch dared to slaughter.

We are ready to excuse the first superfluity in these eight lines, as a natural prompting of Mr. Millington's conscience. He rightly divines that his reader's face will become elongated as he discovers that what Horace promised should be brief runs a fair chance of being spun out *ad libitum*; and hence that "don't look so bored!" which has no place in the original. But, passing over this, one sees more than a whole line manufactured out of "ut metiretur nummos," and at least another out of "ne se penuria victis opprimeret." We say nothing of the resort to such contemptible eking out of lines as the supererogatory words we have italicized in v. 4; and as we are protesting against unjustifiable expansion, it would be out of place to do more than merely mention the compound epithet "axe-cleaving" in the last line as one which, if it has a meaning, has certainly quite another meaning than Horace intended. An "axe-cleaving blow" is surely a more puzzling expression than "a church-going bell."

A kindred error into which his latitude of metre leads Mr. Millington is that of crowding into his verses not only what Horace actually expresses, but also all that might be said by way of annotation or elucidation thereof. It is laughable sometimes to see how prodigal of words he becomes in his effort to make sure that the reader of his translation may discover without note or comment all particulars about the nature of a "flagellum," a senator's shoe, or the patrician's "tituli et imagines." "Qui stupet in titulis et imaginibus" (I. vi. 17) is spread out into

Who stare with amaze blank and mute

At inscriptions on statues or public men's tombs,

Or wax pictures of statesmen hung round entrance rooms.

"Nigris medium impediit crus Pellibus" (I. vi. 26-7) expands into

His leg by the four black leather shoe-strings has bound

On the shoe, whether purple or white.

And the lines about gradations of punishment proportionate to the offence, from the Third Satire,

Adsit

Regula peccatis quas penas irroget aequas,

Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello (I. iii. 117-9),

so succinctly rendered by Professor Conington—

A rule is needed to apportion pain

Nor let you scourge when you should only cane—

assume a really harrowing and distressing particularity, quite foreign to the original, in Mr. Millington's presentment:—

Let there be a fixed rule or to punish or to pardon

Each offence, lest when slaves only need a mild whipping,

You chase them with scourge, iron-pointed, flesh-ripping!

There are doubtless faults in Mr. Millington's version which it is impossible to refer to the master-sin of his metre. It would be unfair to blame it for those maladroit attempts to parallel ancient customs and allusions with modern ones which prove him to be anything but a dexterous translator. Of such attempts there occur to us, at the moment, two or three sufficiently ludicrous. The stigma which the people's judgment fixes on the highly descended but profligate Lævinus (I. vi. 15) is called a "bar sinister to his name" (p. 61). "Lusum trigonem" (I. vi. 126) is rendered "Rounders" in two places, though not even the translator himself is unaware that the game was played with the hand, and not with a bat, so that the usual translation "tennis" or



"fives" is more fitting. And again there is something absurd in rendering

Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno (I. vi. 48),

Because once a brigade I led on to the fight;

and in calling Horace in a note elsewhere "an ex-general officer," when one thinks of the line "Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam," explain it howsoever Horace's admirers may. The miserable critical notes on I. vi. 24, "Quo tibi, Tili," where "quo" is said to be for "cui" to agree with "commodo," and on I. ix. 76, "Ego vero Oppono auriculum," where "vero" is explained to mean "gladly," have an independent origin, and perhaps are referable to a propensity to blundering, which in I. viii. 25 translates "Cum Sagana majore" "With Sagana's sister, the elder," and fortifies the translation with a note, "Sagana had a younger sister." But to the exigencies of Mr. Millington's chosen metre, conjointly with a certain reckless indifference that marks his composition, must be imputed the disregard of grammar manifested in such renderings as

Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius.—I. i. 84.

No indeed, since your son, nay not even your wife,  
Cares the least for your health, or, I dare say, your life;

and "Cornua quod vincatque tubas" (I. vi. 44),

Enough noise

By your shouts as to drown both the horns and hautboys.

To what end can such a version, with such faults, have been permitted to appear, except as a warning and a beacon for avoidance? But perhaps it is better in considerable lengths than in stray couplets. Let us take a few lines from the Tenth Satire ("Sepe stilum veritas, &c." I. x. 72, &c.):—

You must often erase

If you mean to compose what is worthy of praise  
When a second time read; and don't try to obtain  
The applause of the mob, but contented remain  
With a small and choice audience. Surely you would  
Not absurdly desire that your writings e'er should  
Form heart-lessons in some tenth-rate school? Well I ne'er  
Could bear such a disgrace, and if gentlemen their  
Applause give me 'tis ample, as boldly confess'd  
Rome's actress when hissed, quite ignoring the rest.

We could not have picked out a more favourable sample; but what is it, after all, save a condemnation of the translator's slovenliness out of Horace's mouth, and a piece of versification such as no "tenth-rate" school would tolerate for "heart-lessons"—that is to say, we imagine, "lessons by rote" or "by heart"? If Mr. Millington really desires to be able to appropriate the *mot* of the actress Arbuscula, that "she cared not for the mob's disapproval, so long as she could please the cultivated minority," he must attempt something utterly different from the translation which we have been criticizing.

The illustrations of the book are good, but they are all borrowed from Rich. The articles on the Roman House, Amphitheatre, and Circus are useful, but they come—often word for word—from the same source. The sole unalloyed excellences of the volume are its printing and its cover.

#### THE VIVIAN ROMANCE.\*

MR. MORTIMER COLLINS is, as he informs us, "the author of more unwritten works than any man since Coleridge." If to his long list he had added one more, and had never written the *Vivian Romance*, we should not indeed have had the pleasure of knowing of his existence, but, on the other hand, we should not have had any suspicion of his sanity. The extraordinary proceedings of the hero are in some degree accounted for by a catalepsy into which he had fallen in his early manhood, and from which his brain did not recover till the end of the third volume. We should be glad to learn that the author has as good an excuse as his hero for his extravagance, though we notice with regret that he reaches the last page of the third volume and seems as hopelessly affected as ever. The hero, indeed, is cured by a kind of homeopathic treatment, being exposed as far as was possible to the very circumstances which had occasioned his first attack. However well such a mode of treatment might answer with a baronet's son of the present day who had turned pirate, we rather doubt its success with a middle-aged gentleman who had turned novelist. We fear that a repetition of that admiration on the part of his family, or of his little clique, which no doubt first led him to publish, would, instead of curing him, only lead him into further excesses. At all events we think it too hazardous to try the experiment, and shall deal with Mr. Collins in accordance with the oldest principles of the healing art. In the case of ordinary madmen it was no doubt right to give up the lash, though it was regarded by our forefathers as peculiarly efficacious. But though it is rightly abolished in Bedlam, we should be sorry to see it given up in Paternoster Row. Mr. Collins had already gained distinctions enough, and has therefore no excuse for plunging into novel-writing. In the bosom of his family or among his intimate friends he could talk of "the great poet whom I knew and loved in my youth," and could "say for the Emperor (I who have drunk stout from the pewter with him in days ante-imperial) that never has he done a harsh deed that was unnecessary." To have known Wordsworth and to have drunk stout with Napoleon is distinction enough for any one man. We must do Mr. Collins the justice to admit that, unlike most of Wordsworth's friends, he does not think that he is especially

privileged to quote his poetry. Perhaps, however, he waives his claim out of consideration for the fact that he gives us not a little of his own. Like many other writers, he uses the pages of his story as a convenient means of passing off his productions in verse, just as the Irishman of the story passed off a doubtful guinea between a couple of shillings. If he does not insist much on his intimacy with Wordsworth, so neither does he trouble us much with the Emperor. He contents himself with an oppressed princess, a marshal of France, and a few French spies, and no doubt is amazed at his own moderation.

Moderate as Mr. Collins is in the use that he makes of his Imperial friend, still more moderate is he in the advertisement in which his work is announced in the daily papers. We find the *Vivian Romance* described as "an interesting and agreeable novel." We should as soon expect to find the battle of Sedan described as "an interesting and agreeable" episode. As we read the story we found ourselves becoming so overwhelmed and confused with its incidents, that we saw that it was absolutely necessary to make a brief abstract of them. We venture to insert this abstract here, not only for the benefit of our readers, but more especially of the publishers and author. It would make a capital advertisement, and, if adopted, might almost work a revolution in the advertising trade. It runs thus:—England in the present day—A baronet's son captain of a band of pirates—Robbers' cave in a country town—Discipline kept up by the cat-o'-nine-tails and the revolver—Magnesium light—Housebreaking—Chief Constable robbed—Detectives—Two young ladies flogged—Priest drugged with chloroform—Confessional unmasked—Nuns handcuffed—French conspirators and spies—Mysterious stab in the dark—Corsican interlude—Sister seduced—Her shoulder branded with T—Her lover, brother, and two soldiers killed—Girl disguised as a boy—Skeleton keys—False seals—Sepoys cut down—First hero in a catalepsy—Second hero blinded with lightning—Third hero in love—Tremendous storm—Good young women saved and married—Wicked middle-aged woman drowned—Marshal of France—Jumping Arab—Suicide—Broken heart—Duel.

Who can pretend to describe the plot of such a tremendous story? We might as well try to sketch the plot of the present war. There are as many heroes and heroines in the novel as there are great armies marching along in France. Unfortunately Mr. Collins is not a literary Moltke, and when he has got his heroes he finds great difficulty in marshalling them. For ourselves, we confess that when we reached the end of the story we felt as hopelessly confused as if we had read three or four columns of the description of some field of battle. There had been tremendous exploits, great slaughter, heroic deeds, but the result, and the result only, was intelligible. The good people had gained the day, unhappily only after awful slaughter, and were married, while the wicked people were either drowned or condemned to live single. Those who had gone into action at the beginning of the day were not for the most part those who came out gloriously at the end. The first division had been ruthlessly swept off, and others had been brought up to take their place. It is this that renders the *Vivian Romance* as difficult to describe as to understand. When we reached the last page we were anxious to know what had become of the chief characters of the first volume, and were for a moment puzzled, till we remembered that they had been killed off quite early in the book. When was there a more perfect hero than Rupert Redfern, who was as muscular as he was Christian?—

He was a man about six feet three inches high, with a portentous stoop in his gigantic shoulders. He was huge every way. Mentally or physically, there was nothing babyish about Rupert Redfern. He had taken a double-first at Oxford, rather easily. He had pulled stroke in the University boat, and pulled such a stroke that the University did not soon forget it.

We wish, by the way, that Mr. Collins would content himself with describing emperors and poets, with whom he is familiar, and leave Oxford alone, of which he knows nothing. He only makes himself ridiculous when he says that a man who had taken a double-first "took a fair degree," or when he writes about "the pleasant quadrangles of Maudlin." Poor Rupert has to find that there is no safety in his height, or his boating, or his double-first. "Maudlin" shall know him no more, for Mr. Collins quite early in the book cannot resist the pleasure of killing him off. He most obligingly takes poison, because he fancies that his wife would be happier with another husband. Unhappily the sacrifice he makes is all in vain, for his widow is suspected of poisoning him, and dies of a broken heart. To compare our author, again, to the great Prussian strategist, it is only the great numbers that he brings into action that can justify him in so early sacrificing so perfect a heroine as this poor Lady Eva Redfern. An ordinary novelist could never have recovered from such a loss, any more than an ordinary general could recover from the loss of his picked troops:—

Lady Eva, sole daughter of the Marquis of Alvercott, and wife of Rupert Redfern, of Broad Oak House, was a perfect creature of the Artemis type, lithe and lissom, fluent and flexible.

Mr. Collins had no need to spare her, however, for he has endless heroines and infinite alliteration at his command. Like King Henry, when he heard of the news of the fall of the Percy of Northumberland, he could exclaim,

I trust I have, within my realm,  
Five hundred as good as she.

If Eva is killed, are there not Mary and Emily and Cecile and Earline, and do they not all marry heroes who have been blinded with lightning, or have fallen into a catalepsy, or cut down Sepoys, or been ready to fight any number of duels? We are glad, before

\* *The Vivian Romance*. By Mortimer Collins. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1870.

we finally part with poor Eva and her broken heart, to find that alliteration has done for her all that alliteration can do, for she has become not only "lithe and lissom," but "lithe and lissom and loveable." When she is gone it still lends its "artful aid" to Valentine Vivian her lover, and soothes him in his catalepsy by the "soft susurris of the wind."

Though poor Rupert Redfern and Lady Eva are swept away, still there is left the cataleptic son of a baronet, the captain of a band of Greek pirates, whom he has transplanted from the Mediterranean to a cavern in the sandstone in the midst of an English country town. There is also the terrible fighting "Charlie Trafford, the best swordsman in the English army, the man who cut down more Sepoys and Russians than any other." By the way, how does it happen that their godfathers and godmothers always gave these dashing soldiers the name of Charlie? and how can this particular Charlie have cut down the Russians when he himself tells us that "the first time I cut down a man—he was a Sepoy *sabreur*, and had sworn he would kill me—it gave me an enormous sense of power"? In history the Russian war certainly preceded the Sepoy mutiny, but novelists, we suppose, have changed all that, and a good deal else besides. Mr. Collins, for instance, takes liberties with the London and North-Western time-table in a way which would set the traffic-manager's hair on end. An inquest is being held in a country-house in one of the midland counties, at some miles from a railway station. In the course of the investigation the services of a "famous toxicological analyst" are required. The hero "whispered to Mark Walsh (who had the convenient faculty of always turning up when he was wanted) to telegraph to London to Dr. Fowles," and in the course of half an hour or so "the famous toxicological analyst" shewed that it was not Mark Walsh alone who had this "convenient faculty," but that he also could turn up when he was wanted. The English law fares no better than does history or the railway. At the conclusion of the inquest two persons are committed for murder, but are admitted to bail.

Mr. Collins in describing a literary character says that "he wrote the sort of sesquipedalian stuff which is largely manufactured now by the aid of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries." Mr. Collins himself may now be above the aid of dictionaries, and so may look down upon those workmen who still stand in need of them, just as the best skaters keep their hands behind their back to show how easy it is to cut the most complicated figures and yet not to use the arms to preserve the balance. He should remember, however, that there must have been a time when even he had to consult a dictionary, for unless he steals whole sentences from "poor dear stout Dr. Johnson," as he calls him, where else could he have got his long words? "Surrounded by the reticulations and discussions of circumstantial evidence" appears to us to be "sesquipedalian stuff," and so also does "vicambulation." Into the mysteries of the process by which they were manufactured we shall not, however, pretend to penetrate.

We must do Mr. Collins the justice to admit that, though he has written a very foolish book, he has shown himself capable of giving the most disinterested and wholesome advice. "One piece of advice I venture to give to yachtmen. Let them take with them none but good books; let them resolutely banish from their sea-library trashy novels." We venture to extend this piece of advice to landmen also. Whether any resolution will be required on their part we feel doubtful. At all events let them banish from their library the *Vivian Romance*.

#### OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.\*

THE literature of the Abyssinian Expedition grows at an alarming rate. A blue-book of formidable dimensions has been prepared by a Committee of the House of Commons; and a red-book, of dimensions still more formidable, has been prepared under the authority of the Secretary of State for War. It is eminently true of the British public, in reference to these books blue and red, that it pays its money and it takes its choice. We are tempted, as we survey these laborious compilations, to inquire, as the late Lord Justice Knight Bruce did in reference to the numerous competing series of law reports, whether anybody ever reads all these bulky volumes. The principal object of the blue-book was to demonstrate that the War Office was wrong; whereas the red-book, which records for the information of posterity the proceedings of the War Office, would seem to assume that it was right.

The provision of land transport for this expedition has undergone so much adverse criticism that we turn with curiosity to the chapter in which the War Office describes its own arrangements. Mules were purchased, and drivers were hired, on all the coasts of the Mediterranean. "In every case where the mule had a pack-saddle, such pack-saddle was to be included in the purchase." The notion of buying second-hand pack-saddles in a dozen different countries would surely not have presented itself to any but an official mind. The places selected as centres for the purchase of mules were Alicante, Valencia, Majorca, Minorca, Barcelona, Genoa, Smyrna, Scanderoun, Tyre, Sidon, Beyrout, and Constantinople. Tunis and Tripoli were not sufficiently productive to be made cen-

tres, but the Consuls of those places were requested to look out for mules. Thus three continents and several islands had cause to bless the liberality with which England makes war. It is not mentioned whether the War Office insisted on buying the clothes of the drivers as well as the pack-saddles of the mules. To each centre was sent a military officer, accompanied by a commissariat officer and a veterinary surgeon, "and an interpreter was to be engaged when necessary," which we should think would be very frequently. The officers thus employed began spending public money with a will; but it soon occurred to the Home Government to doubt whether untrained mules would be useful, and so a telegram was sent to the Government of Bombay to ask whether the collection of mules should proceed at such an expensive rate. The Government of Bombay answered that it would prefer to have trained mules, but if they could not be had it would do its best with untrained mules. We should like to know what object is expected to be answered by recording in a handsome volume the telegraphic correspondence between the Home and the Bombay Government on the purchase of mules. Posterity will be able to teach itself the lesson that, if it cannot have what it likes, it must like what it has. The Government of Bombay exerted on the eastern side of Suez activity equal to that which it had stimulated in the Home Government on the western side. Indeed this Government at first sent agents to Egypt to purchase mules. "It was, however, found that these officers were brought into competition with the officers of the Home Government." In this unadvised way does the authorized Record treat one of the greatest prodigies of military administration. Two departments of the same Government were bidding against one another for mules in Egypt. The purchase of mules began in August, and proceeded with great activity in September; but in October a proposal was made to obtain horses in Bulgaria and Servia, and also from Cossacks of the Black Sea. "It was too late then; otherwise, doubtless, labour, expense, and risk would have been diminished"; inasmuch as horses are cheaper and bear sea-transport better than mules. With this childlike simplicity does the War Office describe its own proceedings. It discovers, after buying 8,000 mules, that it should have bought horses. The united wisdom of the Home and the Bombay Governments could not of course arrive at this conclusion in time for it to be of any use. The dépôt for mules collected on the coasts of the Mediterranean was established at Alexandria under the late Colonel Clark Kennedy, whose Reports are printed at full length. He assures the Home Government that that excellent and experienced financial officer, Assistant Commissary-General Robinson, and himself will work energetically in keeping the expenditure within proper bounds. The expenditure, however, will be very considerable. The mules were received at Alexandria and forwarded by rail to Suez, where they were handed over to the representatives of the Bombay Government for transport to Abyssinia. Upwards of 8,000 mules were collected and despatched by Colonel Kennedy and his assistants. The management of the dépôt at Alexandria appears from the manager's Reports to have been excellent.

But let us see what happened to these mules, which had been collected and despatched with so much labour and at such enormous cost. We turn to the chapter which describes the operations of the army during December 1867. A sanitary establishment was organized and set to work, not at all too soon, at Zula. This establishment had heavy work to perform. Camels had been landed "in the most inhuman manner." The foreshore was strewn with bodies in all stages of putrefaction. "Amongst the mules matters were worse. Men and animals arrived in an inverse ratio; the former without adequate means of expressing their wants and wishes." This chapter and several which follow it describe the progress of the campaign clearly, and the narrative is not buried under a mass of reports, returns, and inventories, such as that which renders the greater part of these volumes almost unreadable. It looks as if the War Office had determined to provide Special Correspondents, as well as all other necessities, for this campaign. The mortality of baggage animals at Zula is described in the style with which the British public became familiar when the British army, or what was left of it, before Sebastopol depended for its supply on convoys which feebly struggled through the mud between Balaklava and the front. The statement that men and animals arrived at Zula "in an inverse ratio" conveys neatly and forcibly a censure upon those who sent them. Some of the mules died in transit from their homes to Abyssinia, but we may be sure that none of the drivers died. They were, as the great Frederick of Prussia might have said, "the offscouring of scoundrels" of all countries adjacent to the Mediterranean, and of course they were, as nearly as possible, immortal. The defect which is represented to have existed among these drivers of "adequate means of expressing their wants and wishes," must not, we suppose, be understood in the sense of an incapacity for the utterance of profane oaths. We are further told that in many cases the mules were landed without any provision whatever for their safe keeping. "They were literally thrown on shore, and strayed by hundreds uncared for." And these were the men and animals which had occupied the attention of an excellent and experienced financial officer in Egypt. It was carefully provided that the drivers should be supplied at Alexandria with a sufficient ration of bread and meat, and "a quart of good beer," per day. And when they got to Zula they had no means of even intimating their desire that their beer, if there was any beer, should be drawn mild. They were placed under mucedums, or headmen, of whose orders they did not comprehend one single word; and, further, they were "unaccustomed to the work" of driving, which, considering

\* *Record of the Expedition to Abyssinia.* Compiled, by Order of the Secretary of State for War, by Major Trevelyan J. Holland, C.B., Bombay Staff Corps, and Captain Henry M. Hozier, 3rd Dragoon Guards. 2 vols. London: Printed under the Superintendence of Her Majesty's Stationery Office, and sold by W. Clowes & Sons; Harrison & Sons; W. H. Allen & Co.; W. Mitchell; Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. 1870.



that they were engaged as drivers, is surprising. We shall expect to hear next that the pack-saddles which were supposed to have been bought turned out to be bedsteads. The pathetic description of the sufferings of these mules upon a distant and desert shore cannot fail to touch the heart of any Englishman, to say nothing of his pocket. "They died, we may say, in harness." *Quid labor aut benefacta juvant?* "But for the survivors there was yet a worse trial; for suddenly there appeared a new and fatal disease, unknown in character, insidious in its approach, and appallingly swift in its career. It struck right and left, here taking the strong and conditioned, there the worn and wasted." We remain uncertain after reading this affecting passage whether the authors of it consider that the mules perished by the will of Allah or by the fault of the Bombay Government. The mules were "thrown on shore." Many perished for want of water. We are not expressly told that they perished for want of food; but we are told that when they were tied up, they gnawed their ropes and got away. The few that could be kept in hand were necessarily worked so hard that they had not leisure to feed or sleep. A disease which breaks out under such circumstances may be new in character, but the causes of it seem tolerably familiar. These animals were purchased by the War Office at enormous cost, and forwarded to and through Egypt with scrupulous precaution, and they are then sacrificed by the neglect of every measure which prudence would have dictated for their preservation. The story is wonderful, and it is more wonderful that the War Office should tell it. Is it meant to throw the blame of losing the mules upon the Bombay Government? If so, it would be only fair to allow that Government to publish at the national expense a book, say in a yellow cover, to shift the blame, if possible, upon somebody else. The officials east of Suez would probably complain that the officials at home had sent them mules which were nearly useless for want of drivers, and they might remark that this and other proceedings of the War Office showed that haste is a different thing from speed. "The number of transport animals disembarked had been out of all proportion to the number of drivers sent with them, and they had consequently been under no control." We must at least applaud the candour of the War Office in publishing this condemnation of itself. But if the proceedings for collecting mules were radically wrong, we doubt the advantage of printing an expensive record of these proceedings, unless indeed posterity should desire to be instructed in the art of how not to do it.

We find much in these bulky volumes which seems scarcely worth publishing, and their size must render the really valuable portions of them generally inaccessible. Yet it must not be forgotten that we have here a perfect record of a thoroughly successful expedition. The future historian will find in these volumes everything that he wants, and perhaps something that he does not want. The chapters which describe the operations of the campaign are clearly written, and they are illustrated by admirable maps. Taking up the narrative on the 20th of March, 1868, we find that the land transport of the army had now been serviceably organized. "The muleteers who had been despatched from Persia, Syria, and Egypt, had been almost entirely replaced by natives of India, who could understand and be understood by their officers and by each other." We believe that Sir Robert Napier would have preferred that this organization should have been established at the outset; but if the Parthians and Medes and Elamites who were sent by the War Office were useless, it is unreasonable to complain that they were not sent in larger numbers. The fighting part of the campaign becomes by the help of description and maps thoroughly intelligible. The fighting, as we all know, was short and decisive, and the reason of the rapid success of the expedition was the completeness of the preparations. A minute history of these preparations has therefore great military value, but we think that in this ponderous publication a good work has been overdone. To speak plainly, the book is too big for anybody to read. As hardly anybody will buy such a book, the War Office may as well behave liberally, and give copies of it to all libraries which are likely to be resorted to by soldiers. The historical chapters and the maps cannot be studied too attentively. They teach the great lesson that success in war, as in the contests of peaceful life, is most likely to be attained by doing the work in hand thoroughly. As time elapsed, and the Commander-in-Chief and his staff got further away from administrative departments and depended more upon themselves, their capacity was more conspicuously displayed. If the success of this expedition had been less complete, or had been gained at a greater cost of human life and health, less criticism would probably have been bestowed upon the arrangements for it. To superficial observation the task of Sir Robert Napier may appear easy, while the cost of the operations was undeniably enormous. The efficiency of the British army has been lately discussed with reference to a kind of service widely different to this of the Abyssinian campaign. It were to be wished that the principle of thorough preparation for all possible contingencies which ensured success in a distant country could be applied nearer home. We should be well content to leave Sir Robert Napier and his Abyssinian staff to settle a plan of defensive organization. The cautious boldness which carried field-guns and mortars on the backs of elephants to the height of 10,000 feet above the sea level ensured the capture of Magdala with trifling loss. But unhappily the earlier part of the proceedings recorded in these volumes is most likely to be reproduced in the military history of England. The best that we can hope is that at the outset of a war we may only waste our money and avoid the sacrifice of our reputation.

## CO-OPERATIVE AGRICULTURE IN IRELAND.\*

It may seem rash to offer any opinion on Irish affairs, and nearly hopeless to suggest a solution for the riddles which are yearly propounded by our paradoxical sister, who is as hard to understand as any *femme incomprise*. But Ireland is a country of surprises, and her novel phenomena continually attract fresh observation. Even supposing that all Englishmen knew Thom's massive Almacac by heart, and spent their autumn in examining Round Towers, Norman castles, the Bog of Allen, and Marston Square, we doubt if any real comprehension of Paddyism would be attained. In the meantime we may at least assert that, though we may never be certain what Irishmen will do, we can sometimes be tolerably sure of what they will not do; and we prophesy with confidence that Mr. Pare's scheme of co-operative agriculture will never thrive in Ireland. He has written an account of an experiment in communism made twenty-eight years ago in a wild district of Munster, and he publishes it just now, sanguine that the Ralahine rules will settle the agrarian difficulty better than will the recent Land Bill.

We have not space to quote the regulations which were drawn up, under the advice of Mr. Robert Owen, for the experiment. It was an attempt to mechanize rural labourers as factory hands have been mechanized, and it was distinctly subversive of family ties. We do not believe that Irish families can for any length of time, or on any large scale, be "organized" to work as so many cogs in another of our social wheels. If such "progress" were possible, the quiet of Ireland might be secured, but it would be the quiet of corruption, to which is probably preferable some wild Fenianism, and even two or three outrages worthy of large type in London journals. Mr. Pare's amusing little book, nearly as fantastic as Mr. Trenoh's so-called *Realities of Irish Life*, by its very ignorance reminds us of national qualities that are hardly enough appreciated. He tells us a story of how a Mr. Vandeleur had a steward shot, and—being, as appears by the sequel, constitutionally inclined to speculate—how Mr. Vandeleur made for himself a little kingdom of six hundred and eighteen acres, and converted the eighty-one souls upon it into model Communists; how from their natural condition as Whiteboys and Terry Alts they become immediately civilized, and even republican; in short, how an Hibernian millennium was forecast under Mr. Robert Owen's patronage. But unfortunately within twenty-three months Mr. Vandeleur became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and Ralahine fell a prey to his creditors, who seem to have been incredulous of the new system. We do not accuse Mr. Pare of more than extreme shallowness when he writes in praise of such an experiment, and of some credulity in his report of its moral effect. We can imagine the way in which the scheme was received by an impulsive and Utopian peasantry ready to "plaze the master," credulous of sudden relief by violent change, anxious to get what they could out of their Saxon visitors, even though they were sceptical as to the ultimate success of their plans. It is no small praise to the Irish people to say that their instincts and customs are fundamentally opposed to similar agglomerations. From the development rather than the alteration of their habits will, we believe, come to them the tardy prosperity that has been delayed so often by mistaken legislation. Meantime it is not well that Ireland should be the block on which to try a series of English fashions, the patient on whom are tested different systems of medicine until she shows signs of various persistent eccentricities, if not of true mania. In her bothered state it is really wicked to tempt her to the suicide of communistic or other revolutionary measures, and all the more that, though she does not understand comfort as well as we do, she has qualities of her own which somehow keep her fresh and vigorous when there are symptoms of decadence in other parts of Europe.

No one can pass from Euston Square to Westland Row without feeling, if he be observant, that he has arrived in a country foreign to England. Identity of language confuses the impression, and yet the phrases and idioms composed of English words are new. Gestures, countenance, dress are curiously unlike the English pattern. Specimens of unfamiliar ugliness and squalor surprise us, and the poverty which we see linked to exaggeration offends our taste. The shopkeepers do not smirk enough, the girls smirk too much, for our standard of manners. It appears hard not to get truth from English-speaking lips, and Englishmen can hardly be expected to distinguish verbal from practical veracity. No middle-classes keep the town suburbs neat and wealthy, so the cabins of the poor fringe the highways. Tourists are unpopular, and even despised; there is little varnish and less whitewashing used to preserve respectability, which is neglected to a certain degree even by the gentry, who are seldom tidy in their appurtenances, while it seems certain that an Irish labourer can only be coerced into comfort. But our readers probably know poor Paddy's disabilities; we need not harrow their feelings by further enumeration, or they may hastily wish to reform them anyhow and at all costs. There is, however, a silver lining to the Irish darkness, and many of the blemishes that shock us are tokens of feelings and principles which have as yet preserved the relics of happiness through the various "pacifications" of the island. Let us forget to wonder at the diversity from us of the people who rush at us when we land at Kingstown, who will not become English, and who manage to remain poor in the proximity of Glasgow and Liverpool. After all, they may have, even in a social state which to us seems pitifully uncommotional, a wealth of their own which some day Londoners may covet.

\* *Co-operative Agriculture*. By William Pare. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

A very distinguished writer on social reform, M. Le Play, who has devoted his life to the examination of European manners, attributes the evident corruption of the French people to their loss of respect for God, for their parents, and for women; he believes also that England is on the eve of suffering by her abandonment of time-tested and healthy custom. In Ireland is still to be found persistent faith, filial devotion, and proverbial respect for women; and the obstinate adherence of the people to their habits is one of the faults we find with them. It may sound paradoxical, but, however deplorable the results, agrarian disturbance is, in one point of view, almost a healthy symptom. The instinct of the nation insists on the value of permanent homes, of family union, and of a system of agriculture which will employ the energies of each family within its due bounds. Paddy is a wiser man than we fancy when he tenaciously adheres to his cabin and bit of land; and we need not grimace at the pig that thrives along with the numerous "childher," or the poultry that live on the quiet highway. Some virtues, very useful to a nation that would endure, result from his fidelity to family duty; and in such a cabin, though times be sometimes hard, the mother is respected, the wife is mistress, and the children are learning things quite as useful as the information to be had in National School-books. It is true that these virtues are becoming anachronisms, and the conjuncture of new and old lights in Ireland is sufficiently embarrassing. The well-meant benefits conferred by a go-ahead on an old-fashioned people are generally mistaken, and at the present time we certainly have brought the Roman Catholic curates to the verge of Garibaldianism, the king-worshipping, clannish people to dislike the Court of Balmoral, and to feel that their landlords are their natural enemies. To a nation still sufficiently rococo to profit by unity of faith we have offered the ungrateful liberties of sectarianism. Being a remnant of prediluvian Christendom, we give it, instead of governors, Parliamentary majorities and hints of possible revolution. Yet there must be something singularly elastic in this people, and the transformation of wave after wave of English settlers into aggravated Paddies suggests that Irish customs and principles may perhaps be more consonant to man's true mission than other less stable, if more brilliant, schemes of national life. Nearly the whole extent of the island has been confiscated, yet Ireland is rather more Irish than ever. Famines and Fenianism keep out English money and thin the natives, yet the impartial and well-informed *Times* Commissioner tells us that "in the last twenty-five years the wealth of Ireland has largely increased, and her main industry has been much improved." Pauperism, as understood in England, is hardly known, though beggars are frequent. Ragged Erin may on the whole have more "go" in her than provinces quivering with high pressure, and so well padded with bank-notes that the murmur of the working-classes is inaudible. It is significant that no one talks of Irish peasants as "the masses." No man possessing a permanent home for his family can lose his personal value, and even the old crone smoking her pipe has her independence; she knows, whatever her condition, that she has a soul to be saved, and this is very useful knowledge when generally possessed by a people. The recognised position of the women in their families gives them a dignity and a sort of chaste bumptiousness which even Lady Amberley's scholars do not attain. There is a freedom from cant, from caste prejudice and all formulas, which is discomfiting to the highly mechanized unit of English society, but has very real value in the present condition of Europe. On the whole we are disposed to ask whether Ireland may not be let alone with advantage to herself; though certainly we shall miss her as a healthy subject for experiment.

We have surely said enough to persuade any candid reader that Mr. Pare's Communism is not the cure for her grievances. If landlords, excited by late legislation, spitefully determine, as is reported in many instances, "to have the law" of their tenants, and still further interfere with the family life dear to Irish peasants, they may continue to be "outraged"—so much the worse for them; and the spurious feudalism which requires service and gives no protection may be replaced by a peasant proprietary. Meantime perhaps there is almost as much to admire as to blame in the social state of Ireland. Whatever the origin of Irish customs, they preserve from corruption, and, notwithstanding the brogue, society is free from impurities which are increasing elsewhere. It were a pity to play more tricks with our Cinderella, and some day we may be glad of her company, if sophisticators of her principles are kept at bay. It certainly would have been well if her clergy had not been forced out of their natural groove by a policy which drives them into opposition, if secular education had not for forty years been teaching her the wrong things, if Mr. Edmund Burke were more read by her doctors, and if she were less credulous of quacks. The co-operative system advocated by Mr. Pare would interfere with what keeps Ireland so strangely strong through all her crises. Luckily it will never be tried.

#### ARMFIELD'S LEGEND OF CHRISTIAN ART.\*

THIS little book is more valuable as a sign of the times than for its own merit. It is one of the many proofs which are to be seen on all sides that the day of contented uninquiring ignorance with respect to Christian iconography is over. People are

\* *The Legend of Christian Art, Illustrated in the Statues of Salisbury Cathedral.* By the Rev. H. T. Armfield, M.A., Minor Canon of Salisbury. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1869.

now awaking generally to the fact that the artists of mediæval times had some method, some reason, in the choice of their subjects and in the general ordonnance of their works. It would have been thought a sign of tasteless ignorance had an educated person not known, for example, who was represented in the friezes of the Parthenon, and why such and such subjects were appropriate for the adornment of a temple of Pallas Athene. But the very same people neither knew nor cared why certain sculptured groups or figures were ranged in the porches of Chartres or the west fronts of Wells or Salisbury. In other words, while Pagan mythology was recognised as a proper branch of a liberal education, Christian hagiology, and its practical sister, Christian iconography, were not so much neglected as altogether unknown. This is still the case in some quarters. Those gentlemen who are called masters of "elocution" still give lessons in mythology in fashionable ladies' schools, but we never heard of hagiology being taught. Undoubtedly one notable result of the revival among us of the study and practice of mediæval art has been the proper recognition of the laws and canons of Christian iconography. It is now pretty generally understood that a Christian church, if it is to be decorated at all, should be decorated on some consistent and intelligible system. We have learnt that our mediæval forefathers followed some principle in the adornment of their sacred buildings. And if we would either understand their works or imitate them, we must discover the key to their iconographical science, and learn how to use it. How hard it has been to teach this lesson too many of our great mediæval churches, ruthlessly spoilt by well-meant modern decoration, remain to show. Ely Cathedral, for example, is, so far as its painted glass is concerned, little better than a competitive show-room for the works of rival artists. Stained glass or mural painting has been crowded into many churches at haphazard, according as the tastes of individual donors decided, without any general plan whatever; whereas, as all competent critics know, there ought to be a complete system or scheme for the iconographical adornment not merely of each building as a whole, but of each separate detail of church arrangement or church furniture, whether it be reredos or chalice. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the wisdom with which the newly formed Committee propose to carry out the completion of St. Paul's Cathedral, that their very first step has been to secure from Mr. Burges, who is *facile princeps* in this particular branch of artistic study, a complete scheme for its iconographical decoration.

The book now under review is, as we have said, a proof that Christian iconography is beginning to be better understood among us. Mr. Armfield, having found out his own ignorance of the science, has first taught himself something about it and then resolved to teach others. It is altogether a most satisfactory thing to see a minor canon taking so intelligent interest in the church which he serves. He could scarcely be better employed. The description of Ely Cathedral by Millers, one of its minor canons, was for many years the best handbook to that church. Mr. Armfield may perhaps be induced to pursue his studies until he succeeds in making a far better one for his own cathedral. In the progress of the external restoration of Salisbury Cathedral it became necessary to make out the subjects of the sculptured figures in the west façade, in order to restore or replace them. The task was entrusted, with much good sense, to Mr. Redfern, a young sculptor of much promise, some of whose work may be seen in London in the Crimean Memorial at Westminster, in some figures of the Prince Consort's Memorial Cross in Hyde Park, and in some bas-reliefs lately placed in St. Andrew's Church in Wells Street. He has won great and deserved credit for this work at Salisbury. Those who have not seen that cathedral lately with the restored sculptures in the niches of the west front have a pleasure in store. An excellent photograph of this western façade, which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Armfield's book, enables us to see how great an improvement the sculptures are to the architectural framework. The restoration of these statues is like giving back the eyes to a disfigured face.

Mr. Armfield tells us that he was surprised to find that of the multitudes who thronged to see the restored niches of Salisbury, scarcely any, even the most intelligent, were able to identify the personages represented. It is the same, no doubt, with the sacred pictures in the great European Galleries. Many well-educated persons perform the grand tour and visit all the famous pictures in city after city with a most imperfect knowledge of what the painters meant to represent. Mrs. Jameson's admirable volumes, indeed, especially her *Sacred and Legendary Art*, have made a great change in this respect; but still the blunders of the average English tourists in deciphering religious art are matters of notoriety. So far as Salisbury is concerned this need no longer be necessary. Mr. Armfield, beginning with the Saints whom he found to his hand in the sculptures of the Cathedral to which he is attached, found his work grow upon him, and has completed a kind of manual of iconographical science, so far as relates to the Saints most frequently represented in English mediæval art. We cannot give this little volume unqualified praise. It bears the marks of the author's altered purpose in the course of his work. It would have been much better had Mr. Armfield contented himself with writing an iconographical guide-book to Salisbury Cathedral; or, failing this, if he had forgotten Salisbury altogether and compiled a compendious general key to English iconography. We counsel him, as he has shown an aptitude for the subject, and has mastered its rudiments, to recast his work in this form, if a second edition should be called for. He is not likely to supersede Mrs. Jameson, but he may easily compile a more convenient book of reference than her beautiful volumes.



Much more reading, however, is necessary, on his part. To prove this, we need only say that he does not seem even to be acquainted with Didron's works on iconography.

Of course there is little that is new in Mr. Armfield's compilation. He has done well to look at the *Legenda Aurea*, and he has enriched his work with many quaint and racy extracts. As is natural, he has often been perplexed with hagiographical details, and he is not quite at his ease about the superstition or incredibility of many of the incidents which he records. He had better give up the task altogether of attempting to explain or to reconcile to modern notions the miracles or the incidents which he will find in the Legends of the Saints. The sculptures of Salisbury deal with the ancient bishops of the See as well as with the Saints of the Kalendar. And for our part we should have been glad to see more detailed accounts of actual historical personages, such as Odo, and Brithwold, and especially Bishops Poore and Giles de Bridport—the builders of the present Cathedral of Salisbury—than, for example, of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins. Bishop Poore's connexion with Durham is not referred to. Of St. Osmund, the most famous name of which Salisbury boasts, Mr. Armfield gives us a life, hitherto unpublished, from a manuscript in the British Museum. The original Latin text is printed, in addition to the English translation. We do not know that this manuscript life, which abounds with most absurd legendary and miraculous stories, contributes any facts hitherto unknown. The translator calls attention to the circumstance that Osmund was a nephew of the Conqueror's, as possibly helping to account for the position which the famous *Use of Sarum*, compiled by him or under his direction, obtained and maintained in the English Church.

Should Mr. Armfield undertake at any time a fresh edition of his book, we venture to suggest to him a particular line of inquiry in which he might possibly obtain curious if not useful results. In spite of the absurdities and exaggerations with which the Legends of the Saints abound, it is not improbable that they embody a great many authentic traditions, especially with reference to the physiognomy or other peculiarities of their subjects. The importance of these, with an eye to their iconographical reproduction, is indisputable. Though such details are from time to time quoted by hagiographers, yet we do not think they have ever been specially sought for. Perhaps indeed such facts of portraiture would be found, when collected, to be inconsistent and useless; but at any rate it would be desirable to seek for them. As an illustration we quote what Mr. Armfield happens to say of St. Paul's portrait. Let us observe, in passing, that the following paragraph would have been better for references to the authorities for the particulars here stated:—

St. Paul's bodily presence is perhaps more vividly drawn for us than that of any of his contemporaries. What with the modest allusions of the Apostle himself to the infirmities of his body, the reverent comments of his immediate posterity (?) in the Church, and the coarse personalities of his opponents, we are in possession of what we may accept as a full-length portrait of the Apostle of the Gentiles. A short stature—his bodily presence weak, he admits himself; "the man of three cubits" (between four and five feet) an early writer calls him; a high nose, a bald pate, a thick beard, a defective sight, possibly a hesitating speech; such were probably the outward characteristics of him who, both in spiritual graces and intellectual accomplishment, was certainly not behind the very chiefest apostles.

We find in another part of the book a picture of St. Gregory the Great, borrowed from Mrs. Jameson, who tells us that a particular type of physiognomy is traced in all good representations of that doctor, founded probably upon a portrait which he himself gave to the monastery to which he had belonged. He is described accordingly as having a tall, large, and dignified person, with a broad, full face, black hair and eyebrows, and little or no beard.

Two ancient sculptures in Salisbury Cathedral have never, as it seems, been as yet identified. They are the figures of a bird with a scroll, at the apex of the west façade, and of a saint (with some fishes on the pedestal) on the north side of the north-west turret. Archeological societies have assembled to discuss these difficulties without succeeding in solving them. The former is sometimes explained as "the pelican in her piety"—only the bird is not pecking its breast; or else as the Holy Dove—but then the bird bears a scroll, which is, we believe, unprecedented in this particular representation. The Saint is supposed by Mr. Redfern to be St. Birinus, by others to be St. Nicholas. The latter suggestion seems to us the more probable. But these puzzles will exercise the ingenuity, and must await the interpretation, of some future iconographical visitors to Salisbury.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

By the new Post-office arrangements, now in operation, for the transmission of Newspapers in the United Kingdom, an affixed Halfpenny Stamp is required instead of the late impressed Penny Stamp. The usual facilities for procuring Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW at all the Railway Book Stalls, as well as of the local Newspapers throughout the Kingdom (at 6d. per Copy), remain as before. In Towns and neighbourhoods to which there is no easy access by Railway, and in cases where there is no Railway Book Stall available, the Publisher will be happy to answer inquiries respecting the Terms of a Half-yearly or Yearly Subscription for sending the Paper by post direct from London.—See also Advertisements, p. 475.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 780, OCTOBER 8, 1870:

The War. The Roman Piétiacite.  
Mr. Gladstone and the Democrats. Paris Besieged. Prophesying Smooth Things.  
Russia and the East. Mediation.  
"Our Own Correspondent" and Count Bismarck. The War of 1870.  
The Morality of Controversy.  
Sweets of Married Life. The German View of Alsace and Lorraine.  
Political and Social Consequences of the New Dogma. Army Organization.  
The Home Office and the Board of Works. Rochester. The Loss of the *Capitola*.  
Art in Sweden. Newmarket First October Meeting.

Von Sybel's History of the French Revolution.  
Les's Superstition and Force. Geldart's Modern Greek Language.  
The Innocents Abroad. Millington's Satires of Horace in English Verse.  
The Vivian Romance.  
Official Record of the Abyssinian Expedition. Co-operative Agriculture in Ireland.  
Armfield's Legend of Christian Art.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—RE-OPENS** Saturday, October 15, when will be presented, for the first time in England, VICTORIAN SANDOZ's great Play, *FERNANDE*, revised by SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Esq. Characters by Messrs. Farren, Leeson, Lin Bayne, Gaston Murray, and Lionel Brough; Mrs. Hermann Vesin, Miss Larkin, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Sally Turner, and Mrs. John Wood. To commence at Seven with *OBILIGE BENSON*, by TOM TAYLOR, Esq. *FERNANDE* at Eight o'clock. To conclude with *ONLY A HALFPENNY*, by JOHN OXFORD, Esq. Box-Office open from Eleven till Six. No Fees.

**DORÉ GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ**, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION OF PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI"). Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

**KING'S COLLEGE.—Mr. C. J. PLUMPTRE** will begin his LECTURES and PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION in PUBLIC READING and SPEAKING, with an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE "On Elocution in reference to Public and Social Life," on Tuesday next, October 11, at 4 P.M. Admission free, on presentation of Card. The first part of the Course will consist of a Series of Lectures on every Tuesday and Friday Evening at the above hour, embracing, amongst others, the following Subjects:—Physiology of the Vocal and Speech Organs, Management of the Voice, Causes and Means of Removal of "Clerical Sore Throat," Stammering and Defective Articulation, the Art of Public Reading and Extempore Speaking in reference to the Church, the Bar, and other Professions, and the Preparation and Delivery of Lectures and Public Addresses generally. The Selections read in illustration will be taken from the great Orators, and Poets of England and America. Fee for the Course ending March 31, £1 11s. 6d. Engagements made with Institutions, Colleges, and Schools. Private Pupils in Elocution, and for Impediments of Speech, received at Mr. PLUMPTRE'S Residence, 28 Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W. Terms forwarded on application.

**ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES, Jermyn Street.—Dr. FRANKLAND, F.R.S.**, will commence a COURSE OF FORTY LECTURES on INORGANIC CHEMISTRY on Monday next, October 10, at 10 A.M., to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Monday, at the same hour.—Fee for the Course, 2s. These Lectures will be delivered at the Royal College of Chemistry, Oxford Street. Professor HUXLEY, F.R.S., will commence a COURSE OF EIGHT LECTURES on NATURAL HISTORY on Monday next, October 10, at 10 o'clock; to be continued on every succeeding Week day but Saturday, at the same hour.—Fee for the Course, 4s.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

**MISS LOUISA DREWRY'S COURSES OF HISTORY** (Ancient Greece), English Language and Literature (the History of the Language), Critical Study of English Literature (Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, Book I.), and English Reading and Composition, have recommenced.—143 King Henry's Road, Upper Avenue Road, N.W.

**PHYSIOLOGY.—Dr. BURNLEY YEO'S EVENING** COURSE OF LECTURES, at KING'S COLLEGE, Strand, commences on Wednesday, October 12.—Apply to the SECRETARY.

**MALVERN COLLEGE.**—On Thursday, December 15, the ANNUAL ELECTION will be held to SCHOLARSHIPS tenable at the Boarding Houses, Two of £50 for Two Years, and Two of £30 for One Year. Of these Two will be awarded for Classical merit, and Two for Mathematical. Candidates must be below the age of Fifteen, except in the case of a previous holding of such a Scholarship. Regard will be paid to difference of Age in the Candidates.

**THE HARTLEY INSTITUTION, SOUTHAMPTON.**—In the ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT Youth are Trained for Engineering in all its Branches, and for the Public Works, Forest and Telegraphic Services of India, by a Complete Course of Theoretical and Practical Instruction. In the DEPARTMENT of GENERAL LITERATURE Students are specially prepared for the Home and Indian Civil Services, Woolwich, Sandhurst, &c.—For Prospectus, apply to the FURNISHING.

**PREPARATION FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A.**, late Fellow of C. C. C. Cambridge, and Senior Assistant-Master of Wellington College, formerly at Shrewsbury School, receives BOYS from Nine years of age. Large House, with 17 acres of Playground, one mile from Rugby. A List of References—including the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Canon of Ely, Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge, formerly Head-Master at Shrewsbury; Rev. Dr. Benson, Master of Wellington College; Masters at Rugby, and Parents of Boys—sent on application. Terms, inclusive, under Twelve, 25s; over Twelve, £100.—Overslade, near Rugby.

**INDIAN TELEGRAPH.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON'S PUPILS** passed 2nd, 6th, and 17th at the recent Examination for INDIAN TELEGRAPH. Preparation for all the Civil Service and Military Examinations.—Address, 15 Banbury Buildings, and South Hill Park, Hampstead.

**FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A.** of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principal of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and References on application.

**MORNING PREPARATORY CLASS for the SONS of GENTLEMEN** (exclusively), 15 Somerset Street, Portman Square.—The TERM will commence Thursday, October 13.

**EDUCATION.—HIGH-CLASS SCHOOL for the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN.** Established Twenty Years. Locality, London, N.W. Eminent PROFESSORS attend daily. Foreign Governesses. Home Comforts. Terms, inclusive, 70 to 100 Guineas a year. Unexceptionable references.—Address, BETA, care of Mr. Edward Stanford, 6 and 7 Charing Cross, London.

**MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES** RE-OPENED October 3, at 14 Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.

**THE MISSES A. and R. LEECH'S SCHOOL** (late Balgrange Cottage) for LITTLE BOYS RE-OPENED October 1, at 65 and 66 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W.

**UNIVERSITY of OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.**

In addition to the Professorial Chairs already instituted, the Council of this University have now resolved to institute a CHAIR of NATURAL SCIENCE, and they are prepared to receive and consider Applications from Candidates. The Salary attached to the Chair will be £200 per annum (which will commence to run from the date of embarkation), besides the Class-fee, which have been fixed at 2s 3d. for each Student per term of Six Months, commencing in the beginning of May each year. An adequate allowance will be made for Passage Money and Outfit.

While an extensive acquaintance with Natural Science is indispensable, the University Council have resolved to give a preference, *ceteris paribus*, to the Gentlemen who shall produce the most satisfactory evidence of ability to teach Chemistry and Mineralogy, and the practical application of these Sciences to Agriculture and Mining respectively.

No religious test will be required from any person to entitle him to hold office in the University, or to graduate or to hold any advantage or privilege thereof. Applications from Candidates must be addressed to JOHN ALD, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh, Agent of the Province of Otago in Britain, and, along with Fifteen printed copies of Testimonials, be in his hands on or before 15th October next. Further information will be afforded on application to the Agent.

Otago Office, 3 Hope Street, Edinburgh, September 1, 1870.

**HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM**, Sudbrook Park, Richmond Hill, S.W. Physician—DR. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths on the Premises.

**HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—COMPRESSED AIR TREATMENT** for Asthma, Bronchial and Lung Disorders, Townshend House, Malvern. Physician—R. B. GRINDROD, M.D. Prospectus on application.

**QUEENSLAND.**  
**QUEENSLAND** under the LAND ACT of 1868, and the IMMIGRATION ACT of 1869. Land acquired on easy Terms. Assisted and Free Passages. Information and particulars to be obtained on application.

JOHN DOUGLAS, Agent-General.  
Queensland Government Office, 33 Charing Cross (Removed from 1 Old Broad Street).

**ST. LAWRENCE-ON-SEA, Thanet.**—The "GRANVILLE" HOTEL.—Situating on one of the most trading points of Great Britain; it is pronounced to be the most comfortable and cheerful residential family hotel in the Kingdom. The Cuisine is perfect. Table d'Hôte at 6.30. Salt, Iron, Sulphur, and Turkish Baths will be opened early next Month. Ramsgate is the nearest Station on both lines. Autumn Boarding Terms, Three and Four Guineas per Week. Special Terms made for One, Two, or Three Months. Price List of the Furniture such as supplied to the "Granville" can be obtained on application to Mr. MOSELEY, S.E. Works, Ramsgate.

**TO** those who are asking, "Where Shall We Go for the AUTUMN and WINTER?"—To **ILFRACOMBE**, for Warm, Dry, Pure, and Invigorating Climate. Every Comfort, on Moderate Terms, at the **ILFRACOMBE HOTEL**. Address: J. BOWEN, Ilfracombe.

**BRIGHTON.**—**BEDFORD HOTEL.**—Every endeavour is made to render this Hotel equal to its long-established reputation. Spacious Coffee Room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Families received at moderate Contract Charge by the Week.—Communications to "The Manager," Bedford Hotel Company, Limited.

**OVERLAND ROUTE.**—The **PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY** BOOK PASSENGERS and receive Cargo and Parcels by their Steamers for

	From Southampton.	From Manilla.
<b>GIBRALTAR.</b>	Every Saturday at 8 p.m.	Every Sunday at 7 a.m.
<b>MALTA.</b>	"	"
<b>ALEXANDRIA.</b>	"	"
<b>ADEN.</b>	"	"
<b>BOMBAY.</b>	"	"
<b>GALLAPOLIS.</b>	"	"
<b>MADRAS.</b>	"	"
<b>CALCUTTA.</b>	Saturday, Oct. 1, 2 p.m.	Sunday, Oct. 2, 7 a.m.
<b>PENANG.</b>	And every alternate Saturday thereafter.	And every alternate Sunday thereafter.
<b>SINGAPORE.</b>	"	"
<b>CHINA.</b>	"	"
<b>JAPAN.</b>	"	"
<b>AUSTRALIA.</b>	Saturday, Oct. 1, 2 p.m.	Sunday, Oct. 2, 7 a.m.
<b>NEW ZEALAND.</b>	And every Fourth Saturday thereafter.	And every Fourth Sunday thereafter.

And all Ports touched at by the British India Steam Navigation Company's Steamers.

	To India.	To China, Japan, or Australia.
<b>Parcels.</b>		
1 to 19 inches, 2 to 21 lbs.	4s. to 9s. 6d.	4s. 6d. to 15s.
1 to 3 feet, or 24 to 72 lbs.	12s. 6d. to 30s.	20s. to 35s.

For the convenience of Country Shippers, Messrs. Phipps & Co.'s Agents receive Goods and Parcels on the Company's account.

For further particulars apply at the Company's Office, 123 London Street, London, or Oriental Place, Southampton.

**MAPPIN & WEBB—TABLE CUTLERY.**  
MANUFACTURERS,  
CANTON and  
PLATE-CHEST MAKERS.

**MAPPIN & WEBB—SPOON and FORK.**  
MANUFACTURERS,  
ELECTRO-PLATERS, and  
SILVERSMITHS.

**MAPPIN & WEBB—OXFORD ST., 70, 77, & 78; CORNHILL, 71 & 72; LONDON.**  
And  
99 NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

**MAPPIN & WEBB—Forward an ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**  
Free on application.

**FURNISH your HOUSE** with the **BEST ARTICLES**; they are the Cheapest in the East.—**DEANE & CO.'s** New **ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**, with **PRICED FURNISHING LIST**, gratis and post-free. This List is arranged to facilitate Purchasers in the Selection of Goods, comprising Table Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Lamps, Bells, Stoves, Fenders, Fire-irons, Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Bedding, Copper, Tin, and Brass Goods; Culinary Utensils, Tinsmiths, Metals, &c. A Discount of 5 per cent. for Cash Payments of 42 and upwards.—**DEANE & CO.**, 46 King William Street, London Bridge. A.D. 1700.

**MR. STREETER'S** new **ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE** OF **JEWELLERY, DIAMOND WORK, WATCHES and CLOCKS**, bound in cloth, post free for Two Stamps. Mr. STREETER is the Introductor of 18-carat Gold Jewellery, and Successor to HANCOCK & CO., Limited, 37 Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.

**THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE** for **SILVER**.—The real **NICKEL SILVER**, introduced more than Thirty Years ago by **WILLIAM S. BURTON**, when plated by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington & Co. is beyond all doubt the best article next to sterling silver that can be used as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

	Fiddle or Old Silver.	Bowl.	Thresh.	King's or Shell.
<b>Table Forks or Spoons.</b> per dozen	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Desert ditto ditto	1 10.	3 1.	3 2.	3 5.
Ten Spoons.	1 2.	1 7.	1 10.	1 11.
Ten Forks.	1 14.	1 10.	1 11.	1 12.

These are all as strongly plated, and are in every respect at least equal to what other houses are selling as their first quality at very much higher prices. A second quality of Fiddle Pattern Table Spoons and Forks, 8s. per dozen; Desert Spoons and Forks, 10s. per dozen; Ten Spoons, 10s. per dozen. Tea and Coffee Sets, Electro Silver, in great variety, from 43 lbs. to 211 lbs.; Dish Covers from 29 to 42s. and Corner Dishes from 17 lbs. to 218 lbs.; the Set of Four Crest and Lignier Frames, &c. The Largest Stock in existence of Plated Desert Knives and Forks, and Fish-eating Knives and Forks, and Carvers at proportionate prices. All kinds of Replating done by the Patent Process.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON**, Furnishing Ironmonger, by appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE containing upwards of 500 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with Lists of Prices and Plans of the 30 large Show-rooms, post free.—38 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard. The Cost of delivering Goods to the most distant parts of the United Kingdom by Railway is trifling. **WILLIAM S. BURTON** will always undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

**CASTLES and MANSIONS.**  
Having selective **FEAT ROOFS** can be made permanently Watertight by the application of **PYRIMONT ASPHALTE**, late "Claridge's Patent."

A LIST of WORKS to which this Material has been applied for **FLOORS and ROOFS** for upwards of Thirty Years can be had post-free on application to  
**J. FARRELL, Secretary, Parliament Street, London.**

**WOOD TAPESTRY DECORATIONS.**  
**HOWARD'S PATENT.**  
No. 135.  
Superceding all other kinds.

**SHOW ROOMS.**—25, and 27 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

**TRELOAR'S COCOANUT MATTING.**—Finest Quality.  
Warranted Unbleached. No other kind is Durable.  
67 Ludgate Hill.

**TRAVELLERS and EXPEDITIONS.**  
The most Commodious, Light, and Useful TENTS for Travellers, Sportsmen, and Expeditions are to be obtained at **BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S**,  
2 Duke Street, London Bridge, S.E.—Illustrated Catalogues post free.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**  
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

**DRESSING BAGS and DRESSING CASES, Despatch Boxes, Tourists' Writing Cases, Jewel Cases, Writing Desks, Parisian Productions, Library Sets in Medallion and Leather, Albums, Cases of fine Cutlery, Scissors, Razors, Table Knives, the Magic Razor Strop and Paste, at MECHT'S, 112 Regent Street, W. Illustrated Catalogues post free. Established 1827. City Prices charged for Cash.**

**LADIES' CORK-SOLED BOOTS, for Damp Weather, 21s.;**  
Kitt Double-Soled Boots, 16s. 6d.; Velvet Flannel-Lined Boots, 16s. 6d.; Velvet Slippers, 3s. 6d. Illustrated Catalogues post free, with notice of convenient arrangements for Country residents.—**THOMAS D. MARSHALL**, 129 Oxford Street, London.

**STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS.**—HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, Garrick Street, Covent Garden. Prize Medal, London and Paris.

**REAL ENJOYMENT.**—The **PATENT READING EASEL**, for holding the Book, Lamp, and Refreshment at any height or angle over a Bed, Sofa, or Easy Chair. Invaluable to Students, Invalids, and Aged Persons. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful and elegant Gift. Prices from 20s. Drawings post free.  
**J. CARTER**, 55 Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**TEA.**—Rail Paid to any Station in England.—Good strong CONGOU, 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 10d.; PIPE, RICH SOUCHONG, 3s. 2d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 10d.; Mixed Tea at the same Prices. 12 lbs. sent free by all England by **THOMAS NUNN & SONS**, 41 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. Established 1801.

**OZOKERIT (Patented). OZOKERIT.**  
THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL CANDLES  
Made of this Mineral will be found to far surpass any that have yet been introduced, possessing marvellous Brilliance of Light, and burning to the end without bending, though placed in the hottest and most crowded rooms. They will be found a great boon and ornament to all ASSEMBLY and BALL ROOMS.  
The intense heat and injury caused by the use of Gas for Gilding and Pictures being avoided by their use. Their great hardness adapts them for all Climates. To be had in all sizes, 1s. 3d. per lb. Orders of your Chemist, Grocer, or Chandler, and insist on using no others.  
Wholesale (only) of the Patentees,  
**J. C. & J. FIELD, UPPER MARSH, LAMBETH, LONDON.**  
Who will be happy to answer any inquiry as to the nearest Agency where these wonderful Candles can be obtained.

**CLEAR COMPLEXIONS** for all who use the "UNITED SERVICE" SOAP TABLET, which also imparts a delicious fragrance. Manufactured by **J. C. & J. FIELD**, Patentees of the Self-litig Candles. Sold by Chemists, Oil and Italian Warehousemen, and others.  
\* \* \* Use no other. See Name on each Tablet.

**FARROW & JACKSON**, the largest and best Manufacturers of **IRON WINE BINS**, Soda Water Racks, and every article for the Dealer in or Consumer of Wine and other Liquors.—18 Great Tower Street; 8 Haymarket; 58 Mansell Street, London; and 25 rue du Pont Neuf, Paris. Illustrated Catalogues on application.

**SHERRIES.—T. O. LAZENBY.—BRANDIES.**  
50, 52 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.  
No. 1. Family Sherry..... 24s.  
No. 2. Dinner Sherry..... 30s.  
No. 3. Old Cognac..... 34s.  
No. 4. Liqueur Cognac..... 75s.  
No. 1. Young Cognac..... 45s.  
No. 2. Old Cognac..... 54s.  
No. 3. Liqueur Cognac..... 75s.

**E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CONDIMENTS.**—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, are compelled to CAUTION the Public against the inferior Preparations which are put up and labelled in close imitation of their Goods, with a view to mislead the Public.—99 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 95 Edwards Street, Portman Square), and 18 Trinity Street, London, S.E.

**HARVEY'S SAUCE.**—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by **E. LAZENBY & SON**, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

**SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS.**  
The "WORCESTERSHIRE," pronounced by Connoisseurs "The only Good Sauce," improves the Appetite, aids Digestion. Unrivalled for Piquancy and Flavour. Ask for "LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE." BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—Agents, CROSBY & BLACKWELL, London, and Sold by all Dealers in Sauces throughout the World. See the Names of LEA & PERRINS on all Bottles and Labels.

**GRAPEFUL—COMFORTING.**  
**BREAKFAST—EPPS'S COCOA.**  
Each Packet is labelled  
**JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, LONDON.**

**SUCCESSFUL and POPULAR REMEDY.**—The Medical Profession recommend the use of **MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSEINE** in cases of Indigestion, held in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Pharmaceutical Chemists, and the Manufacturers, **THOMAS MORSON & SON**, 121 Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.

**DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA**, the best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. At 175 New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

**DIGESTIVE PANCREATIC COCOA.**—Specially prepared for Sufferers from Indigestion, Debility, and Pulmonary Complaints; is highly nutritious, easily digested and palatable, and adapted for the most Delicate Stomach. Sold in Tins, from 1s. 6d., by all Chemists and Italian Warehousemen, and by the Manufacturers,  
**SAVOY & MOORE**, 143 New Bond Street, London, W.

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.**  
FOUR GOLD MEDALS.  
CAUTION.—Require Baron LIEBIG'S Signature on every Jar and Tin.  
5 lb. Tins supplied in enormous quantities to both French and German Troops in the Field, and this Size specially recommended to Relief Committees.

**WORMS in DOGS** are promptly Removed by One Dose of **WALDIE'S POWDERS**, which at the same time give Tone to the Stomach and produce first-rate Condition in Dogs.—Price 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s. per Packet; of all Chemists, and of **BAILEY & SONS**, 55 Farringdon Street, London.

**DR. DE JONGH'S**  
(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)  
**LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,**  
Unqualified for  
PURITY, PALATABLENESS, and EFFICACY;  
Prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual Remedy for  
CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST, AND DEBILITY.

"There is one kind of Cod Liver Oil which is universally admitted to be genuine—the Light-Brown Oil supplied by **DR. DE JONGH**."—**DR. EDWARD SMITH**, F.R.S., Medical Officer to the Poor Law Board of Great Britain.

"I deem the Oil sold under **DR. DE JONGH'S** guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."—**DR. LANKESTER**, F.R.S., Coroner for Central Middlesex.

"**DR. DE JONGH'S** Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil does not enter the system and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil."—**DR. GRANVILLE**, F.R.S., Author of "The Spas of Germany."

Sold ONLY in expanded IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., by all respectable Chemists and Druggists.  
SOLE AGENTS,  
**ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 7 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.**



**THE AGRA BANK, Limited.**—Established in 1833.CAPITAL, £1,000,000.  
HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.**Bankers.**Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., the NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND; and the BANK OF ENGLAND.  
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per annum, subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.  
At 4 ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto  
At 3 ditto ditto 3 ditto dittoBills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.  
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.  
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.  
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, S.W.

INSTITUTED 1863.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000. PAID UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

Insurances against Fire can be effected with this Company on every description of Property, at moderate rates of premium.

Policies falling due at Michaelmas should be renewed before October 14, or the same will become void.

Specialist Policies charged only Six Years' Premium.

Prompt and liberal Settlement of Claims.

The usual Commission allowed on Foreign and Ship Insurances.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

**IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1863.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

The Liabilities are, in respect of Sums Assured and Bonuses, £3,750,000; and in respect of Annuities only £650 per annum.  
The Assets actually invested in First-class Securities amount to £272,621.  
Of the Subscribed Capital of £200,000, only £25,000 is paid up.  
All kinds of Assurance effected at moderate rates and on very liberal conditions.  
Prospectus and Balance Sheet to be had on application.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

**THE LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION**  
FOR FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

OFFICE—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

MARIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT, 1870.

LIFE POLICIES. In conformity with this Act, may be effected with the Corporation. The Sums Assured by these Policies are secured for the Benefit of the Wife, or of the Wife and Children, are not subject to the Husband or his Creditors, and are free from Probate Duty.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

A.D. 1720.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**  
(Established by Charter of His Majesty George the First.)

FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE, and ANNUITIES.

OFFICE—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON. BRANCH OFFICE—29 PALL MALL, S.W.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Sub-Governor.

FRANCIS ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

**Directors.**Robert Barclay, Esq.  
John Garratt Cattle, Esq.  
Mark Currie Clegg, Esq.  
Edward James Bond, Esq.  
William Davidson, Esq.  
Lancelot William Dent, Esq.  
Alexander Drummond, Esq.  
Frederick Joseph Edmann, Esq.  
Charles Hermann Gochen, Esq.  
Riversdale Wm. Graham, Esq.  
Robert Armand Heath, Esq.  
Wilmot Holland, Esq.  
Egerton Hubbard, Esq.  
Neville Lubbock, Esq.  
George Forbes Malcolmson, Esq.  
Lord Joceline Wm. Percy.  
Charles Robinson, Esq.  
Sir John Rose.  
Sand Leo Schuster, Esq.  
Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.  
William Wallace, Esq.  
Cecilius Wigram, Esq.  
Montagu C. Wilkinson, Esq.  
Charles Baring Young, Esq.

Medical Referee—SAMUEL SOLLY, Esq., F.R.S.

NOTICE.—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Michaelmas will expire on October 14.

FIRE ASSURANCES may be effected on advantageous terms.

FIRE DUTY.—This Tax having been abolished, the Premium is now the only Charge for the Insurance.

FARMING-STOCK.—No extra charge is made for the use of Steam Threshing-Machines. LIFE ASSURANCES are granted with, or without, participation in Profits; in the latter case at reduced rates of Premium.

The Divisions of Profit take place every Five Years.

Any sum not exceeding £10,000 may be insured on One Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.  
A Liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.  
The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tried by the experience of a Century and a half.

Royal Exchange, London.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

**PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.**  
LOMBARD STREET AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1784.

Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.

Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

**UNIVERSAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**  
(Established 1834).

KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C., with Branch Offices at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

The Thirty-sixth ANNUAL REPORT, Valuation, and Balance-Sheet for the Year 1869 may be had on application, as above.

The Income of the Year 1869 from Premiums was £157,025; the gross Income, £164,336; the new Premiums, £15,551; the Assurances in force, £3,102,666; the accumulated Funds, £400,704. Life Policies can be effected with this Society or its Indian Branches at very economical and favourable Rates and Conditions, entitling the Assured to an annual reduction of Premium after Six Payments of Premium. The reduction has amounted to a Cash Return of 50 per cent., or one-half of the Premium, at each of the last Seven Annual Divisions of Profits.

HALF A MILLION has been PAID by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY as Compensation for Accidents of All Kinds. An Annual payment of £3 to £5 insures £1,000 at Death, and an Allowance at the rate of 10 per Week for Injury.  
Offices—51 Cornhill; and 10 Regent Street.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

**SAFE INVESTMENTS for CAPITAL.**  
DIVIDENDS 5 and 10 to 20 PER CENT.

Read SHARP'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR (post free).

THE OCTOBER Number ready.

CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES, will find the above Investment Circular a safe, valuable, and reliable Guide.  
Messrs. SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 33 Foultry, London, E.C. (Established 1833.)**IMPORTANT to SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS.**

Dr. LOOCK'S WAFERS.—From the Rev. G. WARNE, 30 Springfield Place, Leeds: "Whenever I used these Wafers, arising from cold or general speaking, I have taken Dr. LOOCK'S Wafers, I have invariably found relief." Sold by all Chemists.

THE TEETH and their DIFFICULTIES scientifically and judiciously treated by Mr. SIMON MOSELEY, Sen., Surgeon-Dentist, M.C.D.E., 6 GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W. The only London Address. Painless Extraction by means of the Protoscope of Nitrogen (Laughing Gas), a pure, pleasant, and perfect Anæsthetic. ARTIFICIAL TEETH of unsurpassed excellence (Simon Moseley Patent) at moderate Charges. "The Third Set of Teeth," free by post, Seven Stamps.

**BOOKS, &c.****MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NEW BOOKS.—See**  
page 470 of this day's "SATURDAY REVIEW."**MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—CHEAP BOOKS.**

Luther, 3 vols. 12s.; Jefferson's Book about the Clergy, 3 vols. 12s.; Life of Dr. Faraday, 2 vols. 10s. 6d.; Crab Robinson's Diary, 3 vols. 12s.; Her Majesty's Tower, 3 vols. 10s.; The Holy Grail, 3s.; Red as a Rose is She, 3 vols. 4s. 6d.; Austin Friars, 3 vols. 6s.; Annals of an Eventful Life, 3 vols. 6s.; and more than One Thousand other Popular Books, at the lowest Current Prices.—See MUDIE'S CLEARANCE CATALOGUE for October, New Edition, now ready, postage free on application.

**MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—All the best Books in**

Circulation and on Sale at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY may also be obtained with the least possible delay, by all Subscribers to MUDIE'S MANCHESTER LIBRARY, Cross Street, Manchester; and (by order) from all Booksellers and Institutions in connexion with the Library.

Mudie's Select Library, Limited, New Oxford Street. City Office, 4 King Street, Cheapside.

**LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square, London.**

Founded in 1841. Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, President.—THOMAS CARLYLE, Esq. The following are the Terms of Admission to this Library, which contains 85,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature, in various Languages:—Subscriptions, 23 a year, or 43 with Entrance Fee of 45; Life Membership, £25. Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country, and Ten to Town, Members. Reading-room open from Ten to Half-past Six.

Prospectus on application. Catalogue (New Edition), price 15s.; to Members, 10s. 6d.

ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.

**THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W.**

Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best New Books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospectus, with Lists of New Publications, gratis and post free.

\*\* A Clearance Catalogue of Surplus Books offered for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices may also be had free on application.

BOOTH'S, CHURTON'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS &amp; OTLEY'S United Libraries, 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

**ENGLISH and FOREIGN LIBRARY COMPANY, Limited.**  
LATE HOOKHAM'S LIBRARY.

One Hundred-and-Seventh Year. The Largest Circulating Library of Separate Works

in Existence.

**THE NEW BOOK SEASON.**

All the NEW BOOKS (English, French, Italian, and German) are placed freely in circulation in large numbers immediately they appear, and an ample supply is kept in readiness for Subscribers of all rates.

SUBSCRIBERS of Two, Three, and Four Guineas per annum are supplied on a specially liberal scale in the Country, and in London, and the Subscribers of Five Guineas the year, or Three Guineas the half-year, obtain their exchanges of Books upon these highly favourable Terms, which, from the increased number of Volumes allowed, are also very advantageous for Book Clubs in London as in the Country, or for two or three Neighbours uniting in the same Subscription.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES and INSTITUTIONS are entitled to a discount of 10 per cent., and are furnished with Eighty Volumes at a time of the Newest Works for Twenty-five Guineas the year.

NOTICE.—Booksellers are specially invited in their own interest to apply for the peculiarly favourable Trade Terms, and Monthly List of Books of both Classes.

BARGAINS IN MODERN BOOKS.—Later Additions and further Reductions are to be found in the last Edition of the Monthly Sale Catalogue, containing more than Twelve Hundred different Works. The Bound Books are unique as Presents, and (as no profit is sought on the binding) they are also the most moderate in price.

All Prospectuses of Terms and Lists of Books are posted free by

THOMAS HOOKHAM, General Manager.

15 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. City Office, 29 Cheapside, E.C.

**NEWSPAPERS at REDUCED COST OF POSTAGE.—**

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, on and after October 1, will be supplied, post free, at 7s. per Quarter for CASH IN ADVANCE or delivered in Town for 6s. 6d., by EDWARD STANFORD, by appointment to Her Majesty's Government Offices, Newspaper and Advertising Agent, 6 and 7 Charing Cross, London, S.W. The Prices of other Papers will be: The Times, 2s.; Pall Mall Gazette, 10s. 6d.; Standard, 1s.; Telegraph, Daily News, and other Penny Daily Papers, 9d. The Guardian, Spectator, and other Sixpenny Weekly Papers, 7s. The Illustrated London News, including extra Supplements, 6s. 6d. per Quarter; and all other Papers in the same proportion. In all cases Cash must accompany the Order, or a higher price will necessarily be charged.

**COLLEGES and SCHOOLS SUPPLIED with STATIONERY.**

Books, Maps, Globes, and all School Requisites, on the most advantageous Terms, by EDWARD STANFORD, 6 and 7 Charing Cross, London, S.W., whose Priced List of Books, Maps, Atlases, &amp;c. &amp;c., with Samples of Copy and Ciphers Books, &amp;c., can be had on application.

In large crown 8vo. cloth, new style, 7s. 6d.

**THE EVERY-DAY BOOK OF MODERN LITERATURE.**

Compiled and Edited by GEORGE H. TOWNSEND, Author and Editor of "The Manual of Dates." 960 Pages—305 Authors—355 Subjects.

"A volume of excellent taste, portly and staple."—Graphic.

FREDERICK WARNE &amp; Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

NOVELS BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

Popular Editions, each 1s.; postage, 2d.

**DISRAELI'S NOVELS: YOUNG DUKE—VIVIAN**

GREY—JONINGSBY—TANCREY—HENRIETTA TEMPLE—CONTARINI

FLEMING—VENUELL—SYBIL—JULIAN—ALROY.

FREDERICK WARNE &amp; Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

NOVELS BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

**DISRAELI'S NOVELS. Library Edition. Five vols., thick**

fcp. 8vo. half roan, 15s.; postage, 2s. 6d.

DISRAELI'S NOVELS. The Disraeli Edition. Five vols., large crown 8vo., cloth, 21s.; postage, 4s.

FREDERICK WARNE &amp; Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

Crown 8vo. cloth gilt, illustrated, 5s.

**ON the EDGE of the STORM. By the Author of**

"Mademoiselle Mori" and "Sydonie's Dowry."

"A capital picture of French country life in strange and mournful times."—Illustrated Times.

"The book is altogether a delightful one."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"A charming story about the first outbreak of the French Revolution."—Athenæum.

FREDERICK WARNE &amp; Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

NEW WORK BY MONSIEUR SCHNEIDER.

On October 10 will be published, 1s. 6d.

**FIRST YEAR'S FRENCH COURSE. By C. H. SCHNEIDER,**

French Master in the High School of Edinburgh, &amp;c. &amp;c.

\*\* This Work forms a Complete Course of French for Beginners, and comprehends Grammatical Exercises, with Rules; Reading Lessons, with Notes; Dictation; Exercises in Conversation; and a Vocabulary of all the Words in the Book.

By the same Author.

**FRENCH CONVERSATION-GRAMMAR (Key, 2s. 6d.),**

price 3s. 6d.

PRACTICAL READER, with Questions in French, 3s. 6d.

**FRENCH MANUAL OF CONVERSATION and CORRE-**

SPONDENCE, 2s. 6d.

**ÉCRIT LITTÉRAIRE, for Reading, Dictation, and Recitation,**

price 3s. 6d.

\*\* For Opinions of distinguished Teachers apply to the Author.

Edinburgh: OLIVER &amp; BOYD. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, &amp; CO.

This day, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

**POEMS by J. W. WILLIAMS. ZOE—JOSEPH AND**

ZULEIKA—EXTRACTS from THE CORRIENTINO, and MISCELLANIES.

\* Mr. Williams has much poetical facility, and the proof afforded in this little volume will find admirers. —New of the World.

HALL &amp; Co., 25 Paternoster Row.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.

CONTENTS OF OCTOBER PART.—Price 7d.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Saved from Death.<br>Post-Cards & Envelopes.<br>Croquet.<br>An Engaged Man. In Twelve Chapters. Conclusion.<br>The Year and the Day.<br>The Artisan and the United States.<br>Our Munitions of War. | Anachronisms of Artists.<br>The Marlow Institution. In Seven Chapters.<br>Capri.<br>Midsummer Memories.<br>The Month: Science and Arts.<br>Three Pieces of Original Poetry. |
|---|---|
- And Chapters 19—26 of an Original Tale, entitled BRED IN THE BONE.

Monthly, 2s. 6d.

## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW:

Theological, Literary, and Social.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER:

1. THE PAPACY AND NATIONAL LIFE. By A GERMAN CATHOLIC [Professor FROMMANN, of Munich].
2. PRINCIPLES AND ISSUES OF THE WAR. By J. M. LUDLOW.
3. MUSIC AND EMOTION. By the Rev. H. R. HAWES.
4. JOSEPH MAZZINI: WHAT HAS HE DONE FOR ITALY?
5. THE PRUSSIAN STATE AND PRUSSIAN LITERATURE. By the Rev. JOHN GIBB.
6. KNOWING AND FEELING. Part II. By WILLIAM SMITH, Author of "Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinion."
7. THE WAR AND GENERAL CULTURE: Conversations. By the Author of "Friends in Council," No. 1.
8. THE EMPLOYMENT OF CRIMINALS. By GEORGE OGDEN.
9. A FEW MORE WORDS ON THE ATHANASIAN CREED. By Professor MAURICE.

STRAHAN & CO., 26 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

## THE HALFPENNY STAMP.

The New Postal Arrangement will allow the Proprietors of

## THE GRAPHIC

To issue GRATIS a Handsome Cover with each Weekly Number, thus enabling Purchasers to preserve the Numbers clean for Binding.  
Advertisers can receive Specimen Covers, and Terms for Advertisements, on application.

OFFICES, 130 STRAND, W.C.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 270, will be published on SATURDAY NEXT, October 15th. ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion cannot be received by the Publishers later than MONDAY NEXT, October 10th.  
London: LONGMANS and Co. 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCLVIII., will be published SATURDAY, October 15.

CONTENTS:

1. THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY.
2. SIR HENRY BULWER'S LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON.
3. PREVOST-PARADOL AND NAPOLEON III.
4. MISMANAGEMENT OF THE BRITISH NAVY.
5. FRENCH AND PRUSSIAN ARMIES, AND THE CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE.
6. VON SYBEL'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH.
7. INEFFICIENCY OF THE BRITISH ARMY.
8. GERMAN PATRIOTIC SONGS.
9. ROYAL LABORATORY AT WOOLWICH.
10. TERMS OF PEACE.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

Now ready, 6s.  
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—NEW SERIES.  
No. LXXVI. (OCTOBER 1870).

CONTENTS:

1. THE LAND QUESTION IN ENGLAND.
2. AMERICAN LITERATURE.
3. A PARTIAL REMEDY FOR THE PRESSURE OF "LOCAL TAXATION," ARISING FROM THE EXECUTION OF SANITARY WORKS.
4. JOHN WESLEY'S COSMOGONY.
5. ANCIENT JAPANESE POETRY.
6. THE SCOTTISH POOR-LAW.
7. THE LAWS OF WAR.
8. GUNPOWDER.
9. THE NEW YORK GOLD CONSPIRACY.
10. THE BAILLOT.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE: 1. Theology and Philosophy.—2. Politics, Sociology, Voyages and Travels.—3. Science.—4. History and Biography.—5. Belles-Lettres.  
London: TRÜBNER & Co., 56 Paternoster Row.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for OCTOBER 1870.  
No. DCLX. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:

Piccadilly.—Earl's Deme. Part XII.—On Fiction as an Educator.—Boating on the Thames.—Strangers in the House.—Canada: the Fenian Raid and the Colonial Education.—Cornelius O'Dowd: Making a Ring; The Price of Peace.—The European Hurricane. Part II.  
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

Now ready, illustrated, 3s.  
THE JOURNAL of the ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY  
of LONDON for OCTOBER 1870.—Vol. II., No. 3.  
London: TRÜBNER & Co., Paternoster Row.

THE THEOLOGICAL REVIEW. No. XXXI.  
(OCTOBER 1870). Price 2s. 6d.

1. THE SIBYL. By W. M. C. CALH, M.A.
2. THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM IN NATIONAL EDUCATION. By Viscount AMHERST.
3. THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE ARYAN NATIONS. By Professor A. S. WILKINS, M.A.
4. BISHOP ELLICOTT ON BIBLICAL REVISION. By J. R. BEARD, D.D.
5. SPINOZA. By J. FREDERICK SMITH.
6. NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Publishers: Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORSWORTHY, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London; and 20 South Frederick Street, Edinburgh.

TO INVESTORS.—Now ready.

LAVINGTON and PENNINGTON'S MONTHLY RECORD  
OF INVESTMENTS, containing an Exhaustive Review of the British and Foreign  
Stock and Share and Money Markets, &c., with an Enumeration of Safe Investments paying  
from 10 to 20 per Cent. 6d. per Copy 1 or 2s. Annually.  
G. LAVINGTON & A. PENNINGTON, 41 Thrusfield Street, London, E.C.

THE ENGINEER PORTFOLIO of WORKING DRAWINGS. No. 37, being No. 5 of "Cornish Engine Series." Details of Pit Work—Abrams and Grenor Mines. See THE ENGINEER of October 7.

THE ENGINEER of OCTOBER 7 CONTAINS:

1. The Cornish Engine, No. 5. Illustrated.
2. On an Improved Ship of War of Moderate Dimensions.
3. Faure's Battery.
4. Time Signals.
5. On Hills and Dales.
6. Barometric Predictions.
7. On the Production of Heavy Forgings.
8. On the Thermodynamics of Streams.
9. Homersham's Joints of Gas and Water Pipes. Illustrated.
10. Burgh's Donkey Pumps. Illustrated.
11. Fell's Mountain Locomotive. Illustrated.
12. Novel Apparatus for Testing Metals. Illustrated.
13. The Oxford Engine Trials: Report of the Judges.
14. South Wales Institute of Mechanical Engineers.
15. Letters to the Editor.
16. Hawkeley, Wild, & Co.'s Marine and Land Boilers.
17. Loss of the "Captain."
18. Sir William Armstrong on Trades-Unions and Patents.
19. Parke's Air-Jet Steam Engine.
20. American Neutrality.
21. Our own Correspondents in Scotland, Cleveland, Wolverhampton, South Wales, and the Northern and Eastern Counties.
22. Full Lists of Patents, &c. &c. &c.

THE ENGINEER, 6d.; by post, 6d.

Office, 162 Strand. And all Newsagents and Railway Stations.

No. I. on January 1, 1871.

THE RUGBY REVIEW and MAGAZINE. Written by Present and Former Masters or Pupils of Rugby School.  
Contributions and Communications for the EDITOR, or as to Advertisements, may be made ad interim to D. L., care of Messrs. Kingsbury & Co., 11 Clement's Lane, London, E.C.

A MONUMENT for ATHENS.—THE BUILDER of this Week includes View of Monument to Greek Independence.—The Revival in Holland, with Portrait of Mr. Cuypers. View of the Destroyed Crypt in the City.—Social Science in Newcastle.—Health and House Building, &c. 6d.; by post, 4d.  
1 York Street, W.C. And all Newsmen.

New Edition, with Woodcuts, in crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

ESSAYS on PHYSIOLOGICAL SUBJECTS. By GILBERT W. CHILD, M.A. F.L.S. F.C.S. of Exeter College, Oxford; Lecturer on Botany at St. George's Hospital. Second Edition, revised, with Additions.

These Essays are marked by carefulness, accuracy, and an uncompromising spirit of true inquiry; with that clearness and directness of style which such a spirit does not fail to generate. Spectator.  
In the two Essays given to the vexed question of Spontaneous Generation, Mr. Child takes the unpopular side, and shows with great force the weak points in M. Pasteur's researches which have been accepted by good many as conclusive against the theory. .... These are interesting topics, and they are treated with much ability. —Guardian.  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

On Saturday next, in crown 8vo. with 150 Woodcuts, price 10s. 6d. cloth,

A RUDIMENTARY MANUAL of ARCHITECTURE: being a Concise History and Explanation of the Principal Styles of European Architecture, Ancient, Medieval, and Renaissance; with their chief variations described and illustrated. To which is appended a Glossary of Technical Terms. By THOMAS MITCHELL, Author of "The Stepping-stone to Architecture."  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Just published, in 8vo. price 5s. sewed,

A POSTOLICAL SUCCESSION NOT A DOCTRINE of the CHURCH of ENGLAND; an Historical Essay, with Prefatory Letter and Appendices. By CANTAB.  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS Complete, in No. 143 of BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. 1s.

CHOPIN'S VALSES Complete, in No. 117 of BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. 1s.

CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS and VALSES, Complete in 1 vol. with Memoir and Portrait, very beautifully bound, 3s. 6d.  
BOOSEY & Co.

THE ROYAL EDITION of OPERAS. Edited by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.—An entirely new Edition of the complete Pianoforte Scores, with Italian and English Words, in the most perfect form ever published, printed from new and large type on the finest Paper, in volumes, super-royal 8vo., price 2s. 6d. each. This Edition, which will include all the chief Operatic Works of the day, will, it is believed, not only serve for study at the Pianoforte, but effectually supersede the Libretti used in Theatres, enabling the Public to follow the representation of Operas in the manner that has been so popular at Oratorio performances. The Operas will be published at fortnightly intervals, commencing in the following order:

- |                                    |                              |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| November 1.—MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI. | 15.—BEETHOVEN'S FIDELIO.     |
| December 1.—ROSSINI'S IL BARBIERE. | 15.—BELLINI'S LA SONNAMBULA. |
| January 1.—FLAUTOW'S MARTHA.       | 15.—VERDI'S IL TROVATORE.    |
- To be Continued.

An extra Edition will be published in crimson cloth, gilt edges, each 4s.  
BOOSEY & Co., 25 Holles Street, London.

THE ROYAL EDITION of OPERAS.—To be published every alternate Week, each 2s. 6d. Subscribers' Names received by all Music and Booksellers in Town and Country, or of the Publishers, BOOSEY & Co., Holles Street, London.

THE ROYAL EDITION of OPERAS.—Mozart's "DON GIOVANNI," with Italian and English Words, will be ready November 1 (270 pages), price 2s. 6d.

THE ROYAL EDITION of OPERAS.—Prospectus and Specimen Page post free, on application to BOOSEY & Co., Holles Street, London.

BOOSEY'S SHILLING ORATORIOS, MASSES, and

- |                         |           |                        |
|-------------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| HYMN OF PRAISE.         | CANTATAS. | WALPURGIS NIGHT.       |
| HAYDN'S IMPERIAL MASS.  |           | BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN C. |
| GOUDON'S ST. CECILE.    |           | ACIS AND GALATEA.      |
| MOZART'S TWELFTH MASS.  |           | MOZART'S REQUIEM.      |
| ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER. |           | DETTINGEN TE DEUM.     |
| JUDAS MACCABEUS.        |           | ISRAEL IN EGYPT.       |
| THE MESSIAH.            |           | THE CREATION.          |
- BOOSEY & Co., 25 Holles Street.

Just published, crown 8vo. cloth, 4s.  
THE SATIRES of HORACE, Translated into English Metre.  
By ANDREW WOOD, M.D., F.R.S.E., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.  
Edinburgh: WILLIAM P. NIMMO.  
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co. And all Booksellers.

In a few days, 2s. 6d.  
ELEMENTARY EDUCATION ACT, 1870, with a full Analysis and Explanation. By FRANCIS ADAMS, Solicitor, Secretary of the National Education League.  
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.; STEPHENS & SONS, Chancery Lane. Birmingham: ALEXANDER DAVY.

This day is published, crown 8vo. with 150 Engravings, 6s.  
ADVANCED TEXT-BOOK of ZOOLOGY, for the Use of Schools. By H. ALLENBYE NICOLSON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., Lecturer on Natural History, and Vice-President of the Geological Society of Edinburgh.  
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.



CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET, October 1, 1870.

## SAMPSON LOW &amp; CO'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

M. GUIZOT'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF FRANCE.

**A NEW HISTORY of FRANCE, from the EARLIEST TIMES to the YEAR 1789.** Narrated for the Rising Generation by M. GUIZOT, the Author of "The History of Civilisation in Europe." Translated from the French by ROBERT BLACK, M.A., and Illustrated with 100 full-page Engravings, and a large number of small ones. Part I. 2s.

The special nature and design of this Work may be best gathered from the following portions of a Letter addressed by the venerable Author to his French Publishers:

"You have heard, gentlemen, that for many years I have taken paternal pleasure in relating the History of France to the younger members of my family, and you ask me if I have any intention of publishing these family studies on the great life of our country. Such was not at first my idea; I thought of my own family, and of them alone. What I had at heart was to make them truly comprehend our history, and to interest them therein by satisfying their intelligence and their imagination, by showing it to them at once bright and life-like. . . . In order to attain the object which I proposed to myself, I have always taken care to connect my stories or my reflections with the great events or the great personages of history. When we wish to describe a country scientifically, we visit all parts of it—its plains as well as its mountains—its villages as well as its cities—its obscure corners as well as its celebrated places; thus a geologist, a botanist, an archaeologist, a statistician would proceed. But when the main object is to know the principal features of a country, its general form and contour, we mount the heights; we place ourselves on points whence the eye best seizes the general features and physiognomy of the country. Thus it is necessary to proceed in history, when the object is neither, on the one hand, to reduce it to the skeleton of an abridgment, nor, on the other, to extend it to the long dimensions of an erudite work. Great events and great men are the fixed points and the summits of history, and it is from thence that we can consider it as a whole, and follow it in its main roads. In this relating it, I have occasionally lingered over some particular anecdote, by which I have been enabled to put in a vivid light the dominant spirit of the times or the characteristic manners of the population; but, with these rare exceptions, I have in my narrative always fixed upon great facts and great historic personages, in order to exhibit them as they have been in reality, the centre and the heart of the life of France."

Such a Work, conceived in such a spirit, and carried out by a writer so clear, so methodical, and so appreciative as the distinguished Author of "The History of Civilisation," appeals not alone to the rising generation, who are destined to make the future history of the country it describes, but to that also of the whole civilized world. A good, thoroughly trustworthy, and popular History of France has long been a recognised want, and this Work seems to be admirably calculated to fulfil that requirement.

[This day.

THE "QUEEN" EDITION OF "THE GENTLE LIFE."

**THE GENTLE LIFE. Essays in Aid of the Formation of Character.** By HAIN FRISWELL. The "Queen" Edition, revised and selected from the Two Series. In 1 vol. small 4to. choice printed on paper specially made, with Title Vignette by Sir NOEL PATON, R.S.A., engraved on Steel by G. H. JENKS, bound, cloth extra. [Ready October 10.]

\* \* \* This special Edition of "The Gentle Life" is, by Her Majesty's gracious permission and desire, "dedicated to one who, in her daily duties, her trials, and her sorrows, has illustrated the lessons which the Author seeks imperfectly to inculcate."

The Queen's acceptance of an early copy of this Edition has just been communicated to the Author, in most gracious terms of commendation. Her Majesty adding the expression of her "special pleasure with the chapter on 'The Servant within our Gates,' the advice in which Her Majesty wishes could be followed by all."

MR. HARRINGTON'S ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

**PICTURES of ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.** Photographed by JOHN HARRINGTON, Artist of the Abbey and Palace of Westminster. 4to. morocco.

MRS. BURY PALLISER.

**HISTORIC DEVICES, BADGES, and WAR CRIES.** By Mrs. BURY PALLISER. With 140 Illustrations beautifully printed on the finest paper. Square 8vo. cloth.

SPENSER'S RED CROSSE KNIGHT.

**THE RED CROSSE KNIGHT. The Legend of the KNIGHT of the RED CROSSE, from Spenser's "Faery Queene."** Illustrated with Twelve Original Drawings by CHARLOTTE MORRELL (reproduced by the Woodbury permanent process). Imp. 8vo.

SUPERB BOOK OF ADVENTURE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

**THE ADVENTURES of a YOUNG NATURALIST.** By LUCYEN DIANT. With 117 beautiful Illustrations on Wood. Edited and adapted by PARKER GILMORE, Author of "All Round the World," "Gun, Rod, and Saddle," &c. Post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges. [Ready October 10.]

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN'S NEW BOOK.

**ART in the MOUNTAINS: the Story of the PASSION PLAY.** By HENRY BLACKBURN, Author of "Travelling in Spain," "Artists and Arabs," "The Pyrenæes," "Normandy Picturesque," &c. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, cloth extra.

NEW BOOK OF TRAVEL IN RUSSIA.

**TENT-LIFE in SIBERIA, and ADVENTURES among the KORAKS and other TRIBES in KAMTCHATKA and NORTHERN ASIA.** By GEORGE KENNAN. 1 vol. 12mo. with Map.

\* \* \* The Author is probably the only person living who has made the entire journey from Behring's Straits to St. Petersburg—a distance (as travelled) of 5,700 miles. The region described is near the Arctic Circle, and has been hitherto almost unknown to the rest of the world.

M. DUPLESSIS' NEW VOLUME ON FINE ART ENGRAVING.

**THE WONDERS of ENGRAVING.** By GEORGES DUPLESSIS. With 34 fine Woodcuts by P. SELLIER, and 10 Photograph reproductions in Autotype, illustrative of the various Stages of the Art of Engraving, from the Earliest Times to the Present. 1 vol. square 8vo. cloth elegant, gilt edges.

SECOND VOLUME OF M. VIARDOT'S—ON PAINTING.

**THE WONDERS of PAINTING; embracing the Spanish, French, German, English, Flemish, and Dutch Schools.** &c. By LOUIS VIARDOT, Author of "Wonders of Italian Art." Numerous Woodcut Illustrations and Photographs, beautifully printed on toned paper, and elegantly bound in cloth.

COMPANION VOLUME TO GOUFFE'S ROYAL COOKERY BOOK.

**THE BOOK of PRESERVES; or, Receipts for Preparing and Preserving Meats, Fish, salted and smoked, Terrines, Galantines, Vegetables, Fruits, Confitures, Siroys, Liqueurs de Famille, Petits Fours, Bon Bons, &c. &c.** By JULES GOUFFE, Head Cook of the Paris Jockey Club; and translated and adapted by his Brother, ALPHONSE GOUFFE, Head Pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen, Translator and Editor of "The Royal Cookery Book." 1 vol. royal 8vo. containing upwards of 500 Receipts and 34 Illustrations.

NEW INDEX OF BIOGRAPHY.

**A CONDENSED UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY:** giving Leading Facts, Dates, and References to Authorities on above 100,000 Lives, reference being made in each case where a fuller Account may be found; forming the most complete Biographical Index ever attempted. By L. B. PHILLIPS. 8vo.

\* \* \* This Work is the production of many years' unceasing labour, and most fully and completely meets the requirement described by a Reviewer of existing Biographies, in the "Athenæum" of August 20, 1870:

"To give the student some precise information and to put him on the right track for finding more, and of the most complete kind, would be a task fairly within the scheme of a book of reference, and would invest it with peculiar value. An approximation to this system may have been now and then attempted, but it has hardly been carried out to the full extent and with the thoroughness it is susceptible of. It would increase undoubtably the labours of those concerned, but the writers who shrink from grave expenditure of time and trouble must clearly beget themselves to occupation other than the compilation of books of real authority and reference."

STANDARD EDITION OF PLUTARCH'S MORALS.

**PLUTARCH'S MORALS. A Library Edition,** uniform with Professor CLOUGH's Edition of Plutarch's Lives. Edited by Professor GOODWIN, of Harvard College, Mass. With an Introductory Essay by R. W. EMERSON. 5 vols. 8vo. [Just ready.]

\* \* \* This Work is published simultaneously in London and Boston, and will offer a fine Standard Edition of a Work that has long been out of the market, no English Edition having been printed since 1718, and that a very indifferent one.

RE-ISSUE OF FAVOURITE ENGLISH POEMS.

**FAVOURITE ENGLISH POEMS. Illustrated** with 330 Engravings on Wood, from Designs from Eminent Artists. Re-issued in a handsome binding as a Presentation Volume.

NEW STORY BY MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

**PINK and WHITE TYRANNY: a Love Story.** By the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 1 vol.

NEW NOVEL BY LADY HARDY.

**DAISY NICHOL: a Novel.** By Lady HARDY, Author of "A Casual Acquaintance," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

NEW STORY BY MISS FRANC.

**SILKEN CORDS and IRON FETTERS.** By MAUDE JEANE FRANC, Author of "Marian," "Minnie's Mission," "Vermont Vale," &c. Small post 8vo. Uniform with previous Volumes by same Author.

MISS ALCOTT'S "LITTLE WOMEN."—NEW EDITION.

**A STORY of FOUR LITTLE WOMEN.** By LOUISE M. ALCOTT. The Two Parts complete in One Volume, small post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. [This day.]

MR. BLACKMOOR'S POPULAR NOVEL.—NEW EDITION.

**LORNA DOONE: a Tale of Exmoor.** By RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMOOR. Second Edition, with Frontispiece, cloth extra, 6s. [This day.]

MRS. WHITNEY'S NEW STORY.—NEW EDITION.

**HITHERTO: a Story of Yesterdays.** By the Author of "The Gayworthys," "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." With Frontispiece, fcp. cloth.

THE NEW HYMNAL.

**THE HYMNAL COMPANION to the BOOK of COMMON PRAYER.** Annotated Edition, with Introduction and Notes. Edited by E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Ripon.

No.	Small type Edition, medium 32mo. sewed (net per 100 copies)	s. d.
No. 1. A	ditto ditto cloth limp	0 3
No. 1. B	ditto ditto roan limp, red edges	0 6
No. 1. C	ditto ditto morocco limp, gilt edges	1 0
No. 2.	Second size type, super-royal 32mo. cloth limp	2 0
No. 2. A	ditto ditto roan limp, red edges	2 0
No. 2. B	ditto ditto morocco limp, gilt edges	3 0
No. 3.	Large type Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, red edges	2 6
No. 3. A	ditto ditto roan limp, red edges	3 6
No. 3. B	ditto ditto morocco limp, gilt edges	5 6
No. 4.	Large type Edition, crown 8vo. with Introduction and Notes, cloth, red edges	3 6
No. 4. A	ditto ditto roan limp, gilt edges	4 6
No. 4. B	ditto ditto morocco, red edges	6 6
No. 5.	Crown 8vo. with Tunes (in preparation).	

THE OLEOGRAPH OIL PAINTINGS.

**A LIST of OLEOGRAPH OIL PAINTINGS,** English and Continental, sent post-free to Applicants enclosing a Postage Stamp.

\* \* \* A large assortment in suitable Frames of these wonderful Facsimile Oil Paintings may be seen at Messrs. LOW & Co.'s, the exclusive Wholesale Agents for England, America, and the Colonies.

**NEW OLEOGRAPHS after ENGLISH MASTERS.** Encouraged by the success which has attended their introduction of Continental Oleographs into this Country, Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. beg to announce that they have in preparation a Series of very choice Cabinet Pictures after the best English Painters, produced in Facsimile by Messrs. COOPER, CLAY, & Co.

The following Subjects are now ready for delivery:

	SIZE	PRICE	PAINTER.
		s. d.	
THE FIGHTING Téméraire	7 x 10½	16 0	J. M. W. TURNER.
CHILDRE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE	7 x 10½	16 0	"
These are very charming and bright little Copies of the two world-renowned Pictures in the National Gallery.			
THE WRECKERS	10½ x 11½	18 0	Capt. W. W. MAEY.
From an Original Painting in possession of the Artist.			
CHILDHOOD	13 x 12	16 0	Sir THOS. LAWRENCE.
CROSSING THE BRIDGE	7 x 10	16 0	Sir A. W. CALLCOTT.
THE CORNFIELD	8½ x 10	16 0	JOHN CONSTABLE.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, &amp; MARSTON, CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

**CLAUDE.** By Lady BLAKE. 3 vols.  
*"Lady Blake is not only a practiced, but an elegant and dexterous writer. 'Claude' is a decided success. It is a novel which need only be read to be appreciated in the highest degree. The story is one of great interest, and in parts of surpassing power."*—*Past.*

**THE VILLAGE of the WEST.** By R. W. BADDELEY. 3 vols.

**DIARY of a NOVELIST.** By the Author of "Rachel's Secret," &c. 1 vol.

**THE THREE BROTHERS.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c. 3 vols.

**THERESA.** By NOELL RADECLIFFE, Author of "Alice Wentworth," "The Lass of Blendon Hall," &c. 3 vols.  
*"A clever work. The dialogue is easy and graceful; the characters are well discriminated."*—*Messenger.*

HURST & BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, 13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE POPULAR NEW NOVELS

AT ALL LIBRARIES.

**BESSY RANE.** By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c. 3 vols.

**FROM THISTLES—GRAPES?** By Mrs. ELOANT, Author of "St. Bede's," "The Curate's Discipline," &c.

**BEAUTY TALBOT.** By PERCY FITZGERALD, Author of "Bella Donna," &c. 3 vols.

**PETRONEL.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT, Author of "Love's Conflict," &c. 3 vols.

Also, immediately,

**THE COUNTRY HOUSE on the RHINE:** a Novel. (Copyright.) By V. BERTHOLD AUERRACH. 3 vols. crown 8vo.  
*"It is always refreshing to meet one novel among many which is a beautiful work, with a plot, a subject, and an idea. The poetical charm of this new production of Auerrach is guaranteed by its exquisite scenery; the radiant and ever-moving life of the Middle Rhine forms the background of the picture. Throughout, the author shows himself a master of lively and characteristic portraiture."*—*Academy.*

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

NOTICE.

THE NEW EDITION OF

BURKE'S LANDED GENTRY,

In 2 vols., price £1 2s., will be ready next Week.

HARRISON, BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, 26 FALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Just published, fcp. 8vo. 7s.

THE MASQUE OF SHADOWS,  
 AND OTHER POEMS.

By JOHN PAYNE.

BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING, 106 PICCADILLY.

Immediately, 2 vols. 8vo. with fine Portrait, 3s.

THE

LIFE OF HENRY JOHN TEMPLE,  
 VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

With Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence.

By the Right Hon. Sir HENRY LYTTON BULWER, G.C.B., M.P.

RICHARD BENTLEY, PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

Just published, 2 vols. crown 8vo.

JOHN:

A Love Story.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Now out, 2s. 6d.

**ARITHMETIC.** By SONNENSCHNEN and NESBITT. Parts II. and III. in One Volume. Fractional and Approximate Calculations. WHITAKER & CO., Ave Maria Lane.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

On Friday, October 14, in 1 vol. 8vo.

**FAIR FRANCE: Impressions of a Traveller.** By the Author of "John Halifax." HURST & BLACKETT, Publishers, 13 Great Marlborough Street.

Ready this day, No. XXXIX. (for OCTOBER), 1s.

TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE.

**PEASANT LIFE in SWEDEN.** By L. LLOYD, Author of "The Game Birds of Sweden," "Scandinavian Adventures," &c. 8vo. with Illustrations.

**STRAY LEAVES of SCIENCE and FOLK-LORE.** By J. SCOFFERN, M.B. Lond. 8vo.

**PRINCIPLES of COMEDY and DRAMATIC EFFECT.** By PERCY FITZGERALD, Author of "The Life of Garrick," &c. 8vo.

**RELIGIOUS THOUGHT in GERMANY.** By the TIMES' CORRESPONDENT at Berlin. Reprinted from the "Times." 8vo. 12s.

**FRANCE UNDER the BOURBONS, 1589-1830.** By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Regius Professor, Queen's College, Belfast. 4 vols. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. contain the Reigns of Henry IV., Louis XIII. and XIV.; Vols. III. and IV. contain the Reigns of Louis XV. and XVI. Price 2s.

NEW NOVELS IN READING AT ALL LIBRARIES.

NOTICE—NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF

"BLACK SHEEP."

**A RIGHTED WRONG: a Novel.** By EDMUND YATES, Author of "Black Sheep," "The Forlorn Hope," "Broken to Harness," &c. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**A PRIVATE INQUIRY: a Novel.** By CHARLES H. ROSS, Author of "The Pretty Widow," &c. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**LADY WEDDERBURN'S WISH: a Novel.** By JAMES GRANT, Author of "The Romance of War," &c. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

**BEYOND THESE VOICES: a Novel.** By the Earl of DESART, Author of "Only a Woman's Love," &c. 3 vols. [Just ready.]

**ROBERT LYNNE: a Novel.** By MARY BRIDGMAN. 2 vols.

**THE INQUISITOR: a Novel.** By WILLIAM GILBERT, Author of "Doctor Austin's Guests," &c. &c.

**FALSELY TRUE: a New Novel.** By Mrs. CASHEL HOBY, Author of "A House of Cards," &c. &c. 3 vols.

**SCHOOLED WITH BRIARS: a Story of To-day.** 1 vol.

**AFTER BAXTOW'S DEATH: a Novel.** By MORLEY FARROW, Author of "No Easy Task," &c. 3 vols.

**FENACRE GRANGE: a Novel.** By LANGFORD CECIL. 3 vols.

**THE FLORENTINES: a Novel.** By the Countess MONTMERRILL. 3 vols. [Just ready.]

**BOUGHT WITH A PRICE: a Novel.** By the Author of "Golden Pippin," &c. 1 vol. [Just ready.]

**A NEW NOVEL, by the Author of "No Appeal."** 3 vols. [Just ready.]

**NETHERTON-ON-SEA: a Story.** By E. M. ALFORD. Edited by the Dean of CANTERBURY. New Edition, 1 vol. 2s. 6d.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

Just published, 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

**THE PROPHETIC SPIRIT in its RELATION to WISDOM and MADNESS.** By the Rev. AUGUSTUS CLIMBOLD, M.A. London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., Paternoster Row.

Now ready, crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.

**PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, in its RELATION to the PREVAILING WINDS and CURRENTS.** By JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON, M.A. F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., Mathematical and Naval Instructor at the Royal Naval College. London: J. D. POTTER, 21 Foulitz.

Just published, 8vo. with Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

**ON the WRITING of the INSANE.** By G. MACKENZIE BACOS, M.D., Medical Superintendent of the Cambridgeshire County Asylum. JOHN CHURCHILL & SONS, New Burlington Street.

Fourth Edition, much enlarged, with 46 Engravings on Wood, Coloured Frontispiece, and 6 Panoramic Maps, post 8vo. 12s.

**DR. HENRY BENNET'S WINTER and SPRING on the SHORES of the MEDITERRANEAN; or, the Riviera, Menton, Italy, Corsica, Sicily, Algeria, Spain, and Biarritz, as Winter Climate.** "The book is a thoroughly good one for its purpose, and should be studied by all who have need of the kind of knowledge it contains."—*Times.* JOHN CHURCHILL & SONS, New Burlington Street.

Just published, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

**BEN RHYDDING a WINTER RESIDENCE: its Aesthetics, its Hygiene, and Therapeutics.** By JAMES BAIRD, B.A., Author of the "Management of Health," &c. London: MOFFAT & Co., 34 Southampton Street, Strand.

Just published, Second Edition, with Addenda, containing additional Facts and Cases in Illustration of the Notorious Proceedings of the Advertising Quacks, 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 9d.  
**REVELATIONS of QUACKS and QUACKERY.** By DETECTOR. Reprinted from the "Medical Circular." London: BAILLIÈRE & Co., 20 King William Street, Strand.



# NEW AND CHOICE BOOKS

IN CIRCULATION AT

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

*Fresh Copies of all the best Books of the Season are added as the demand increases, and an ample Supply is provided of all forthcoming Works of general interest as they appear.*

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE, by Earl Stanhope.  
 ESSAYS ON CHURCH AND STATE, by Dean Stanley.  
 MERCEY'S JOURNAL OF THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.  
 ROBINSON'S LECTURES ON ART.—LOTHIAN.  
 THE GRAMMAR OF ASSENT, by Dr. Newman.  
 DIXON'S FREE RUSSIA.—ROBERTSON'S POEMS.  
 A RAMBLE INTO BRITANNIA, by Rev. George Musgrave.  
 OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS, by Richard A. Proctor.  
 STORY OF THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.  
 KELLY'S LETTERS OF SPIRITUAL COUNSEL.  
 JOHN, by Mrs. Oliphant.—THE THREE BROTHERS.  
 THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION, by Sir John Lubbock.  
 THE "ROB ROY" ON THE JORDAN, by John Macgregor.  
 DESSY RANE, by Mrs. Henry Wood.—LONGLEAT.  
 A SIBIR, by Thomas Adolphus Trollope.  
 L'ESTRANGE'S LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.  
 HISTORICAL SKETCHES, by Mrs. Oliphant.  
 THE CHURCH AND THE AGE: a Series of Essays.  
 ECCELESIA, edited by Professor Reynolds.  
 THE MARTYR CHURCH OF MADAGASCAR, by W. Ellis.  
 A BOOK ABOUT THE CLERGY, by J. C. Jeaffreson.  
 HEROES OF HEBREW HISTORY, by Bishop Wilberforce.  
 A BRAVE LADY, by the Author of "John Halifax."  
 PECCADILLY, by Laurence Oliphant.—ST. BEDA'S.  
 THE CHURCH OF THE RESTORATION, by Dr. Stoughton.  
 THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.—EDWIN DROOD.  
 AT HOME WITH THE BRETONS, by Mrs. Palliser.  
 NOTES IN ITALY, by Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne.  
 HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.—A STRANGE FAMILY.  
 NORMANDY PICTURESQUE, by Henry Blackburn.  
 EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY, by E. de Pressensé.  
 A BOOK ABOUT ROSES, by E. Reynolds Hale.  
 ODES OF HORACE, by Lord Lytton.—TO ESTHER.  
 ONE MAIDEN ONLY.—GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.  
 A RIGHTED WRONG, by Edmund Yates.  
 LIFE OF ST. ANSELM, by Rev. R. W. Church.  
 THE DUTT FAMILY ALBUM.—A DOUBTful SECRET.  
 ROBINSON'S ALPINE FLOWERS.—UNAWARES.  
 COX'S MYTHOLOGY OF THE ARYAN NATIONS.  
 LIFE OF PERE BESSON.—BY ORDER OF THE KING.  
 THE POPULATION OF AN OLD PEAR TREE.—SIR RICHARD.  
 THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF LONDON, by J. E. Ritchie.  
 ABBEYS AND CASTLES OF ENGLAND, by John Timbs.  
 SKETCHES OF LIFE IN AFRICA, by C. Hamilton.  
 BIBLICAL STUDIES, by Rev. E. H. Plumptre.  
 A SPRING TOUR IN PORTUGAL, by Rev. A. C. Smith.  
 THE THEORY OF NATURAL SELECTION, by A. R. Wallace.  
 CARMIR MAREMMA, by the Author of "Realism."  
 STATION LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND, by Lady Barker.  
 FOR RICHER FOR POORER.—THE STORY OF PAULINE.  
 LIFE AND REMAINS OF DR. ROBERT LEE, by R. H. Story.  
 THE PURSUIT OF HOLINESS, by Dr. Goulburn.  
 THE UNKIND WORD, by the Author of "John Halifax."  
 NEW TRACKS IN NORTH AMERICA, by Dr. Bell.  
 MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.—TOO BRIGHT TO LAST.  
 THE HOTEL DU PETIT ST. JEAN.—VIOLE.  
 DICKENHAM'S VOW.—ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.  
 LETTERS OF SIR CHARLES BELL.—KILMINT.  
 STEINMETZ'S HISTORY OF THE GAMING TABLE.  
 MEMOIRS OF THE MARQUESS DE MONTAGU.  
 GOLD AND TINSIL.—THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.  
 THE FUEL OF THE SUN, by W. Matthieu Williams.  
 THE BRAHMO SOMAJ, by Keshub Chunder Sen.  
 TYERMAN'S LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN WESLEY.  
 CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR, by Dr. Alexander Macleod.  
 LADY BETTY.—WENDENHOLME.—OLD TOWN FOLKS.  
 LIFE OF JOHN GIBSON, R.A., by Lady Eastlake.  
 PORTRAITS (POEMS), by Augusta Webster.  
 LETTERS OF SIR GEORGE C. LEWIS.—THE FELLAR.  
 THE MORNING LAND, by Edward Dickey.  
 MEMOIRS OF MY TIME, by George Hodder.  
 DAILY IN THE FIELD.—THE DUKE'S HONOUR.  
 THE INQUIRER, by W. Gilbert.—FALGELY TRUTH.  
 PRINCIPLES OF COMEDY, by Percy Fitzgerald.  
 FOOTPRINTS OF FORMER MEN IN FAR CORNWALL.  
 TRY LAYLAND, by Captain Hutchinson.—HIBELL.  
 FROM THIMBLES—GRAPES?—A POET HERO.—THESSALIA.  
 TRUTH IN TALKS, by J. de Lisle.—A LOWLY LIFE.

DIARY OF A NOVELIST, by Mary C. Tabor.  
 WILD LIFE AMONG THE KOORDS, by Major Millingen.  
 ST. PAUL AND PROTESTANTISM, by Matthew Arnold.  
 COMMONPLACE, by C. G. Rossetti.—MAN AND WIFE.  
 THE VILLAGE OF THE WEST, by R. W. Baddeley.  
 AGAINST TIME, by Alexander Innes Shand.  
 A TOUR ROUND ENGLAND, by Walter Thornbury.  
 THE NATURALIST IN JAPAN, by Arthur Adams.  
 WINTERING AT MESTOKE, by William Chambers.  
 THE WILD GARDEN, by William Robinson.  
 NOBLESS OBLIGE.—OBERON SPELL.—OLDHURY.  
 THE CHRISTIAN POLICY OF LIFE, by J. B. Brown.  
 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. KREMMER.  
 MEMOIR OF A. H. CLOUGH.—HUXLEY'S LAY SERMONS.  
 SILVIA, by Julia Kavanagh.—ESTHER HILL'S SECRET.  
 MODERN RUSSIA, by Dr. Julius Eckardt.  
 VARIETIES OF VICE-REGAL LIFE, by Sir W. Denison.  
 THE GERMANIC CONFEDERATION, by Sir A. Malet.  
 A CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS, by Captain Townshend.  
 AUSTIN PRIARS.—BLOODFIELD.—ACQUITTED.  
 DIARY OF HENRY CRAIG ROBINSON.—VERONICA.  
 LATIN AND TRUTHFUL CHRISTENDOM, by G. W. Cox.  
 A VISIT TO EGYPT, by Hon. Mrs. William Grey.  
 THE LAST OF THE TASMANIANS, by James Bonwick.  
 MEMOIR OF W. C. BURNS, by Rev. Islay Butts.  
 MAURICE AND EUGENIE DE GUÉMIN, by Harriet Park.  
 AUNT'S MEMOIR OF DR. JAMES HAMILTON.  
 VAN LEMMEN'S TRAVELS IN ASIA MINOR.  
 MAURICE'S LECTURES ON SOCIAL MORALITY.  
 HOME LIFE OF SIR DAVID BURNHAY, by Mrs. Gordon.  
 GREATER BRITAIN, by Sir C. Wentworth Duke.  
 ESSAYS ON LAND TENURE, by the Cobden Club.  
 FAMILIES OF SPEECH, by Rev. F. W. Farrar.  
 HER MAJESTY'S TOWER, by W. H. Dixon.  
 HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by Sir E. S. Creasy.  
 WALLACE'S TRAVELS IN THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.  
 NOCTURNE IN SYCHAR, by Dr. Macduff.—HAGAR.  
 VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE.—IN EXITU ISRAEL.  
 GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.—THE NORMANS.—CLAUDE.  
 CURIOSITIES OF OLDEN TIMES, by S. Baring-Gould.  
 THE EARLY PARADISE.—FOREST LIFE IN ACARIE.  
 LIFE OF REV. JOHN KEBLE, by Sir J. T. Coleridge.  
 MILMAN'S ANNALS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.  
 TOWNSEND'S TEN THOUSAND MILES OF TRAVEL.  
 CHRISTIAN SINGERS OF GERMANY, by C. Winckworth.  
 THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS, by Ernest Menault.  
 DOTTINGS IN PANAMA, by Captain Bedford Pim.  
 LORNA DOONE.—KATHLEEN.—THE HARRISERS.  
 THE SACHISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.—OUT ADRIET.  
 HABIT AND INTELLIGENCE, by Joseph John Murphy.  
 LADY WEDDERBURN'S WISH.—HOWARD'S WIFE.  
 BLUNT'S PLAIN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.  
 FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF WELLS CATHEDRAL.  
 ELLICOTT ON REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.  
 EASTERN PILGRIMS, by Agnes Smith.—GRIP.  
 HIGH ALPS WITHOUT GUIDES, by A. G. Girdlestone.  
 BLINDNESS OF VICE AND FOLLY, by J. G. Hargrave.  
 NORA, by Lady E. Pomeroy.—A FOOL'S PARADISE.  
 WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS.—THOLOPE'S CREAM.  
 ISMA: A TALE OF HUNGARIAN LIFE, by Count du Lys.  
 LOCH'S NARRATIVE OF OCCURRENCES IN CHINA, 1860.  
 HUGH LATIMER: A BIOGRAPHY, by Rev. R. Demaree.  
 MACLEAN'S APOSTLES OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE.  
 TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN TRAVANCORE, by Rev. J. Abbe.  
 THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK, by Marius Toppin.  
 ROME AND THE COUNCIL, by Felix Bruegger.  
 THE AMERICANS AT HOME, by David Macrae.  
 RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN GERMANY (from the "Times").  
 THE GROWTH OF THE PAPACY, by Alfred Owen Legge.  
 CHRIST AND HUMANITY, by Dr. Vaughan.  
 NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S ENGLISH NOTE BOOK.  
 HEARTS AND DIAMONDS.—HILARY ST. IVES.—JANIE.  
 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF J. B. GOUGH.—ESSAYS IN MORALS.  
 LIFE OF MADAME DE MIRAMION.—BEAUTY TALBOT.  
 MY SCHOOLBOY FRIENDS.—THE BOND OF HONOUR.  
 RAMBAM'S HISTORY OF THE ARABIAN EXPEDITION.  
 RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON, by an Etonian.—KITTY.  
 LANCASHIRE; ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE, by Dr. Halley.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FARADAY, by Dr. Dence Jones.  
 PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, by Charles Rende.  
 RELIGIOUS LIFE IN GERMANY, by William Baur.  
 PRIMITIVE MAN, by Louis Figuier.—AMONG STRANGERS.  
 CURIOSITIES OF TOIL, by Dr. Wynter.  
 THE STORY OF WANDERING WILLIE.—ENSEMBLE.  
 AN EDITOR'S TALES, by Anthony Trollope.  
 LETTERS FROM LONDON, by George M. Dallas.  
 NO APPEAL.—GINKY'S BABY.—AGAINST TIME.  
 DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL.—TRUE TO HERSELF.  
 LIFE AND LETTERS OF DR. F. W. FARRER.  
 HEREDITARY GENIUS, by Francis Galton.  
 COX'S SEARCH FOR WINTER SUNSHINE IN CORNICA.  
 THOUGHTS ON LIFE SCIENCE, by Benjamin Place.  
 MEMOIR OF GUSTAVE BERGSON, by W. C. Cartwright.  
 HANDY BOOK OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, by T. Nichols.  
 THE MAYGARS, by A. J. Patterson.—KATE'S SEPTOY WAIL.  
 LYNCH'S MORNINGTON LECTURE.—LETITIA LISIE.  
 ESSAYS ON WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S CULTURE.  
 THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN, by John Stuart Mill.  
 GOSPEL ABOUT LETTER-WRITERS, by George Seton.  
 THE CAGED LION, by Miss Yonge.—ESTELLE RUSSELL.  
 AMERICAN SOCIETY, by G. M. Towle.—THE BARKS.  
 ROUND ABOUT PICCADILLY, by Henry B. Wheatley.  
 AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS, by George Fyvie.  
 THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Dr. Van Oosterzee.  
 CONRAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.  
 ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.—THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.  
 OLD ENGLISH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN, by E. Freeman.  
 A TALE OF ETERNITY, by Gerald Massey.  
 LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS, by W. H. D. Adams.  
 STRAY LEAVES OF SCIENCE, by Dr. Scofield.  
 LEWIN'S WILD RACES OF SOUTH-EASTERN INDIA.  
 A LITTLE BOOK ABOUT ENGLAND, by Batsch-Amazat.  
 THE CRUISE OF THE "KATE," by E. E. Middleton.  
 THE PARDON OF GUNGAMP.—THE BOOK OF ORM.  
 THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW, by Sir Edward Cressy.  
 THE VIVIAN ROMANCE.—AFTER BAKTOW'S DEATH.  
 ANNIE JENNINGS.—PATIENCE CARRINGTON.  
 FIGUER'S MAMMALIA.—THREE WEDDINGS.  
 THE LAWS OF DISCUSSIVE THOUGHT, by Dr. McCosh.  
 THE CASTAWAYS, by Capt. Mayne Reid.—ARTHUR.  
 MISCELLANES FROM DR. NEWMAN'S OXFORD SERMONS.  
 PRESENT-DAY PAPERS, edited by Bishop Ewing.  
 NOTES IN THE NILE VALLEY, by Andrew L. Adams.  
 MONEY'S WORTH.—PETHONEL.—ON A CORAL REEF.  
 THE SEX OF ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES, by O. J. Reichel.  
 THOUGHTS FOR THE AGE, by Author of "Amy Herbert."  
 SEASIDE WALKS OF A NATURALIST, by W. Houghton.  
 SAUNDERS'S EVENINGS WITH THE SACRED POETS.  
 THE PUPILS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.—CLAUDIA.  
 WORKS OF DR. JAMES HAMILTON. Vols. I. to IV.  
 FORSAKING ALL OTHERS.—THE RULE OF THE MONK.  
 LEAR'S CORNICA.—BURTON'S PARAGUAY.  
 NEWMAN WALLINGTON'S HISTORICAL NOTICES.  
 RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN ENGLAND, by Rev. John Hunt.  
 COMPARATIVE LONGEVITY, by E. Ray Lankester.  
 MARKHAM'S LIFE OF FAIRFAX.—MURHEAD'S CHINA.  
 THE CREATOR AND THE CREATION, by Dr. John Young.  
 BLUNT'S REFORMATION OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.  
 DICKSON'S SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF JAPAN.  
 DE PRESSENSÉ'S CHURCH AND FRENCH REVOLUTION.  
 VIRGINIA RANDALL.—AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.  
 SYSTEMATIC TECHNICAL EDUCATION, by J. S. Russell.  
 FRISWELL'S ESSAYS ON ENGLISH WRITERS.  
 THE NORMAN KINGS OF ENGLAND, by Thomas Cobbe.  
 A PERFECT TREASURE.—RED AS A ROSE IS SHE.  
 LADY FLORA.—MY HERO.—A PRIVATE ENQUIRY.  
 THE ANDER AND THE AMAZON, by James Orton.  
 AMONG MY BOOKS, by James Russell Lowell.  
 RECONSTRUCTING IN ARYEMIA, by Lt.-Col. Wilkins.  
 SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE, by Ralph W. Emerson.  
 GREY AND GOLD.—STERN NECESSITY.—HEDGED IN.  
 ROMANCE OF SPANISH HISTORY, by J. S. C. Abbott.  
 RECREATIONS OF A RECLUSE.—JAMES OLIPHANT.  
 THE NATIONS AROUND.—BEECHER'S FAMILIAR TALKS.  
 CHESNEY'S MILITARY RESOURCES OF FRANCE & PRUSSIA.  
 THE ENTERTAINING SHOWMAN, by E. P. Hingston.

AND SEVERAL OTHER WORKS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

FIRST-CLASS SUBSCRIPTION, ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM

THE NAMES OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS ARE ENTERED DAILY.

Book Societies supplied on Liberal Terms.—Prospectuses postage free on application.

The Library Messengers call to deliver Books at the Residences of Subscribers in every part of London and the immediate Neighbourhood, on a plan which has given general satisfaction for many years. Prospectuses on application.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY (LIMITED), NEW OXFORD STREET.

CITY OFFICE—4 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

## SMITH, ELDER, &amp; CO.'S LIST.

## NEW WORKS.

**ON the TRAIL of the WAR.** By ALEXANDER INNES SHAND, Occasional Correspondent of the "Times." Crown 8vo. 5s.

**THE DIVINA COMMEDIA of DANTE.** Translated into English Verse. By JAMES FORD, M.A., Prebendary of Exeter, and formerly of Oriel College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 12s.

**ESSAYS of an OPTIMIST.** By JOHN WILLIAM KATY, Author of "The History of the Sepoy Mutiny," "Christianity in India," &c. Crown 8vo.

**CHURCH DESIGN for CONGREGATIONS:** Its Developments and Possibilities. By JAMES CURRIE, Architect. Demy 8vo. with 19 Plates, 10s. 6d.

**JOURNEYS in NORTH CHINA, MANCHURIA, and EASTERN MONGOLIA,** with some Account of COREA. By the Rev. ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON, B.A. 2 vols. crown 8vo. with Illustrations and 2 Maps, 21s.

**THE STRUGGLES of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.** By ONE of THE FIRM. Edited by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. (Reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine.") Crown 8vo. with 4 Illustrations.

**LIFE and WRITINGS of JOSEPH MAZZINI.** Vol. VI. crown 8vo. 9s.

## NEW NOVELS.

**"SIX MONTHS HENCE."** Being Passages from the Life of MARIA (née) SECRETAN. 3 vols. post 8vo. [Shortly.]

**AGAINST TIME.** By ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. (Reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine.") 3 vols. post 8vo.

**A SIREN.** By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. 3 vols. post 8vo.

**AMONG STRANGERS:** an Autobiography. Edited by E. S. MAINE. Post 8vo.

UNIFORM EDITIONS OF MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S WORKS.  
Small post 8vo. each 3s. 6d.

**THE CONSCRIPT:** a Tale of the French War of 1813. With 25 Illustrations.

**WATERLOO:** a Story of the Hundred Days. A Sequel to "The Conscript." With 29 Illustrations.

**THE BLOCKADE of PHALSBURG:** an Episode of the Fall of the First French Empire. With 25 Illustrations.

## NEW AND UNIFORM EDITION OF WORKS BY LEIGH HUNT.

Small post 8vo. limp cloth, each 2s. 6d.

**IMAGINATION and FANCY ; or, Selections** from the English Poets.

**THE TOWN:** its Memorable Characters and Events. With 45 Engravings.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY of LEIGH HUNT.** Edited by his ELDER SON.

**MEN, WOMEN, and BOOKS:** a Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs.

**WIT and HUMOUR.** Selected from the English Poets. With an Illustrative Essay and Critical Comments.

**A JAR of HONEY** from MOUNT HYBLA ; or, Sweete from Sicily in Particular and Pastoral Poetry in General.

**TABLE-TALK.** To which are added Imaginary Conversations of POPE and SWIFT.

## CHEAPER AND UNIFORM EDITIONS OF MRS. GASKELL'S WORKS.

Small post 8vo. limp cloth. The following are now ready :

**SYLVIA'S LOVERS.** 2s. 6d.

**CRANFORD.** 2s.

**WIVES and DAUGHTERS.** 2s. 6d.

**NORTH and SOUTH.** 2s. 6d.

**THE LIFE of CHARLOTTE BRONTË.** 2s. 6d.

## RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

**FRIENDS in COUNCIL:** a Series of Readings and Discourse Thereon. First Series. New Edition, 2 vols. small crown 8vo. 5s.

**FRIENDS in COUNCIL.** Second Series. New Edition, 2 vols. small crown 8vo. 5s.

**COMPANIONS of MY SOLITUDE.** By the Author of "Friends in Council," &c. New Edition, small crown 8vo. price 4s. 6d.

**ESSAYS WRITTEN in the INTERVALS of BUSINESS.** To which is added an Essay on ORGANIZATION in DAILY LIFE. By the Author of "Friends in Council," &c. New Edition, small crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**HISTORY of ART.** By Dr. WILHELM LÜBKE. Translated by F. E. BURNETT. Second Edition, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. with 415 Illustrations, 42s.

**ST. PAUL and PROTESTANTISM ;** with an Introduction on Puritanism and the Church of England. Reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine," with Additions and a Preface. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, M.A., LL.D., formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. Small crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**CULTURE and ANARCHY:** an Essay in Political and Social Criticism. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, M.A., LL.D. (Reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine.") With a Preface and Alterations. 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

**ON the STUDY of CELTIC LITERATURE.** By MATTHEW ARNOLD, M.A., LL.D. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**FRA DOLCINO, and other Poems.** By A. and L., Author of "War Lyrics" and "Hannibal." Fcp. 8vo. 7s.

**HANDBOOK of ADMINISTRATIONS of GREAT BRITAIN DURING the NINETEENTH CENTURY, 1801-1869.** By FRANK CULLINGHAM, of H.M.'s Madras Civil Service; and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo. gilt edges, 5s.

**THE RING and the BOOK.** By ROBERT BROWNING. 4 vols. fcp. 8vo. cloth, 30s.; morocco, 50s.

**POETICAL WORKS of ROBERT BROWNING.** New Edition, 6 vols. fcp. 8vo. cloth, 30s.; morocco, 50s.

**POEMS by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.** Eighth Edition, 5 vols. fcp. 8vo. cloth, 30s.; morocco, 55s.

**AURORA LEIGH.** By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Tenth Edition, fcp. 8vo. 7s.

**SELECTIONS from the POEMS of E. B. BROWNING.** Crown 8vo. with a Portrait and Vignette, 10s. 6d.

**SELECTIONS from the POEMS of ROBERT BROWNING.** Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

**THE WORKS of W. M. THACKERAY.** Illustrated Edition, 22 vols. 8vo. cloth, £3 5s.; half-russia, by Hayday, price £12 12s.

**THE MAN with the IRON MASK.** By MARIUS TOPYN. Translated and Edited by HENRY VIZETELLY, Author of "The Story of the Diamond Necklace." Crown 8vo. 9s.

**TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES in the WEST INDIES, SOUTH AMERICA, CANADA, and the UNITED STATES.** By GREVILLE JOHN CHESTER, B.A. Crown 8vo. 9s.

**MODERN RUSSIA.** Comprising: Russia under Alexander II.; Russian Communism; the Greek Orthodox Church and its Sects; the Baltic Provinces of Russia. By Dr. JULIUS ECKARDT. Demy 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

**THE MAGYARS:** their Country and its Institutions. By ARTHUR J. PATTERSON. 2 vols. crown 8vo. with Maps, 18s.

**THE SPORTING RIFLE and its PROJECTILES.** By Lieutenant JAMES FORSYTH. Second Edition, crown 8vo. with 3 Plates, 7s. 6d.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.